THE OPTIMIST

TENTH ANNIVERSARY

SENIOR NUMBER

MAY

1923

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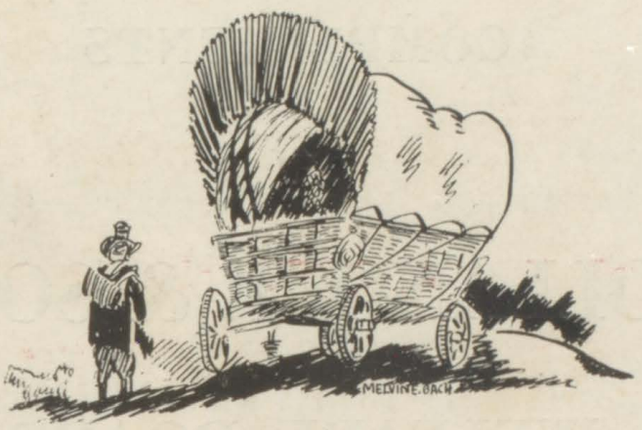
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THE OPTIMIST



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OF THE
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Compiled by ---------- Frank Katz

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THE OPTIMIST

SOUTH SIDE HIGH SCHOOL **NEWARK, NEW JERSEY**

Published monthly, except July, August and September, by representatives of the student body. Single copies, 20c. Special numbers, 25c. Senior number, 25c. Subscriptions for the year, $1.90 by mail; $1.75 delivered in the school.

All members and friends of the school are invited to contribute to the school paper. Articles must be in the hands of the Editor at least two weeks before publication.

Advertising copy due the first day of each month.

Entered as second-class matter at the Newark Post Office, December 21, 1913.

VOLUME X. **NUMBER 8**



"The Optimist looks on the bright side of life- the sunny side-the south side."

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In grateful appreciation of all he has done for South Side during her ten successful years, and in honor of his twenty-five years of loyal service in the schools of Newark, we dedicate this issue to our principal

Dr. Thomas Fenton Kennedy



Editors

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PEARL FINKELSTEIN EVERETT BAUMAN
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THE HISTORY OF SOUTH SIDE HIGH SCHOOL

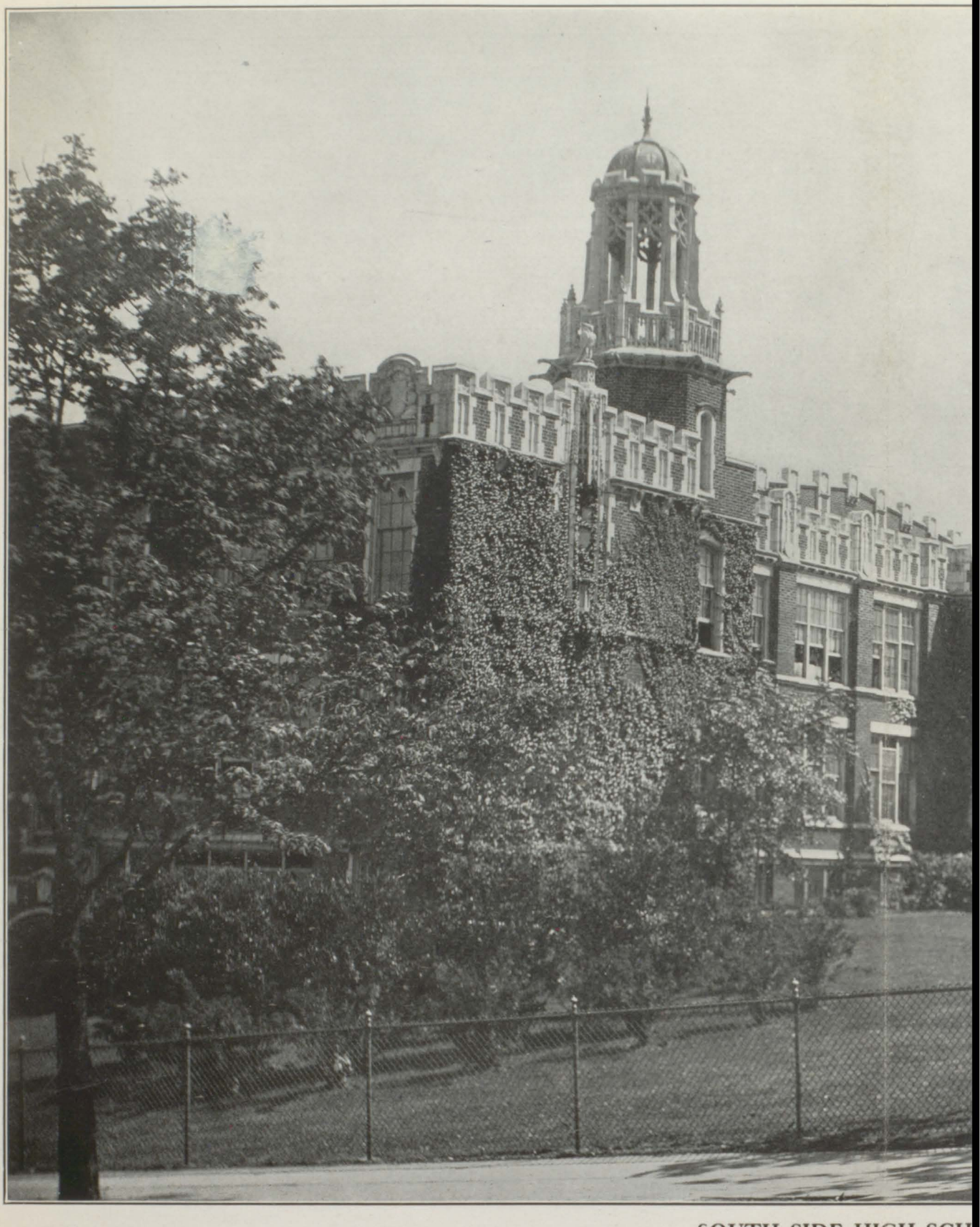
The greater part of the land where the South Side High School is now located was purchased on November 24, 1905, from the executors of the estate of Charles O. Ripley. A delegation appeared before the Board of Education on March 26, 1908, requesting additional high school facilities in the southern section of the city; a little later a similar delegation urged that an appropriation of $500,000 be made for a new high school. Many sites were proposed, and after long dispute the Johnson avenue property was selected. The residents of the district protested, claiming that a school would lower the residential value of that section, but on the contrary, the handsome building has increased the attractiveness of the neighborhood. The construction department was authorized by the Board to prepare plans and specifications for the building; on December 3, 1912, the contracts were let, and three days later construction began.

The students and faculty of South Side High School met for the first time on September 8, 1913, in the old Normal School building, at Washington and Linden streets. For a week before, Dr. Kennedy and the faculty had been working to eliminate unnecessary confusion from the opening day. The rooms had been assigned according to the grade and course of the pupils. At each door of the building teachers were stationed, and each pupil as he entered told the teacher his grade and course, and was sent to the proper room. Dr. Kennedy went to each room and gave a little talk on the history of the old High School and the prospects of the new South Side High School. As the building was overcrowded, the freshmen with their faculty were sent to East Side until the new building should be ready. The students soon settled down to work, and despite the lack of a gymnasium or an auditorium, everything proceeded as usual. The two highest classes, the 3A and 3B organized and elected officers.

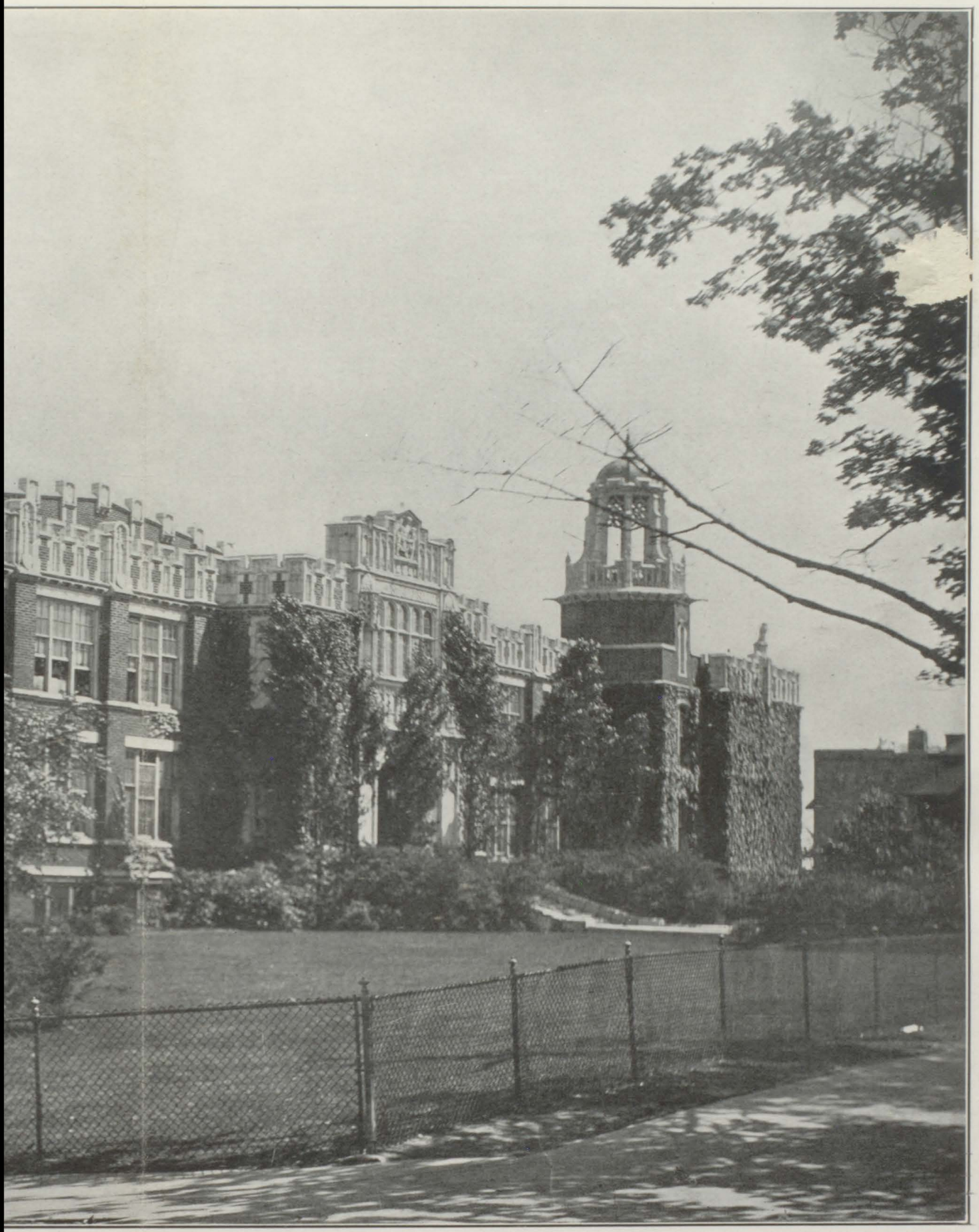
On Wednesday, November 26, 1913, the faculty was notified that the school would be moved during the Thanksgiving vacation, and that the pupils would have to take their books home. On Friday, two large vans carried the teachers' effects to the new building and deposited them at the front entrance. Waiting to receive them was a gang of laborers, and, directed by Dr. Kennedy and aided by the small boys of the neighborhood, everything was soon carried in. When the students arrived on Monday they found that studies would continue as usual.

In the South Side High School auditorium on the evening of December 3, 1913, there was a meeting of the Grammar and High School Teachers of the city, the first assemblage of any kind held there. The school was formally opened to the citizens and pupils of the city on the afternoon of December 4. Exercises were held in the auditorium, and the school orchestra acquitted itself very creditably on its first public appearance. The dedication ceremonies took place that evening. The speakers included the Right Reverend Erwin S. Lines; Mr. Charles P. Taylor, president of the Board of Education; Mr. Tompkins, chairman of the Committee on Buildings, Grounds and Supplies, who presented the key of the building to Mr. Brown of the Board; Dr.Strayer of Columbia University; Mayor Haussling; Mr. John-





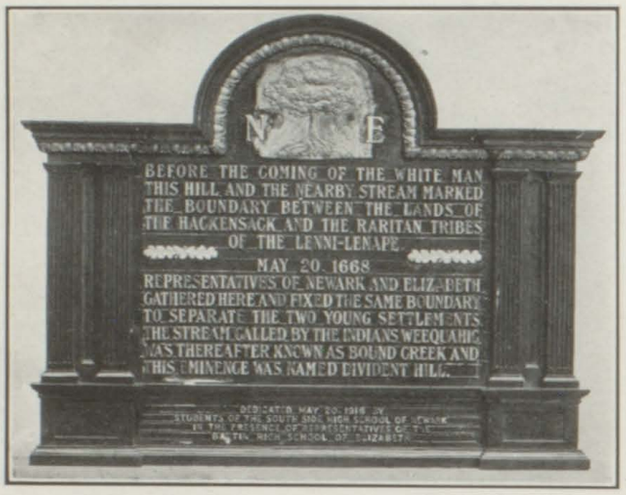
SOUTH SIDE HIGH SCH



H SIDE HIGH SCHOOL

son of the Board; and Dr. Kennedy.

THE OPTIMIST was selected as the title of the school paper from among the many names suggested; these included: Scarab, Sou'wester, Cactus, Clarion, Excelsior, Southern Sun. The first number was issued in November, 1913. There was placed in the corridor a wooden receptacle resembling a letter-box, where the students could leave stories, articles or jokes submitted for publication in THE OPTIMIST.



It was believed by Dr. Kennedy and the faculty that one of the reasons why so many pupils left high school during their first year was the sudden change from the teaching methods of the Grammar to the High School. In the elementary schools the pupil had only one teacher for all subjects while in the secondary school he had six or seven, one for each subject, and none personally interested in him. Therefore the plan was inaugurated of having every teacher of the freshman grade teach at least two subjects to the same pupils and act as adviser to the students under his care. It was also suggested by Dr. Kennedy that South Side add two years to the course and become a Junior College, but this idea was not adopted until 1918.

In February 1914, one thousand dollars was appropriated for a library. Each teacher submitted a list of books on the subjects which he taught, and Dr. Kennedy made the final selection. The library was opened for use in March, 1915, and Miss Helen Wolfs was appointed librarian.

The General Organization organized in March and held their first election on the seventeenth. South Side also acquired an athletic field on Hillside Avenue during this month.

A German comedy, "Jugendfreunde," was given very successfully by the German Club on May 8, 1914, the first play to be given at South Side. The actors were coached by Dr. Giehl, head of the Department of German.

The Dramatic Club presented their first play, "Trial by Jury," by Gilbert and Sullivan, in 1914. Plays have been presented nearly every year after this.

The Summer High School of the city was held at South Side during the vacation of 1915.

In 1916, Newark celebrated her 250th Anniversary. South Side's activities included an exhibit of work done by the school children of the city, participation in a parade of school children, an athletic meet at Weequahic Park, and the placing of a tablet on Divident Hill in Weequahic Park. The Hill was originally used by the Indians as a dividing landmark between the tribes, and later the settlers of Newark and Elizabeth met there and declared it to be the official boundary between the towns. The Department of Parks erected there a building in the form of a Greek temple. South Side raised money for a bronze tablet which related the history of the Hill, and on May 20, 1916, it was unveiled in the presence of students of Battin High School representing Elizabeth.

In February 1917, the idea of Recognition Day was inaugurated. Each pupil received a pin representing the number of times he had been on the Honor Roll, and those who had been so honored twenty-five times or more received their pins from Dr. Kennedy in the presence of the school. These pins were bronze, from 1 to 10, silver from 11 to 24, and gold for 25.

South Side was very active during the war, which began on April 7, 1917. As the government had requested citizens to save food, many of the students had war gardens, and raised vegetables enough to keep their tables supplied all summer. Every afternoon after school the girls sewed on garments for French women and children. As the government had ordered the disbanding of all amateur radio stations, the Wireless Club turned their attention to learning the code and teaching it to others. During the First Liberty Loan Drive, South Side sold over $36,000 in bonds.

On April 27, exercises were held in the Assembly urging the enlistment of students who had attained the required age. There were representatives of each of the seven branches of the service—infantry, cavalry, artillery, Marine Corps, Navy, R. O. T. C., and aviation. South Side had six of her boys in active service, beside many in the agricultural army.

During the term of September, 1917, there was a great deal of war activity. The Wireless Club members practised wig-wag and heliograph signaling; the girls knitted sweaters for "Newark's

Own" First Regiment, and made clothes for the French; and the whole school worked selling bonds of the Second Liberty Loan. Everyone saved his tinfoil; it was brought to school and turned over to the Girls' Patriotic League, which sold it and applied the money to war work. Students reduced their daily luxury of candy, ice cream, and cake, thus doing their bit to save sugar, and giving the money saved to the government. A large number of the students pledged themselves to earn ten dollars for the Y. M. C. A., and almost all joined the Red Cross. The 4A Class funds, which would probably have been spent for a trip to a New York theater, were given to the Girls' Patriotic League.

Thrift Stamps were being sold in large amounts, and there was much rivalry between the rooms as to which would lead the grade. The average per pupil for each room was read in Assembly every day. As every student of South Side joined the Red Cross, the school became an auxiliary. During the Third Liberty Loan, South Side sold $55,600 in bonds. At this time the school received word that Karl S. Pennell, a South Sider in the Marine Corps, had been wounded in action, our first casualty. Every student in the English Classes composed a "Four Minute Speech," urging the buying of War Saving Stamps, and the best one from each of the eight grades was read in Assembly. Later similar speeches on the Liberty Loan and Red Cross were given. The weekly average of the school in buying Thrift Stamps at this time was $550.

In September, 1918, Newark Junior College was organized and located in South Side High School.

In order to facilitate the buying of Thrift Stamps by the students, a School Bank was formed Dr. Kennedy was elected President, Ira Sheppard Treasurer, Edwin S. Dore Secretary. The distributors were Mr. Hunkins, Mr.



The First Graduating Class

White and Mr. Strong. Class Thrift Presidents were also elected and it was their duty to collect the class money and receive Thrift Stamps in return.

In October, 1918, the school did its part in the United War Work Campaign. The seven chief welfare organizations united in a drive for funds. Each student who earned and contributed five dollars became a "Victory Boy," or "Victory Girl." The students were urged to save prune, plum and peach pits, which were used in making gas masks, and receptacles were provided in the school where they could be deposited. The Girls' Patriotic League dressed and sold dolls representing nurses, soldiers, sailors, farmerettes and other war workers. Some of our girls worked on farms during the summer vacation and later were excused from their studies for two weeks in order to help harvest the crops.

In the Fourth Liberty Loan Campaign, South Side raised $76,000, almost double the total of any other Newark high school. The work was interrupted by the schools being closed for two weeks on account of the Spanish influenza.

On November 11, when news of the signing of the Armistice reached South Side, exercises were immediately held in the Assembly, and then school was dismissed for the day.

South Side purchased Thrift and War Savings Stamps to the amount of $21,000 during 1918.

On Arbor Day an elm was planted in memory of South Side's war heros.

In the Victory Loan Campaign, in April, 1919, South Side raised over $50,000.

In recognition of this fact, Uzal H. McCarter, the chairman of the Newark Liberty Loan Committee, sent the following letter to Dr. Kennedy:

NEWARK LIBERTY LOAN COMMITTEE
763 Broad St.
City
Uzal H. McCarter, Chairman

Newark, N. J.,
May, 15, 1919.

Professor T. F. Kennedy, Principal,
South Side High School
My Dear Mr. Kennedy:—

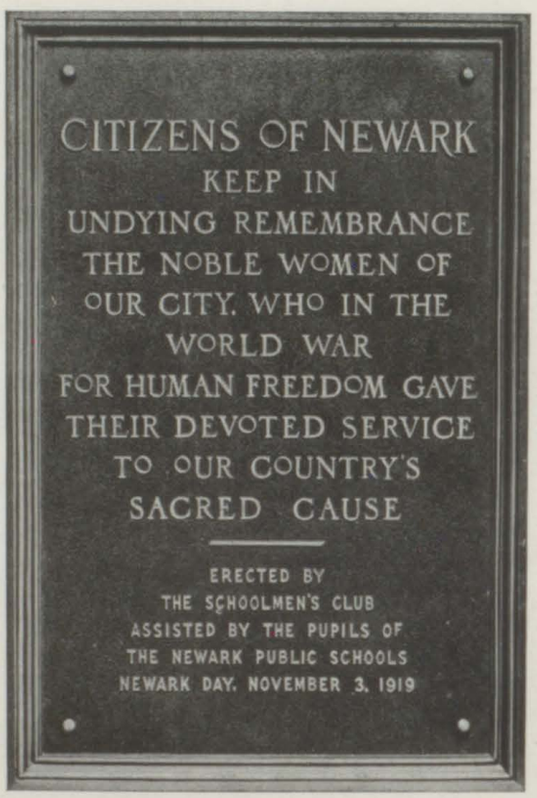
I am leaving town tomorrow for a week's trip in the South and have taken this occasion to express to you, and through you, to the pupils of your school, my very high appreciation for the wonderful results attained by them in the last Liberty Loan Campaign.

My recollection is that the South Side High School has led all the other schools in the city by a large margin in each of the five Liberty Loan Drives. Such results prove conclusively two things: first, the organization which was formed for that purpose, and secondly, the loyal, patriotic spirit which was in the hearts of the pupils of your school and which cannot help but make them most valuable citizens to our country as they grow older and must assume the responsibilities and cares of government in the place of the present generation.

I wish I might have the opportunity of expressing in person to the boys and girls my personal very high appreciation and thanks for the work that they did and the great results that they achieved.

Faithfully yours,
(Signed) Uzal H. McCarter,
Chairman.

On November 3, 1919, a tablet was dedicated to the "golden deeds of Newark's women during the World War." This tablet was placed in the City Hall by the Schoolmen's Club of Newark, with the assistance of the pupils of Newark's public schools.



Miss Eleanor P. Kennedy, daughter of Dr. Thomas F. Kennedy, President of the club, unveiled the tablet after exercises in the First Presbyterian Church. There was an audience of about five hundred people which included two hundred and fifty school children. After the unveiling, Dr. Kennedy introduced the

speakers—Mayor Charles P. Gillen, Superintendent of Schools David B. Corson, and Mrs. Galen J. Perrett. There were also musical selections by the South Side High Orchestra.

South Side launched a Courtesy Campaign in April, with posters and speeches pointing out frequent discourtesies.

With the opening of the term of February, 1921, classes were found to be so crowded that the Freshmen were put on a double-session schedule. Half came from 8:30 until 1:00, and the other half from 12:30 until 4:00.

In the Boys' Parade, held on April 30, 1921, South Side was awarded two silver loving cups, winning the second places both for good marching and for appearance.

Beginning with the new term of February, 1922, South Side was put on a double-session schedule The full school day was divided into ten periods from 8:30 to 4:30, with a half-hour lunch period between the fifth and sixth periods. The three upper grades came from 8:30 to 1:30 and the Freshmen came from 11:30 to 4:30.

The class of June, 1921, presented a silver loving cup to the school and arranged that each year a school song contest be held, the winner to receive a prize of five dollars and have his name engraved on the cup.

On Arbor Day, 1922, four trees were planted on Alpine Street. At the root of one, a sycamore maple, there was buried a sealed bottle containing a Senior Optimist.

In March, 1923, South Side received additional recognition of the scholarship of her graduates in the form of a letter from W. S. Willis, Principal of the Newark Normal School.

Principal T. F. Kennedy,
South Side High School,
Newark, N. J.
My Dear Mr. Kennedy:—

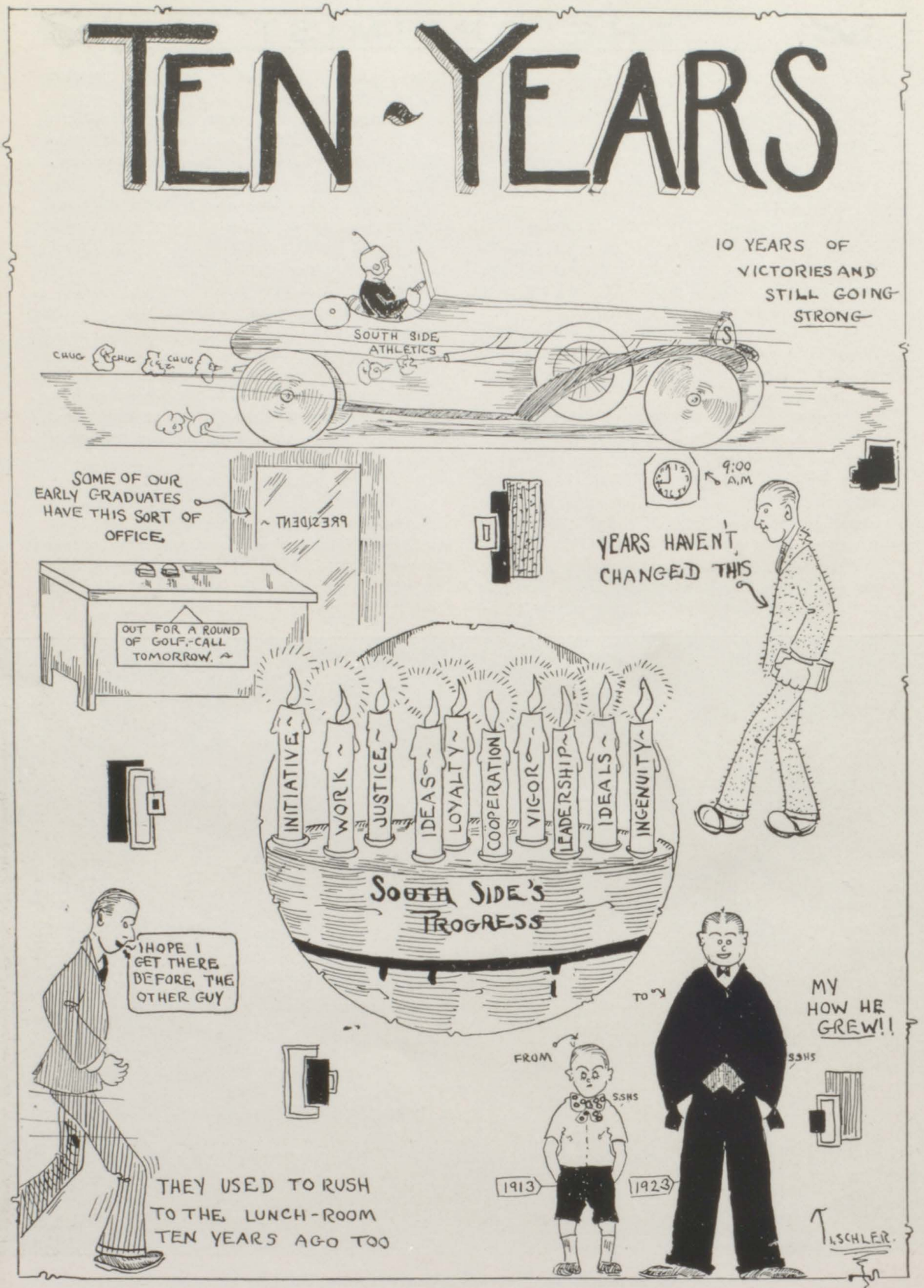
Twenty-one of your students appeared for the entrance examinations on Saturday, December 16th, and it is a great pleasure for me to report that all passed. I want to congratulate you upon their preparation.

Very truly yours,
W. S. Willis, Principal.

From this history it can easily be seen that our Alma Mater has surpassed any other one in the city during the period in which South Side has been in existence. It has even excelled the most fervent wishes of our alumni.



S. S. Girls in Newark Anniversary Parade


TEN-YEARS
10 YEARS OF VICTORIES AND STILL GOING STRONG
SOUTH SIDE ATHLETICS
CHUG CHUG CHUG
SOME OF OUR EARLY GRADUATES HAVE THIS SORT OF OFFICE
PRESIDENT
OUT FOR A ROUND OF GOLF.-CALL TOMORROW. A
9:00 A.M
YEARS HAVEN'T CHANGED THIS
INITIATIVE
WORK
JUSTICE
IDEAS
LOYALTY
COOPERATION
VIGOR
LEADERSHIP
IDEALS
INGENUITY
SOUTH SIDE'S PROGRESS
I HOPE I GET THERE BEFORE THE OTHER GUY
THEY USED TO RUSH TO THE LUNCH-ROOM TEN YEARS AGO TOO
FROM
TO
S.S.H.S.
1913
1923
MY HOW HE GREW!!
L.SCHLER

THE BLACK AND GOLD

By Frank R. Waxman, '23
This song won the prize for 1922,
offered by the Class of June, 1921.

I.

We gather round in happy throng
Our praise of thee to sing;
O Alma Mater, hear the song
That from our hearts doth spring.

II.

O beautiful thine ivied walls
That grace the terraced green;
O hallowed are thy friendly halls
Where learning's fruit we glean.

III.

The shade and gloom of discontent
From us must e'er depart;
Of joyous mood and cheerful bent,
We sing the sunny heart.

IV.

When we must hark to study's call
And scatter far or near,
A bond for aye to bind us all
The school that we revere.

CHORUS

Unfurl, unfold, the Black and Gold
Unto the Southern sky!
O'er Alma Mater may it wave
The pride of South Side High!
(Tune: America, the Beautiful.)



The Auditorium

CITY OF NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS

FREDERICK C. BREIDENBACH, Mayor

May 3, 1923.

Mr. Thomas F. Kennedy, President,
South Side High School,
Newark, New Jersey.

My dear Mr. Kennedy—

My best congratulations to South Side upon its tenth birthday. For many years I have watched with keenest interest the development of our wonderful school system, and I will say that no school in Newark is closer to my heart than South Side.

It is one of the very beautiful buildings of our community and its ideals and standards have always been of the very highest type. I know this to be true from actual observation, for I am proud to record here that I keep in daily touch with the school through my son Frederic, who is a student there.

May South Side continue for many more decades to hold the high place in the minds and affections of the people of Newark that she has gained by reason of her first ten years of meritorious service.

Yours very truly,

FRED. C. BREIDENBACH,
Mayor.

DEPARTMENT OF PARKS AND PUBLIC PROPERTY

CITY HALL

Newark, N. J., April 20, 1923.

Editor,
The Optimist,
South Side High School,
Newark, N. J.

Dear Sir—

The completion in 1923 of the first decade of years in the history of South Side High School should concentrate the attention of the citizens of Newark to the splendid achievements of the institution and the admirable consistency of its educational effort. I congratulate South Side High School on these qualifications. They afford the critic an opportunity to voice frankly the value of the training that its students have received. In Dr. Thomas F. Kennedy you have a sturdy director who has no superior in his work. His school since its inception has reflected intense credit on every member of the faculty. South Side High School has become an essential to the city and a particularly beneficial one to the neighborhood where it is situated. I feel that it will continue for many years to radiate the wholesomeness and enthusiasm which has graced the first ten years of its existence.

Yours very truly,

CHARLES P. GILLEN,
Director.

THE OPTIMIST

OFFICE OF

SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS

Newark, N. J., April 25, 1923.

Editor, The Optimist,
South Side High School,
Newark, N. J.

Dear Sir—

It hardly seems possible that ten years have passed since the opening of the South Side High School, yet such is the case. I am writing to offer, through THE OPTIMIST, my hearty congratulations to the principal and teachers and students of the school on the completion of a decade of very successful work. The school has reached an enviable position. Its graduates maintain themselves with great credit in higher institutions. The standards of the school are high and have been worthily maintained throughout all this period. May the accomplishments of the past be a strong incentive for the future. The honorable record of an institution is an inspiration for renewed and continued effort.

May the next ten years be to faculty and student body a period marked by success and genuine happiness in all the work that is undertaken,

Very sincerely yours,

DAVID B. CORSON,
Superintendent of Schools.



Our Art Room

THE HISTORY OF THE OPTIMIST

Men in all walks of life, after their demise, leave behind biographies in the form of their works. The author leaves his books; the sculptor his statues; the singer his records; and the composer his songs. So we, the students, upon our departure from school, leave behind us a series of tabulated events relative to our school years. THE OPTIMIST is our biography, and record, which we may look upon with pride as a memento by which the school may remember us and reflect back with satisfaction upon her graduates.

In the first year of its campaign, under the leadership of R. Graham Huntington, Editor-in-Chief, and Alfred Cambell, Business Manager, THE OPTIMIST made its good start in the school periodical world. During this year a total of one hundred and ninety-six pages of live-wire material and forty-one pages of advertisements were printed. During its first year, THE OPTIMIST had six departments, namely, the Literary Board, whose work was handled by four editors; the School News, the Athletics, and the Personals Board, each



Present Optimist Staff

In November of the year nineteen hundred and thirteen the Sunnysides took great pride in publishing the first number of THE OPTIMIST. This wonderful start paved the way to which THE OPTIMIST has now come, toward that goal for which THE OPTIMIST shall forever strive. This exceptional start has never failed. We work hand in hand with our slogan of Optimism: "THE OPTIMIST looks on the bright side of life, the sunny side, the south side." Let us bring you back to our ten successful years in the publication of THE OPTIMIST.

having six members; the Exchange Board with two editors, and the Arts Board with five artists. In addition to this, there was the usual full-page editorial by its helmsman, and a few well-drawn cartoons.

During the second year of its publication, THE OPTIMIST, under the guidance of Edson Gould, Jr., Editor-in-Chief, and of C. Malcolm Gilman, Business Manager, made great progress toward the high position that it holds today. There were no changes in the number of departments, but the Literary Board had five editors instead of four,

and the Athletics Board dropped one from their usual six; the Personals Board added one more, totaling seven for their department. In this year, nineteen hundred and fourteen, the number of pages of material exceeded the preceding year, summing up to two hundred and thirty-seven pages. The fifty-five pages of advertisements also showed an increase. Much may be said about these second year numbers. *The Junto* commented upon us, and this is what they had to say: "'Ho, ho, ha, he, he,' laughs Br'er Rabbit fit ter kill while he dun hold his sides wid his paws, so dat dey don' split through. 'Ef dis yere Optimist doan hab de bes' name what ah eber heerd ob! It suah am de sunniest papah on de inside; then ef des outside am gloomy lookin'! An' Br'er Fox, ef all dese yere Optimis's am as good as dis yere one ob 'em, ah dun recken dot dat 'er school am gwine ter hab some pretty nice papahs!'" I am sure we can be proud to think what others think of us. We had some wonderful literary and artistical work. In the May issue of 1914, we have an ardent lover of South Side Girls who writes a poem upon them. Its name is "The South Side Girls," and by his poetic ability he brings out the many charms and characteristics of the fair one. Besides all this A1 material, the editor raises the standard of the paper with an editorial. We also see the products of our cartoonists. This issue also had a beautiful picture of our school building. Thus, the second year finished with a more marked progress.

Now we enter upon the third year of THE OPTIMIST'S publication—nineteen hundred and fifteen. This year, with Raymond Shroeder Editor-in-Chief, and C. Malcolm Gilman, Business Manager, at the helm for the first half year, and Sandford Hill, Editor-in-Chief in co-operation with C. Malcolm Gilman at the front for the second half year. Through the untiring efforts of THE OPTIMIST board, a total number of one hundred and eighty-eight pages of material was printed, with forty-four pages of paid advertisements. No change in editors of the respective boards was made. This year we raised higher our flying colors with more cuts, cartoons and stories. Miss Lillian Hausman favors THE OPTIMIST readers with a clever little poem, in which she sets a routine for successful optimists. The Editors-in-chief impress their opinions in good, sound, thoughtful editorials.

Under the hand of William L. Rech, Editor-in-Chief, THE OPTIMIST outdistanced its preceding years. This was the cause for additional members on the boards, and a large Senior Optimist. The Personals and School News Boards were given two additional aids to their former six. With still increasing progress, two hundred and forty-five pages of snappy material and forty-five pages of advertisements were given to THE OPTIMIST readers. The editorials and cartoons added illustriously to THE OPTIMIST.

THE SENIOR OPTIMIST made a big success. Its originality and good form aided us in stating that the progress in THE OPTIMIST is still everlastingly increasing. It contained a humorous "Time Table" which told of the trials and tribulations of the "Senior Express." Also "Senior Statistics" were well received in the June, 1916, number.

The fifth year was put under way with J. William Carson, Editor-in-Chief, and C. Aird Moffat, Business Manager, for the first term, and Hyman Rosenzweig, Editor-in-Chief, and the same business manager, steering THE OPTIMIST for the rest of the year. In consequence of the Board's work a total number of three hundred and seventy-six pages were set into type. This season, since our school received an addition in the form of the Junior College, a new department bearing the same name was instituted in THE OPTIMIST, with two reporters to handle the news which came under that department. Each number contained its usual good, snappy editorial. Many artistic cuts and cartoons were used. An article labeled "A Study Period," gave a fine description of how a student frequently spent his study periods.

The special Senior numbers came across with good results. They contained the good quality of wit and humor for which THE OPTIMIST is noted.

For the first half of the sixth year THE OPTIMIST was in the able hands of Jerold M. Stern and Edward Steinberg, Editor-in-Chief and Business Manager, respectively. The second half year saw as Editor-in-Chief, Raymond Brandeis, and Edward Steinberg, Business Manager. These associates did well, in nineteen hundred and seventeen, in outdistancing the pace set by former OPTIMISTS. To prove this, the record of four hundred and twenty-eight printed pages was made by THE OPTIMIST. This term the Junior College discontinued its page in THE OPTIMIST, due to the fact that it had its own paper. In place of the Junior College Department was put the Mystic Pen. Its editor was unknown and it contained satirically humorous remarks of many Sunnysiders. The papers had their regular editorials and the usual stories, cuts and cartoons.

Nineteen hundred and nineteeen, the seventh year of THE OPTIMIST'S publication was piloted by Raymond Brandeis, Editor-in-Chief, and Chester Grant, Business Manager. These pilots took charge for the first term, while during the second THE OPTIMIST was put in charge of Clinton E. Metz,

Editor-in-Chief, and Chester Grant, Business Manager. A total of three hundred pages of news and seventy-seven pages of advertisements were printed, with the June OPTIMIST at the top. The June number published eighty pages of good, sound printed matter. The Mystic Pen continued in its work for this term. THE OPTIMIST had been increasing in popularity and our exchanges were as favorable, and even more so than before. The cartoons and literary works kept up their good standing.

During the eighth year of the publication of THE OPTIMIST, with Gerold Foley, Editor-in-Chief, and John Schott, Business Manager, at the head of the board of editors, a total of three hundred and thirty-four pages of material, and fifty-nine pages of advertisements was published. There were no changes in the departments and the Mystic Pen was again published. Each of the numbers contained the usual editorial by the Editors-in-chief and many artistic cartoons and photographs. *The Orient* told us what they thought of us in the following manner. "Your January issue certainly showed skilful management in all your departments."

The ninth year proved equally as successful. This year, in nineteen hundred and twenty-two, Frank R. Waxman was placed as Editor-in-chief, and John Grammar, Business Manager, for the first term. I. Bernard Harkavy successfully reared THE OPTIMIST for the second term in co-operation with Joseph T. Harrison, Business Manager. This term, due to the graduation of the unknown editor, the Mystic Pen was discontinued and a column known as Our Library, which contained advice as to what books to read, was put in its place.

The tenth year was ushered in with William Zimmer as premier and Norman Levy as chancellor of exchequer. Since this Anniversary Number is among the monthly issues of THE OPTIMIST, this year bids to be the best of all its years of publication.



Our First Faculty


MR. AND MRS. ALUMNI: "MY, HOW OUR SON HAS GROWN!"
10th ANNIVERSARY NUMBER
MORRIS HELPRIN '23

SOUTH SIDE'S FUTURE

This article, by R. B. Menkes, is taken from the first "Optimist," November, 1913.

Hail to the future of South Side High School! A glorious future is indeed in store for the noble institution of learning which is a gift of the citizens of Newark to their posterity.

We expect South Side to take the lead in every field! And why not? Have we not every impetus to urge us forward to success? With so capable a faculty, so co-operative a student body, such inspiring surroundings and environments, success is inevitable.

South Side shall excel in every branch of school life! First she shall achieve great renown for her high standard of scholarship; the school shall send out into the world scholars who shall attain great fame for their Alma Mater and for themselves, her name will become a universal password for athletics, under the guidance of our capable instructors, the standard of her organizations shall be recognized by the highest authorities to be the best, she shall enjoy literary circles, athletic clubs, debating societies, dramatic associations and other clubs that eventually rise with the growth of an institution, she shall have developed a spirit of democracy; her young men shall be of a chivalrous type—her young women of a gentle learning spirit.

Our principal, Dr. Kennedy, will become famous as the leader of a model institution of learning, our teachers shall attain renown, their names shall be bywords of great minds, her student body shall be one of perfect harmony and concord—they shall achieve the highest standards and become the best citizens.

Our students, when they are graduated, shall have become well acquainted with the meaning of Obedience, Truth, Honor and Perseverance.

South Side will succeed—that is inevitable. Every knowing person of our city expects to see our school soar high above the older ones. We have every means of accomplishing success.

So here's to the future of South Side High School!

Long may the Gold and Black wave!
May all her ambitions be realized!
Success to South Side!

* * * * *

We are proud to say that the history of our Alma Mater has shown that the prophecy of the writer of the above article really has come true. South Side's standard of scholarship is higher than that of any school in the city and this high standard has gained renown for us all over the country. We are known all over the metropolitan district for our athletics, and we are admired by every school in the United States for the character and ability of our graduates.

Summer

By Helga Feddersen

Summer has come, that season so dear,
A little bird told me so;
The berries and flowers are blooming, I hear
And the rose-buds have started to grow;
Blue and cloudless is the sky;
The sun shines down on the earth,
The daisy carries her head so high
While the sweet red clover is filled with mirth
At the pranks of her buds as the wind rushes by.

The apple tree proudly displays her small fruits
Which day by day more beautiful grow,
And the little brook gurgles and laughs with the roots,
And mothers the seeds which the farmers sow;
Shy violets peep from under green leaves,
The pansies flirt with the sun;
Gay swallows are building nests in the eaves,
While the butterflies have no end of fun
Flying on bright wings which cheer everyone.



SHE: "HAVE YOU EVER READ TO A GRECIAN URN?"
HE: "NO. HOW DID YOU EVER GET IT TO LISTEN?"

SOUTH SIDE'S INFANCY

R. Graham Huntington
Editor-in-chief "Optimist," 1913-14

Ten years ago when I had the extreme honor of editing the first "Optimist", I little realized that when the 10th Anniversary edition was published I would again have the privilege of contributing to its columns. It is, therefore, a great pleasure for me to give a brief outline of the beginning of our famous institution, especially for the information of the present student body.

South Side High School became a reality, in so far as the student body was concerned, on the 8th day of September, 1913, when the numerous gleanings from Barringer, Central and East Side met for the first time, by order of the Board of Education, in the old Normal School building on Washington Street. The "Standing Room Only" sign was hung out early and naturally it was the poor "Freshies" who were instructed to return later in the day. The rest of the student body was quickly and efficiently organized, but the lack of proper accommodations made it necessary to assign the "Freshies" temporarily to East Side.

Studies began in earnest and things immediately began to hum. South Side was an unknown quantity and it was essential that the school be placed on the map. Our first football team was organized under the direction of Matthias Nacherey, the first physical director at South Side. In the lineup was Schleckser, Alexander, Makosky, Walkenburg, Wackenhuth, Hewson, Huntington, Phelps, Zucker, King, Fava, and Isenberg, who captained the team. This team had lots of fight and spunk, but met with disaster on every hand—no, not every hand because we did beat Irvington 14—0. However if you recall the following year you will remember that this same team went through the season unbeaten, the only team scoring on us being Barringer in a tie game 7-7.

During the month of October steps were taken to organize an editorial staff to publish a school paper. Examinations were held by the faculty for the various departments and the writer was the fortunate candidate for the position of Editor-in-Chief. Then the question of a name confronted us. Hundreds of names were submitted and after great deliberation on the part of the faculty and the editorial staff, the name "Optimist" was decided upon. The slogan which is still a part of your publication came from an expression in a speech by Dr. Kennedy when he was addressing the school. "The Optimist looks on the bright side of life—the sunny side—the south side".

Having duly christened the paper, the staff "pitched in" with all their might to make a winner out of it from the start. Late in November the new building on Johnson Avenue was completed and the building was dedicated on the night of December 4th, 1913, at which time the first "Optimist" was placed on sale, a 48 page book, which was excellently commented upon by all of our exchanges The original "Optimist" contained all the departments of the present day paper—Literary, Editorials, School News, Athletics, Exchanges, Personals (6 pages) and many other interesting things. One of our exchanges, the "Lowell", San Francisco, Calif., wrote of our first "Optimist": "You are 'some' magazine! You have made a flying start, and here's hoping that you keep it up. But with such school spirit as you seem to have we know that you will". The "Optimist" immediately took its place in high school journalism and the writer has watched its progress during the course of years with much gratification, and is proud to say that it has always retained its reputation of being a publication of high caliber. The editorial staffs from 1913 to 1923 are to be congratulated on their excellent work.

After the Christmas holidays of 1913, basketball became the center of attraction in the athletic line. At that time varsity basketball was in vogue and our team went through a very successful season—yes, especially successful for we defeated Barringer twice. King, Fava, Huntington, Lewandorf, Zucker and Hyman composed the first team to represent South Side on the court. "Cavvy" (properly known as Guido Cavallaro was assigned to South Side at about this time and immediately took over the directorship of the various varsity teams. We had a dandy hockey team that winter, also a fine track team and as the spring rolled around the candidates for tennis and baseball went to work. All these teams made good showings and let the world know that South Side would be a dangerous foe in the athletic world in a short time.

Within the four walls of the building the school life ran along busily during the winter. The General Organization was organized with Arthur Thevenet as its first president, Suzanne

Becker, vice-president, and Helen Seidman as wielder of the pen. The first entertainment, "Trial by Jury," was presented by the Dramatic Club, the cast consisting of Mary Potter, R. Graham Huntington, Jesse Allison, William Herman, Edward Mason and Herman Novich. The German Club presented "Jugendfreunde," a German comedy, and many other activities occupied the social life of the student body. An orchestra and glee club was organized under the direction of Leonard B. McWhood, who was the musical director of the school at that time. Debating and French clubs were formed and you can readily see that equal attention was given to every phase of the school life. Do not misunderstand and think that all these activities preceded studies in importance, for it was as necessary then as it is now to keep a proper standard in studies in order to take an active part in athletics and social affairs.

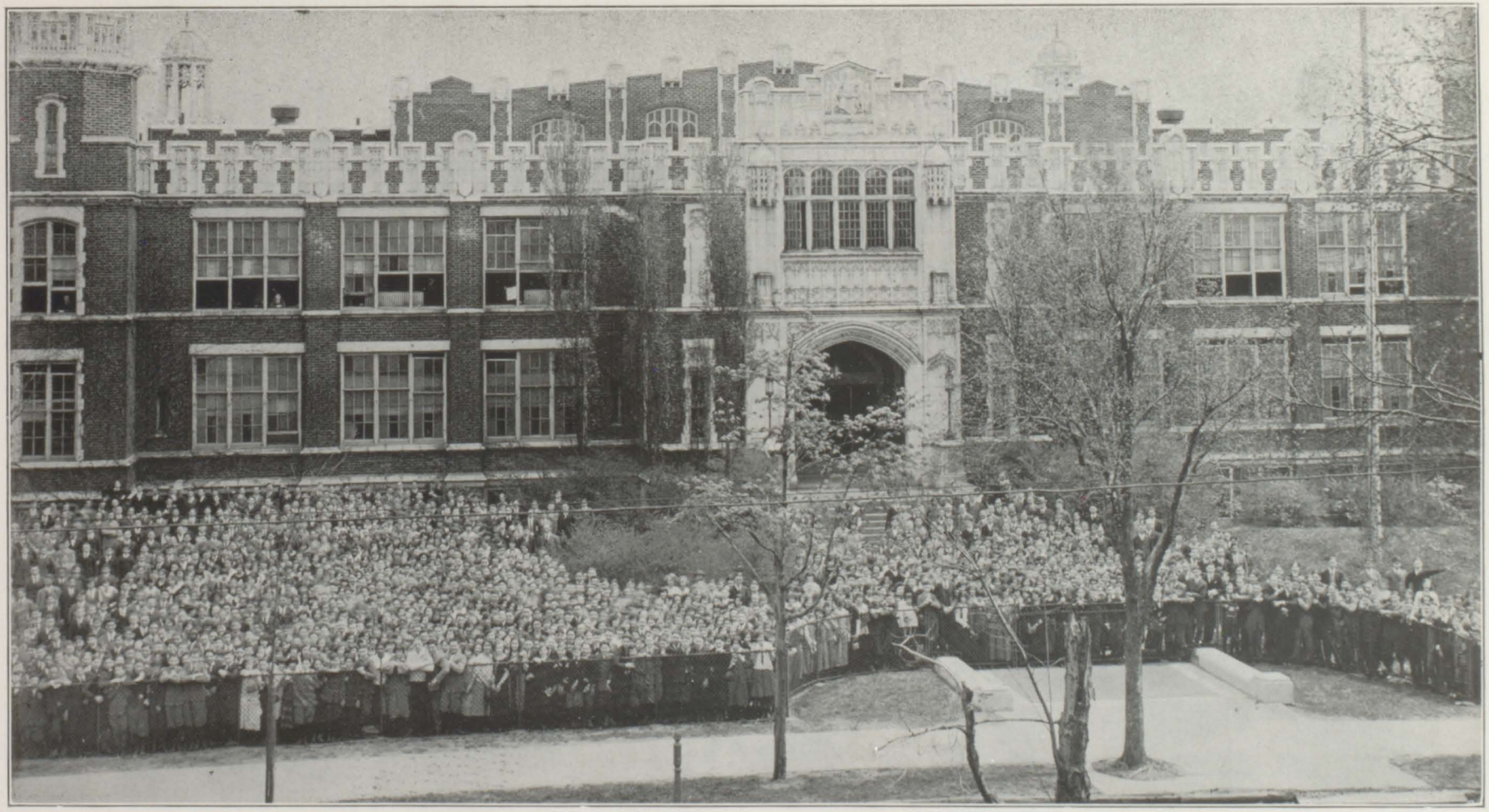
I could write and write and then some and not tell you all the interesting things in connection with the first year of South Side's existance. I have before me the entire set of "Optimists" which were published the first year and as I look them over my memory is refreshed to such an extent that I can almost see these different things I have mentioned happening all over again. I recall the many good times of ten years ago and the many good friends of the faculty and student body who helped make the first year at South Side a most interesting and pleasant one. May South Side have continued success and ever retain the same spirit which permeated its walls in its infancy.

THE PAINTED LADY

By Ruth Govier

There's a lady in our household who is more than "passing fair"
With her eyes of azure beauty and her curls of golden hair,
And her hands so white and slender, never made for work at all,
But she's just a painted lady in a frame upon the wall.
Her gorgeous gown is silken and her neck is roped with pearls,
And a comb all set with rubies is fastened in her curls.
And she looks so very charming as you come in our front hall,
But she's just a painted lady in a frame upon the wall.
But altho her jewels are many and her beauty is sublime,
Her eyes are dull and lifeless and are not at all like mine.
They never seem to sparkle, to laugh, to plead, to call,
For she's just a painted lady in a frame upon the wall.
Oh, I'd rather see the flowers and the buds that come with Spring,
And hear the brooklets murmur and the robins when they sing,
And to run and jump and frolic when the Springtime seems to call,
Than to be a painted beauty in a frame upon the wall.
But altho, my painted lady, you are praised by all you know,
You cannot feel the Springtime after Winter's rain and snow,
You cannot feel the sunshine or the raindrops as they fall.
For you're just a painted lady in a frame upon the wall.





Here We Are

THE OPTIMIST



EDITORIAL

WILLIAM ZIMMER

Looking backward over the ten years of South Side's splendid existence, one is confronted by a number of facts which surely make both undergraduate and alumnus proud of their alma mater. In those ten years South Side has accomplished many worthy achievements. Obstacles have constantly been overcome and glory has always been secured for our school.

In the beginning, South Side, a school of a comparatively small number of students, struggled hard to make a name for itself in all sorts of endeavors. Gradually, spurred on by the true sunny-side spirit, it succeeded in passing goal after goal, until now, on its glorious tenth anniversary, we find it a school with a real reputation, something which could only be built up by tireless effort on the part of both students and faculty.

Throughout its ten years, South Side has ranked very high in all branches of activities. In scholarship it is almost supreme, standing among the best schools in the country. It is recognized as a school of great merit by almost every college in the United States. As far as entrance into college is concerned, South Siders usually get first choice. The glory of South Side's name has been spread throughout the country by its graduates.

In the athletic field, South Side has produced teams that have covered themselves with honor on almost every occasion. Whether the game was lost or won, it will always be said that South Side played *clean*. Our boys and girls have not only distinguished themselves while in high school, but have carried their merit into the colleges. Many a noted athlete has been fostered in our humble alma mater.

Together with our prowess in athletics, a notable quality has always been evident among South Siders. This has been our *school spirit*. In the fat years any school will furnish support for its team, but what about the lean ones? At South Side it has constantly been found that no matter how bad our luck was, school spirit was on the job! Many a time, our rooters have yelled themselves hoarse, although it was quite apparent that defeat stared them in the face.

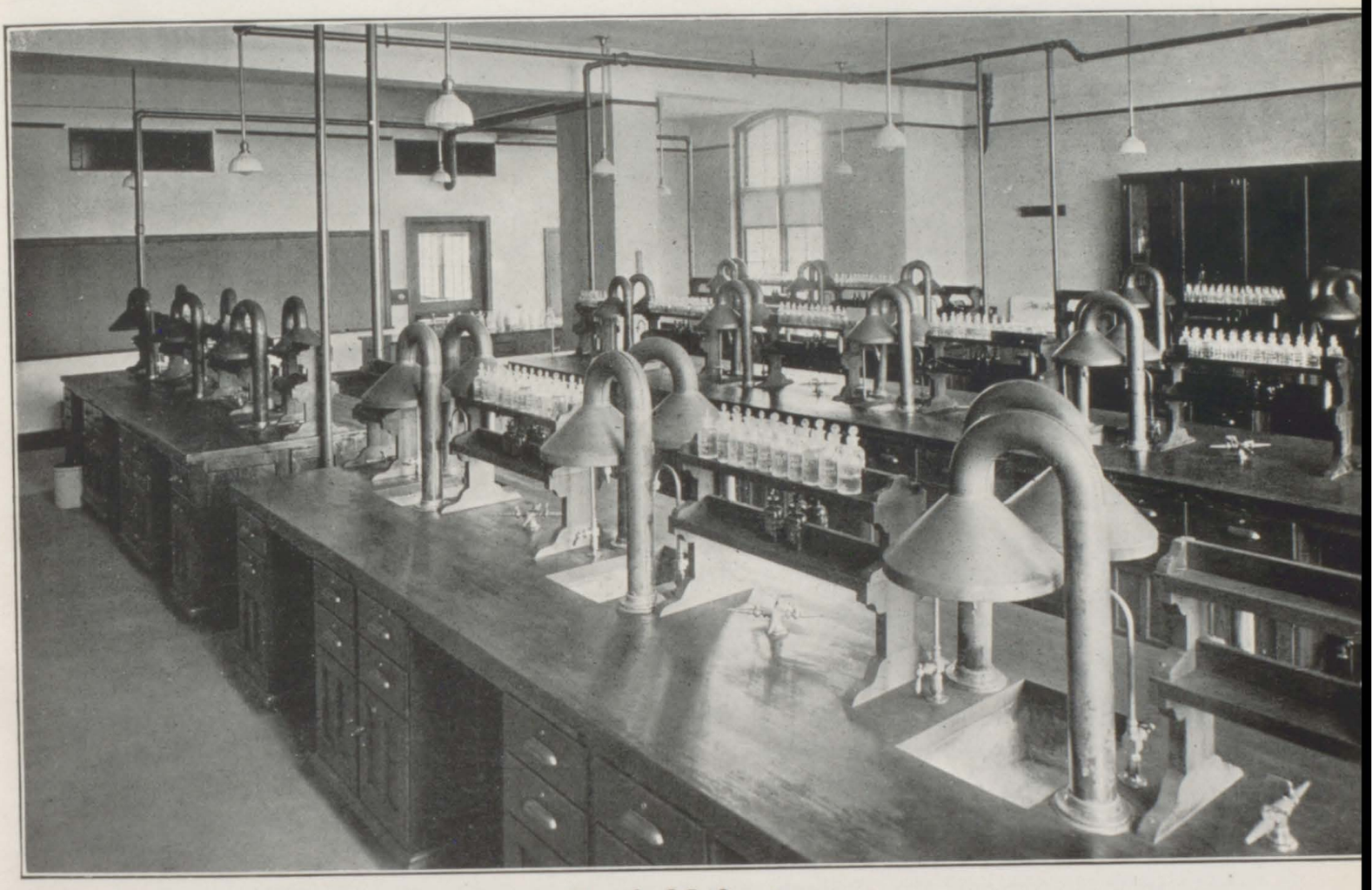
The support of the school, however, is not secured only for athletics. It is a well-known fact that no matter what task has been set before them, the students of South Side set their shoulders to the wheel and put the thing over with a bang. As an illustration of this, South Side's work during the war can be cited. In every drive, in every call for co-operation, South Side surpassed all limits in its whole-hearted support. Its war work, tho, is only one of the many glories of South Side's existence.

After glancing through the annals of its notable history, it may truthfully be said that our school is a school of boosters, one which is composed of students who are loyal to the utmost, giving up their time and energy to further the progress which South Side has made since its beginning.

And so, on our tenth anniversary, it is fitting that our graduates look back again on the days of their stay at South Side and resolve, as much as the opportunity presents itself, to advance the name of their school. And the students of South Side at the present time should, in view of the accomplishments of past South Siders, determine to uphold with the greatest possible effort the ever-increasing honor of South Side.



The Library



Chemical Laboratory

YING SHAN

By Robert S. Nolan, '20

A few days ago in a New York daily there appeared an obscure little news item stating that a Chow dog owned by a Mr. Whitmore had dashed into a burning house to save his master's three-year-old son. And that, while the boy was practically unharmed, thanks to the swaddling bedclothes, the dog had died of his burns. To the general public, and to the dog-loving public in particular, this act of heroism served only to add another bit of proof to the old, old adage, that a dog is man's best friend. To those of us who were privileged to know Ying Shan and his master, his wonderful heroism came as a revelation, and his death as the too tragic end of a wonderful friend.

To understand Ying Shan we must go back a thousand years and more, to the palaces and temples of old China, to the Chinese Mandarins, who there began raising a breed of dogs which was introduced comparatively recently to the western world as the Chow-Chow.

Ying Shan, then, first blinked his dark, almond eyes at a world of peace and quiet, of gray, moss-covered walls, and towering temples, and, most important to him, the warm, sunny corner of a great yard, where he lay, under the watchful eye of his mother, and let the warm sun pour life and warmth into his little black, furry body. For a year Ying Shan lived in this atmosphere of calm dignity, of courtly manners, and repressed emotion, where the cardinal sin was to be caught off guard, to be seen playing with his brothers and sisters.

Then, one day, this order of things was rudely interrupted; their master brought a stranger into their great yard, a stranger such as Ying Shan had never seen before, for his hair was cut close to his head, and he did not wear the long flowing robe of the master, and when he opened his mouth there issued a jargon such as no one could understand. Ying Shan, therefore, wisely concluded that he was some sort of devil who was much better let alone. So, while he gravely advanced and thrust his nose into the master's hand, he paid the stranger as much attention as though he had not been present. All of which, for some reason or other, seemed to please the stranger immensely.

Next day, the master took Ying Shan for a long walk, and finally led him into a queer little house on wheels, where he tied Ying Shan in one corner, and after petting the great black head, went out, closing the door after him. Presently there was a great confusion outside, with much noise and shouting, and suddenly the little house began to move. Slowly at first, then faster, and faster, and rocking from side to side, so that time after time Ying Shan went crashing down against the wall, to regain his feet and wait, wild-eyed and stiff-legged, for whatever fate might be in store for him. All day long the terrible journey continued, with only short stops.

At noon the door opened and the stranger who had talked with the master the day before, appeared with a plate of food. Ying Shan greeted this stranger, who was palpably the cause of all his trouble, with a fierceness which was altogether foreign to his usually equable disposition. As the new master climbed into the car, Ying Shan growled, a low, deep, blood-freezing growl, which came from the very bottom of his chest, and rolled out between his bared, glistening fangs like the broken rumbling of distant thunder; then he advanced, slowly, stiff-legged, a murderous light flickering deep in his great amber eyes. Jack Whitmore held his ground for a moment, then backed slowly out of the car.

"Strange," he mused, "that Ying Shan should act like that. Sheng Pao swore that he had a good disposition, that he had never even heard him growl" "Growl," Jack grinned suddenly, "he certainly can do that."

Nor were Ying Shan's troubles yet ended. All day and half the night, the rickety, decrepit, old train bounced and jarred and roared its drunken way along the rough and broken roadbed. While in one corner of an empty coach Ying Shan crouched, half crazed with fear, and with the lust for sudden murder gleaming deep in his narrowed, evil eyes.

Finally the train stopped and a half dozen men invaded Ying Shan's car. The new master led them, carrying in his hand a great, fine-meshed net. Ying Shan hurled himself with a low growl of hate and fury straight at the master's throat, only to be stopped in mid-air by the stout chain with which Sheng Pao had fastened him. He hit the floor with a sickening thud, and lay for a moment half stunned, and in that moment Ying Shan was undone. The master stepped forward and dropped something over the great body, something soft and giving, but clinging and relentless in its entangling embrace. Ying Shan struggled desperately for a moment and then subsided, helplessly entangled and unable to move a foot. The master advanced and swiftly wound a long cord around the helpless captive; then two of the men,

picking up Ying Shan, bore him to a waiting cart, followed a long ride down narrow, twisting streets to the water-front, a place of many smells, and of black, cold, water lapping and eddying hungrily around the piling of the old dock. Then came a short trip in a chugging little motor-boat, which whistled its important way across the harbor to the side of a massive ship, where Ying Shan was ignominiously fastened to the end of a rope, and hauled helplessly aboard, a biting, snarling, wild-eyed fury, from which men cautiously kept clear.

This time, profiting by his former experience, the master had Ying Shan turned into a portable steel cage which was left with the purser, below decks.

Three days passed and Ying Shan began to get over his great terror. Not that he tolerated the master, not for a moment; that terrible growl still rolled between the gleaming fangs, but it lacked the killing edge, which had sent Jack Whitmore backing out of the car, and the flaming, murderous light had died entirely from the great amber eyes. And Jack, a connoisseur of dogs, and a past master at the art of reading dog emotions, went to bed that night mightily pleased, and at peace with the world in general.

"For," as he put it, "Ying Shan is coming around; by the time we get to Connecticut, he'll be entirely back to normal, and if he doesn't make them all step at Madison Square next winter, I miss my guess."

But, as the great Robert Burns once said: "The best laid plans of mice and men gang aft agley."

That night as Ying Shan lay fitfully sleeping in one corner of the steel cage, a vagrant breath of air brought the odor of smoke to his keen nostrils; first smoke, and then, as Ying Shan stood uneasily sniffing the tainted air, little, leaping tendrils of flame licked under the door and through the transom. Came suddenly the hoarse shouting of many voices, and the quick trampling of heavy feet. Inside the little room, the air was growing steadily thicker and heavier with the acrid, stinging smell of burning paint and wood.

Ying Shan's breath came now in great labored gasps, and in his smarting, bloodshot eyes appeared stark, naked terror; fear such as no human agency could call forth. All around the air was full of flying sparks and the reaching, greedy flames were creeping nearer and nearer; Ying Shan could feel their burning touch, and presently his great black coat, all along the left side, where he crouched as far away as the imprisoning bars would let him, was scorched and smoking.

Presently there happened something to take Ying Shan's attention from the burning, terrifying devil which gripped his left side. The shouting voices and trampling feet outside the door sprang into new life, and there sounded great crushing blows against the door, as if it were being struck with some heavy body; very shortly it gave way under the fierce attack and crashed inward, scattering a shower of sparks.

Immediately a blanket-swathed figure appeared in the door, and entering, made straight for the prison of Ying Shan. The master swiftly unlocked the door and heedless of Ying Shan's fangs, picked up the helpless dog and rushed back to safety. And Ying Shan, paralyzed with fear, and more dead than alive from his burns, knew only that friendly hands worked over him, slowly but surely killing that terrible devil which tortured his left side.

A week later Ying Shan was again on his feet, the same proud, intolerant aristocrat, who a few days before had snarled his hate and defiance of all white men, and all things in the white man's world. The same, that is, in spirit, with one exception; he no longer growled when Jack Whitmore approached, he suffered Jack to pat his head, and even to change the dressings on his burns; and once when lying beside the master's chair, he moved so that his great head lay gently across the master's foot, and Jack, seeing and understanding, was overjoyed, for it meant that Ying Shan accepted him, that he "belonged."

Physically, however, it was a vastly different Ying Shan than the one who had, two weeks before, so taken the expert's fancy. One ear was so burned as to be hardly recognizable as such. His heavy coat had all been clipped, and on his left side were great ugly scars, marks which the fire had left on the helpless prisoner. One other thing Ying Shan brought from the terrible prison, and that was a hate, a fear, and dread of fire in any form. Even a log fire in a fireplace sent the great dog cowering into the furthest corner, there to crouch, snarling his fear and defiance, until a word from the master brought him trembling and fearful to his side.

In due course of time the travelers arrived at the Whitmore home; a huge, rambling structure set down in the heart of the green Connecticut hills. Ying Shan was turned into a long run with a high wire fence and a heavy padlocked gate.

For months he stayed there pacing restlessly up and down, and dreaming at night, perhaps, of that sunny temple yard in faraway China, where he had spent his happy, care-free youth. Nor did he become friendly or more at home as time passed, his only happy moments were when he could lay stretched out at the master's feet, a

great black rug, ready, however, to turn into a raging fury on a stranger's close approach.

Mrs. Whitmore he hated, and steadily refused to go near her, hard tho she tried to make friends with him.

Then, one summer afternoon, when Ying Shan had been at the Whitmore's almost two years, happened something which is now local history, and which turned the members of the Connecticut township from haters of "that vicious brute of Whitmore's" into staunch supporters of the Chow.

Little Dick Whitmore, just three years old, and the idol of his parents and the whole surrounding countryside, evaded the eye of his nurse, and sallied forth to seek adventure. The first thing he spied was the regal form of Ying Shan pacing to and fro in his run; and, since his father had cautioned him that he must never, never, go near the great dog, Dick immediately bent his steps in that direction. Ying Shan stopped in his pacing to watch. Dick tried the gate and lo! it swung inward readily. Perhaps it was the first time in two years that the gate had been left unlocked; but that meant nothing to little Dick. He gravely stepped inside and slammed the gate. At that moment a chauffeur stepped from the garage; his horror-stricken eyes taking in the scene before him; the great dog standing stiff-legged and strangely silent, watching the little youngster who was trustfully toddling forward to play with the big, black "teddy-bear."

The man stifled a warning cry, for he knew only too well that the sound of his voice would turn Ying Shan into a raging fury. And as he stood there a great miracle was enacted before his eyes. The little fellow toddled confidently forward and, reaching out a hand, laid it on Ying Shan's head, and presently slipped his little arm around the shaggy neck. As for Ying Shan he seemed to be transformed at the touch of the little hand; the low rumbling growl ceased suddenly, and he trembled from head to foot; after a moment, as the little fellow stood still, suddenly overcome with a sense of his own daring, Ying Shan slowly raised his head and tentatively licked the little face, so close to his own.

Mrs. Whitmore, hurriedly summoned from the house, dared not make a sound for fear of rousing the devil in Ying Shan. And so Jack Whitmore found them when he arrived home, hastily called by telephone. But now, little Dick had grown tired and lay curled up in a dusty hollow of the run, his tiny golden head buried in Ying Shan's black ruff.

That was the beginning of a friendship which lasted all summer and into the winter. The two were inseparable, little Dick and the lordly Chow went everywhere, and went together. Seeing one, it was safe to assume that the other was within easy calling distance. The greatest change was wrought, perhaps, in Ying Shan; he forgot his old animosity, his hatred of men; he became quiet and peaceful until something seemed to threaten little Dick, when he became his old self, doubly fierce.

Then came the night, that night which proved beyond the shadow of a doubt Ying Shan's right to an immortal niche in the dog's Hall of Fame. It was a cold, windy night in mid-January, the sky dotted with light, scudding clouds, and a pale moon fitfully lighting the landscape.

Mr. and Mrs. Whitmore had gone to a theatre, leaving Dick with his nurse. It was scarcely ten o'clock, when from the back of the house came suddenly a great explosion, the rending crash of wood, the smashing of glass, a woman's shrill scream and then silence; broken immediately by shouts and the sound of running feet, and then the swift crackle of flames, leaping up the gasoline soaked walls of the kitchen. In five minutes the whole lower floor of the house was a seething holocaust, the heat of which drove everyone back.

Around and around the house raced a huge black dog, half crazed with fear, searching, searching unsuccessfully for his little master. Suddenly, high above the crackle, and roar, and hiss of flames came a cry of distress, a baby call for help.

Ying Shan heard and answered; despite the fire-fear burned into his spirit, which bade him turn tail and run, and run, until he had put this terrible place behind him. He bounded straight up the front porch, and through the door, opened by the firemen before the heat drove them back, through the solid wall of flame, and up the stairs to the cooler regions above. It was the work of a second to dash into Dick's room, and grab the little fellow, already overcome by smoke, and, bedclothes and all, start back with him.

Ying Shan, by this time, was literally on fire, the black coat was smouldering in a dozen places, in a dozen more nothing but the raw skin faced the flames; his lungs were a seething furnace ready to burst open, but still Ying Shan "carried on."

A thousand generations of fearless ancestors drove him on those last few feet when the great dog was practically dead on his feet. Little Dick's bedclothes were afire now, but Ying Shan was through that last living wall of flame, and willing hands relieved him of his burden.

Little Dick, wrapped and swathed in blankets, was practically unharmed, and revived almost immediately; his first thought was of Ying Shan.

(*Continued on Page* 167)

THE HUMMING BIRD

By Elizabeth Wells, '18

Once on the top of the trees lived a happy family; a family of humming birds. Papa and mama, one grown-up humming bird son and one little baby humming bird daughter. The grown-up humming bird son soon flew away and builded him a nest of his own. The little baby humming bird stayed at home and hummed and sang and thrilled all day for she was very happy because the sky was very clear with not a cloud in it. She had worms enough to eat, not enough to make her fat but sufficient to feed her withal. She had feathers to clothe her, not a care in the world and all of birdom marvelled at her carefreeness. Now way down in little humming bird's heart was a desire to be tragic and to have the world say, "What a great sorrow little humming bird has to bear." But with it all she sang merrily. The little bird grew up and by this time she had the desire to fly far from the parental tree top out into the wide world. On a big tree top in the midst of a village square the little bird made her nest and preened her feathers waiting for adventure and romance. First to call came big Mr. Oriole, quite the social lion among the birds. As humming bird pleased his fastidious eye he offered her the privilege of making his nest her home. Now little humming bird was preened for conquest, not to be conquered, so she chirped out sorrowfully she desired not the privilege—watched him depart with tearless eye and made ready for new conquest The robin, the bluebird, the sparrow, the crow, villain, and fine gentleman begged little humming bird a place in her nest but all she turned away with a parting quirk and hummed merrily on, thanking God for the sky, the breezes that caressed her feathers, the rain that brought forth the worms and the sun that awakened her in the morning Still her wish had not materialized—that wish to be tragic. And she was happily melancholy over the fact.

One day on the horizon appeared a black speck. The humming bird became interested. It took the form of a bird, but a strange new bird. Its feathers were ragged, its claws long, its beck unsharpened and yet it flew in a straighter line than the other birds. The straightness of line determines a bird's mentality. It flew nearer, came directly to humming bird's nest and told her that he had flown over the seas from the green shores of Ireland. The journey had been fatiguing and many times he was tempted to give it all up; to say "the dickens with the world" and to drop into the ocean. But something spurred him on and that something was little humming bird. Humming bird was flattered by his sudden declaration of love and the fact that he did not wait to be invited to build a nest in the tree tops but without a word constructed a rude habitation. That was all that was necessary as his entire time was spent with little humming bird. The little bird grew brighter and brighter and chirped and hummed louder than ever before because in her little birdy heart love had found a place. In the morning her chirps were especially loud in order to awaken the sleeping one in the adjoining nest. The stranger bird waxed well and exceedingly strong and in time became the leader of all the birds in the surrounding trees. Little humming bird's heart was exceedingly glad because she had turned the tired traveler into a prosperous humming bird. The stranger begged little humming bird to share his nest and share it soon, but little humming bird wanted to be alone with her new-found joy, love, and wanted to prepare herself for her new home in the tree top, so she put off the happy mating for a year in order to settle and clean herself for the approaching happiness.

In the meantime a pretty female robin occupied the neighboring tree and one day the stranger discovered that the robin was a pretty, peppy, little bird and he payed her a visit. She amused him with her chatter and he came and came again. Little humming bird's song grew softer and softer and the sad note she so often desired crept in and her heart was heavy. She would not show her heart to the world so with head high she chirped louder than ever before and the neighboring birds hearing, said "Little humming bird seems to be chanting a miserere." Her heart became so heavy she thought it would break her frail little body, so she flew away to her home in the country tree tops. Mamma and papa bird took the heart-heavy bird under their wings and explained that tragedies so desired always came and since she wished it upon herself she must make the best of it and not make others unhappy. Little humming bird put on a sad little smile and sallied forth in the world to cheer up those less fortunate than she. So if you pass by a house and hear a humming bird singing you will know that there resides therein a blind, lame or halt little boy or girl. And the stranger bird? what of him? Who can tell?

THE WAY THINGS HAPPEN

By Sylvia S. Strauss

Forty-five years ago in the tiny village of Kostova near the River Onega, a small colony of shacks could be seen. This colony had just been founded by some Jews and Gentiles who sought refuge from a pogrom. Here these simple peasants hoped to live in peace, till the ground, and make a livelihood for themselves and their offspring. Among these settlers was a young couple, Joshua Russola and his wife Hannah. These two had been united according to Russian law and their early married life was one of dreams, flimsy dreams for the future out of which nothing would come. But still they clung to their dreams as young people are wont to do, building beautiful castles in the air, each upheld by that fragile thread of imagination.

Two years had passed since Joshua and his wife had first settled in the tiny village. Since its settlement the village had grown. Shouting, laughing boys and girls filled its tiny streets. Friendship was born, budded, blossomed and ripened into love. Romance was in this tiny village. Everywhere could be seen the touch of lovely nature. The fields, in the early spring of the year, were tilled during the daytime by the young men and their fathers, and in the evening, here as in every other land, love was made under the light of the same old moon.

It was at this time of the year that something came into the life and household of Joshua and his wife; something that was tiny, and warm; something that could be caressed; something that filled the mother heart with joy, and caused the father's chest to swell and a song to rise to his lips. The child was named Ivan.

Ivan grew steadily under the watchful eye of his mother, and, holding on to the strong, toil-worn hand of his proud father, he learned to place his feet firmly on the ground, and thru his proud parent's guidance he gradually learned to walk. Ivan grew as never a child had grown before, so thought his doting parents. His cheeks were the color of roses, his haven black hair as soft as the fairy silk, and his dark skin as smooth as only a child's can be. Ivan grew, and after a two years' stay in the world, another something entered the Russola home which put small Ivan's nose out of joint. This other something was soft and pink and warm; it squealed when it was displeased and gurgled pleasantly when a little unseen fairy whispered a delightful secret to it. It was something which caused the mother undue pride and it was named Miriam. Miriam grew as did her dark-haired brother, only Miriam was a startling contrast to Ivan for Miriam had skin that was soft and white, with the blush of roses in her cheeks, eyes which looked as tho they were really bits of heaven, and hair which resembled the golden flax woven by the elves. Miriam grew, but it was her mother's hand which guided the small faltering footsteps which the baby feet first attempted. It was the mother who held the baby tight on her breast and crooned soft Russian lullabies to her tiny babe.

Two years more elapsed and on a sunshiny morning in September, Miriam, a chubby child of three, was seen standing in the doorway waving good-by to her sturdy, big brother, who, with his father, was going to enter, for the first time, the realms of knowledge, the Russian public school. Tears glistened on the mother's cheeks as she waved good-by to her eldest born, her son, who was going to a place far away, from which he might never return. For the Russian government is ever hungry for youthful blood for its armies.

With a sob, the mother tore herself from her youngest, flew down the rough path and clasped her robust youngster to her breast. Covering his tiny face with passionate kisses and hot tears and sobbing, "Good-by, my Ivan, make good. You are having advantages which neither your father nor I have had. Make good, my Ivan, and may God bless you."

Time passed and letters were few and far between and the anxious mother heard little of her son, who was now being trained by the officers of the Czar in a prominent Russian military academy. In the meantime, back at the settlement, little Miriam had entered the village school and with the help of her teacher was learning and helping her illiterate parents to master the intricacies of the Russian alphabet.

The little piece of ground in the back of the house had flourished and paid the hard-working Joshua well. His rude cabin had been improved until it was now a respectable looking house. His wife and daughter were two of the best dressed people in the village, his son was attending a pay-institution, a great military academy, and Joshua Russola was recognized as one of the most influential men in the village.

One day a letter came to the homestead of the Russolas announcing that Master Ivan Russola had received permission to return home for a short visit before entering the Russian Imperial Army.

The great day arrived. Assembled at the central place in the village were all the leading folk of the small community, Gospodin and Gospoja Russola and daughter Miriam, among the foremost. Miriam, now a tall, well-dressed girl of eleven, was standing expectantly on the tips of her small red boots, listening to the rumble of approaching carriage wheels, awaiting the approach of the big brother of whom she heard much, but knew little.

A moment of suspense, as the carriage dashed around the curve, and came to a stop before the excited country group. A moment of agony as an erect, soldierly figure dismounted from the carriage and with flashing dark eyes looked around dazed, without a sign of recognition on his face. A moment of intense feeling as the boy turning to the driver, and addressing him in a well modulated, respectful tone, said, "Are you sure, sir, that this is the right place?"

Then came a moment of utmost joy, as with a cry, the excited mother tore loose from the crowd, and rushing toward her boy, cried, "Ivan!"

"Mother, my mother!" and with a long, choking sob, the boy flung himself into his mother's arms, hugged her tight, laughing, with tears in his eyes, as she rained kisses upon his upturned face. This was his mother whom he had not seen for years, and who now showered blessings upon him—his own mother!

He turned next to his father, who greeted him in a husky voice, and hugged him close, and last, but not least, he turned to his sister Miriam, of whom he had little recollection.

Such a happy reunion was never witnessed before or after in the little village of Kostova, and as the villagers escorted him to his home, he felt a pleasant tingling in his heart, a sob rose to his lips as he vowed, then and there, to serve for the rest of his life, his country and the woman who had borne him, whom he loved and revered—his mother.

Never was such a night of feasting and merriment held in the tiny village, never did vodka flow so freely, nor was wit ever so much appreciated. Never had the people of the village known such a good time, nor had the mother and father felt so proud. When the clock struck twelve, however, the merriment subsided and the villagers returned to their homes. Lights shone here and there, blinking on and off, until finally the last light was extinguished and the entire village had retired for a night of peace and restfulness.

The stars twinkled merrily to and fro, and the moon cast its rays on a quiet world. When suddenly, down the road was heard a martial tread and a voice issuing commands. Orders, bloody curses and wild threats filled the air. And ere the clock had struck the stroke of four something had happened in Kostova which changed the course of the quiet stream of the village life.

Out of the stillness of the night came the command, "Halt!" An echo of boots on the dry street answered the command. Then all was still. But the stillness was again broken by the sound of a pair of clumping boots on the broad, wooden stairs, and a knock was heard which echoed thru the narrow streets and caused lights to flash here and there. All was still. Another knock, and then was heard the voice of Hannah Russola, asking, "What is it you want, and who are you?"

A volley of profanity followed these questions while the intruder announced that he was an officer of the Czar and demanded lodging for himself and his troops thruout the night.

"I'm sorry, but I cannot accommodate you," came the answer from the lips of Mother Russola.

"Dare you refuse an officer of the Imperial Army? You——"

But here the door was thrown open and the light shone full upon the young, supple figure of Ivan, as he said, "Here, sir, at your service, sir," as he raised his hand to his head in respectful salute.

"Who in —— are you?" growled the officer.

"I am about to enter the Russian Army, sir. I am graduating from the Russian Academy this year."

"You impudent, young cub! To —— with you," the officer cried, as he delivered a violent kick, which threw Ivan across the floor.

The officer pushed his way boldly into the house and mounted the stairs to where the pretty young mother sat clasping her daughter close to her. He drew the terrified child from her mother's arms and with one violent push sent her flying across the room. He seated himself on the bed next to the thinly clad Hannah and blowing his breath, which smelled vilely of whisky, into her face, began to talk of love to her in a most profane manner. Ivan grasping his gun had meanwhile mounted the stairs and stood open-mouthed in the hall listening to the insults that this officer of the Czar's was showering on his mother.

Would he act like this cur, after he had seen service in the Imperial Army of the Czar? Would he too become hardened and act like this man? Would he too——?

But here his meditations were broken by a wild scream that issued from his mother's throat. He mounted the last step, rushed into the room, aimed, and—bang! A flash of fire, a harsh curse, the thud of a body on the floor, and all was still, except for the heavy breathing of the woman on

the bed, and the whimpering of the child in the corner.

The door opened, and in walked Joshua, rubbing his eyes sleepily, but asking with bated breath what it was all about. He looked in amazement at Ivan as his son stood petrified, his eyes glued on the figure of the man lying prone before him, from whose broad back a stream of red blood was already flowing, his son, who stood there with the smoke still coming from the muzzle of his gun. Deftly taking the instrument of death from his son's nerveless fingers, Joshua stood there just as his boy had stood, with eyes riveted on the ghastly figure before him.

A loud crash sounded on the stairs as another officer mounted them. With one glance he took in the situation and leveling the muzzle of his revolver he pulled the trigger at the same instant that a terrified scream rose from all throats, and Joshua Russola lay dying next to his son's victim. Ivan, rushing to his father, fell on his neck and kissed his father, promising his father 'midst many tears to act as his mother's provider and swearing to be a father to his sister and a husband to his mother.

But the soldier's sympathies were not with the boy, and as he grabbed him by the scruff of the neck and uttered an oath, he flung Ivan into the opposite corner of the room, while with his foot he roughly turned over the body of the dying man.

"Hannah—Ivan—Miriam, good-by," gasped the victim. Then his eyes closed, his muscles relaxed, his heart stopped its beating, and Joshua Russola passed from this life.

News of the killing of Joshua Russola spread thru the little countryside like wildfire. Great excitement reigned in the heretofore settled little village. The lights which had twinkled so merrily a few minutes before were stealthily extinguished and the little community waited breathlessly for the next move to be made.

They did not wait long, for soon was heard the harsh voice of the officer of the Czar demanding more lodging, and the refusal which he received was answered by a spit of flame and a dull thud as another Russian peasant passed into eternity.

The lust for blood was in these beasts as they marched thru the village shooting at everything they saw, trampling down the growing fields, insulting the women, massacring children, leaving destruction in their wake.

The blood of the country folk was up and afire; a new light gleamed in their eyes as each male grasped his revolver and went out into the road to fight these vile creatures who had destroyed the peace of their little village, these beasts who had devastated their homes.

Ivan Russola stood before the door of his house, his small hands grasping the weapon of death which he held. With head high, and lips compressed, he helped his neighbors defend their homes.

It seemed as tho the wrath of God had descended upon the little village of Kostova, bullets whistled thru the air and everywhere were the prone bodies of men moaning and groaning in the intense agony of their wounds. The lights which burst from the star shells every now and then lit up the terrible scenes of massacre in the tiny village.

Meanwhile, Hannah had clothed herself and her daughter in very dark clothes, so that they might not be seen in the blackness of night. Ivan was safe, in his military uniform, and with his gun he might easily be mistaken for a soldier in the Imperial Army.

Gathering her few precious possessions together, and tying them in a black bag, Hannah called softly to her son, "Ivan we are going to leave our home, if God will grant it we'll do it in safety. Go around to the rear."

Holding his rifle before him, Ivan crept on his hands and knees over the ground. Suddenly his hand struck something slimy and warm. A star shell which had just burst showed him that it was a pool of blood which was flowing freely from a wound in the back of a soldier of the Imperial Army. Ivan lay still until the light had vanished, then he crept up to the body of the dead soldier, possessed himself of the dead man's hat, and lightly drew the small revolver from its case and appropriated it as his own. Then he took the blood, which was still on his hand, and smeared it over his face, so that if another star shell should burst and he had to fall with his face upward he would look like a dead man. Then he proceeded to the rear of the house, where he met his mother, who on seeing him and mistaking him for a soldier of the Czar, let out a short scream. "Do not fear, mother," soothed Ivan, "It is I, Ivan, your son."

"Ivan, you are wounded," gasped his terrified mother.

When he explained what he had done, she said, "But, come now, let us kneel and ask God to guide us safely across the border."

Another shell which burst, and showered light over the little village showed the pale faces of the three figures as they knelt on the rear steps and raised their voices in supplication to God.

Creeping along the ground they managed to make a little progress and by the next morning

had reached the neighboring town. Concealing themselves in some bushes along the road they partook of the little food which Hannah had brought and rested in order to continue their journey as night fell.

Every night the little party trod wearily over the rough roads till the dawn broke across the eastern sky, then they would seek shelter in the bushes and when night fell continue their tiresome journey.

When the family had crossed the Russian borderline, Hannah sold the beautiful diamond which Joshua had given her before their marriage, in order to pay their fare on the rude train which was to carry them to the seaboard.

When Hannah reached France she sold the rest of her jewels, to which the most wonderful sentiments were attached, and secured passage for herself and her family on a huge steamer.

That night the stars twinkled out of a black sky, all was quiet, the man in the moon looked down and saw, on the lower deck of a huge ship bound for America, a woman and two children as they knelt in prayer, raising their voices in thanks to Him who had guided them safely so far, and asking that He guide them safely to the great country of America, their land of promise.

Pals at South Side High

By Joseph Greenberg

As lonely years will lie between
And ever multiply,
Our thoughts will travel back to you
And days we were together here,
Those merry days you know;
To things we did and thought and said—
Our hearts were all aglow—
We mingled all in friendship true,
In loyalty, you bet,
And tho we wander far apart,
Those days we'll ne'er forget
And memory, sweet memory
Will longingly outcry
Those joyful and oh happy days,
We spent at South Side High.

You Know the Feeling

By Sam Blumenfeld

Does your heart jump at the sight of her,
And does your pulse quicken too?
Then boy, you've got the symptoms of love,
I have them, so why not you?
Does she gaze at you with those eyes of her's,
And does she give you that smile?
If so I know how you feel at the time,
'Way we all do once in a while!
You feel as if they could shoot you down
While you defended her;
You'd come up grinning, the way you went down,
And then you'd slay the cur!
I know the feeling for I get it at times,
And I get it pretty strong.
I can not eat, neither can I get sleep,—
We all get it, old or young.
She may be pretty but ever so dumb,
But who gives a care to that?
As long as you feel that she wrote "Welcome,"
Expressly for you on the mat.
If your heart jumps at the sight of her,
And your pulse doth quicken too,
Then boy, you've got the symptoms of love,
I get them, so why not you?

Dejection

By Jerome C. Eisenberg, '22

Painless, joyless lifeless, dull
Is my "heart." Tis only full
With a vast and all—pervading void.
All my life glides by before me
And the Past doth hover o'er me,
Mindful of the deeds I've done.
How the Future sneers and snickers!
How my waning rush-light flickers!
Oh, my race remains unrun!
Who can know the utter sorrow
That forgets the coming morrow,
Daily duties leaves undone!
Strike! oh Lord! with crashing thunder
Break my mighty bands asunder,
Flood my soul with living light!

The Needed Guide

By Abram Albert Neger, '17

I.

The piano (priestly servant of the sleeping Orpheus)
Never of its own accord sends music through the air;
For always there must be the patient, skillful pianist,
Who with tender skill and pure grace touches notes so fair.

II.

The pianist (justly proud that he can always render
Music that inspires in him the pleasure to play on)
Is rightly but the guide that leads the eager piano
In its singing—without pianist all sweet tones are gone.

III.

So also is the human body ever waiting
For a wiser guide to lead it gently everywhere;
And surely, is not Spirit, or the Soul, the factor
That shall show the clearer way to all good deeds, and rare?

YE SCHOOL GOSSIPE

By Jerome C. Eisenberg, '22

"What is this that I see before me? A dagger—I mean a postal-card?"

Will you kindly send us at once the following information:

Address?—Life's little jokes—they send a post-card to my home and then ask me for my address. That's as bad as a friend of mine in Los Angeles who writes at the foot of each letter, "Let me know if this reaches you safely!"

Occupation?—Work—which reminds of a college professor of psychology who came upon a hard-working Irishman toiling bare-headed in the street.

"Don't you know," said the professor, "that to work in the hot sun without a hat is bad for your brains?"

"D'ye think," answered the Irishman, "that Oi'd be on this job if Oi had any brains?"

Married?—I don't remember.

Wife's Name?—Mrs.

Attended What Higher Institutions?—Look over the police records of New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania. Naming all three states reminds me of the joke one of my profs tells about a colored bootlegger who was just about three jumps ahead of pursuing prohibition agents. He came running into the station at top speed, just pausing enough to ask the station-agent:

"Say, bo, gimme a ticket fo' the fastest train to leave dis yere town."

"Sorry," replied the station-agent, "she left fifteen minutes ago, but I can give you a ticket for another to——"

"Don' gimme no other ticket, jes' show me what track she left on!"

Degrees?—Say, give me time; I just got out of school last year, altho it does seem about as long as King "Tut" was asleep.

Athletic or Other Record?—I don't like to boast, but Chief McRell says that I'm the best second-story man in three states.

What Part Did You Play in the War?—Way back in the dear, dead days beyond recall—why I read the *Literary Digest* diligently, desiring a double-edged debate on the disastrous deliberations of a despot in the other hemisphere. ("D" is a very hard letter to use in alliteration.)

How Many Copies of this Issue Do You Wish?—Oh, I'm reckless, send me one, f.o.b.

Will You Help Us by Sending Material for this Number?—No, I won't. What do you think I am—as my friend Don Marquis, the famous columnist, once said: "If anyone tells a joke, we shall consider ourselves insulted." So I'll proceed to insult someone by saying, "Between his collar button and the sidewalk, he is the biggest student in South Side."

We "tripped the light, fantastic toe"
In Milton's days. Now bolder,
We do the shimmy—that is, shake,
The light fantastic shoulder.

It's all right to be cheerful, but even a sunny disposition may have an eclipse.

Which reminds me of a joke told to me by an overseas man. On the night of Armistice a negro trooper met some hilarious Frenchmen. Next morning he was up before his captain, charged with intoxication.

"Young man," scowled the captain, "you've got a mighty good record, and I'm sorry. Have you any excuse to offer for this outbreak?"

"I ain't got no excuse, please, cap'n," said the culprit, "but I'se done got a good reason."

"A reason," answered his captain. "What is it?"

"Well, cap'n," the dusky soldier said, "I'se dunno de English fo' it, but de bunch I met las' night called it 'encore.'"

Don't shoot! It's better to have two good men on earth, than an extra angel in heaven.

TO YOU

O sweet and tender blossom,
Of Heaven's sweet blue air;
You are a daughter of the gods,
So petite and debonair.

You resemble a chic narcissus,
Blooming in the dale;
Unlike the dark-hued tree-tops,
O'er which night spreads a veil.

Your face is like the lily,
So very pure and white;
Your eyes are like the bluebird's,
Always sparkling with delight.

Your hair is like the grain,
O'er which the sun doth shine;
But your lips are like the ruby red,
And, will they some time, meet with mine?



SCHOOL NEWS

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ACHIEVEMENTS OF THE DRAMATIC CLUB

One of our oldest, and certainly one of our most successful clubs is the Dramatic Club. This organization, begun very early in the history of our school, is one whose progress is both interesting and instructive to review.

The first meeting of the club was held in the year 1913 under the supervision of Mr. Howe. The first election, held at that meeting, resulted in the presidency being given to Alexander Steinsitz and the vice-presidency to Jacob Fox, while Jesse Allison was successful as first secretary and treasurer.

With these as executives, the club immediately set to work on its first play, "A Trial by Jury." This is a delightful farce, written by Gilbert and Sullivan, and was successfully performed by our juvenile actors, Mary Potter, R. Graham Huntington, Jesse Allison, William Herman, Edward Mason, and Herman Novich taking the most important roles.

Since this play was so successful, the club, early in 1915, decided to present another. Mr. Howe, however, resigned from his position of faculty adviser, and was succeeded by Dr. Austin, who was the coach of this next play, "The Magistrate," a three-act comedy by Sir Arthur W. Pinero.

Needless to say, this was a success. Can you conceive a venture of South Side's Dramatic Club which would not be? Indeed, on the evening of March 25, 1915, South Side's auditorium was crowded to overflowing with those who desired to witness this great achievement. Stellar parts were taken by William Herman, Max Saslow, Jesse Allison, Charles Simons, Edward Amada, R. Graham Huntington, Edna Klein, and Freda Harris.

The next play given was George Broadhurst's "What Happened to Jones" presented on April 13, 1916. Once more the auditorium was filled.

This drama, with its witty dialogues and side-splitting humor, was one which everyone was sure to enjoy. The main character, Jones, played by Isadore Amada, was a hymn-book and playing card salesman who seemed always to be in embarrassing situations, but who, nevertheless, had a habit of getting out of these difficulties as well as getting into them.

The supporting cast consisted of David Steinsitz, Helene Dana, Elizabeth Wells, Eleanor Johnson, Herman Shapiro, Edna Klein, Samuel Rothbard, Mary Cobb, Victor Leibowitch, Ralph Shapiro, Edward Hosp, and Roma Hedden.

In December of this year there was given a one-act playlet, "Christmas Chimes," whose cast consisted entirely of novices.

It was now decided to give one large play a year. Accordingly, a play, "Why Smith Left Home," was presented on April 25, 1917. This play was another of George Broadhurst's comedies. Its droll acting and humorous dialogues rivalled the preceding play in their wittiness. Among the notables of this play were Herman Shapiro, Elizabeth Wells, Victor Leibowitch, Sam Rothbard, Edward Hosp, Eleanor Johnson, Helene Englander, Rose Pavlotsky, Sylvia Kussy, Kathryn Dupont, and Lucille Rostow. This comedy, also, was a "howling success."

The year of 1918, however, seems to have

marked a lull in the work, for no play was presented. This was made up, however, by the splendid production, "Stop, Thief!" presented on March 26, 1919. This play, written by Carlyle Moore, was coached by Mr. Joyce, Dr. Austin being too busy with the Junior College play to attend to it at this time. The cast included Herbert ("Dutch") Weissmuller, Helene Englander, Charles Landano, Joanne Fischer, Joe Franks, John Clancey, Milton Lange, Esther Farber, Dorothy Goldsmith, Ruth Katzen, and Evelyn McWhood.

"Roses of Tara," written entirely by Mr. Joyce, was our next play. The setting of the play is in Ireland. It is the story of Lieutenant Byrne, of the American Army, who visits the Levines, and falls in love with Helen. Byrne is suspected of being a German spy, but later this is proved to be false. The next scene shows us the lientenant's dream which is supposed to take place about 300 A. D. He imagines "Princess Helene" accepts his love. The last act brings him back to reality, and he finds his dream has come true.

In the cast of this play were Helene Englander, Esther Farber, Elizabeth MacGowan, Jerome Jaeger, Sidney Simandl, Frank Iannelli, and Herman Rice.

The next year, it was decided to try work on Shakespeare. Accordingly, one of the best productions of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" ever acted by students was presented on December 8 and 9, 1920. There was much fine acting in this play as well as in the others. Main roles were taken by Martin Flusser, Elmer Klein, Estelle Walzer, Elizabeth MacGowan, Herman Rice, Mabel Hoffman, Helen Trautwein, Wilson Tucker, and Donald Lewis.

Of course you remember "Clarence," that delightful play by Booth Tarkington, presented in 1921. Henry Gerber, as Clarence, and Marguerite Aronson were especially good, as well as Reva Mucha, Morris Auerbach, Benjamin Cohen, Sol Cohen, and Anne Abrams in the other major roles.

"Twelfth Night," our most recent production, was also a great success. You all remember this play; need we call to your mind the great acting of Herbert Ellend, Edna Slesinger, Reva Mucha, Peggy Aronson, William Leff, Anne Abrams, Herman Rice, Seymour Hirsch, Benjamin Cohen, and Betty Huntington?

Thus it may be seen that this club, with its almost ten years of good work, has been a success from the start, and it certainly has a brilliant future before it. We all hope that it may always be one of the foremost and best achievements of the school.

HISTORY OF THE CHESS AND CHECKER CLUB

The Chess and Checker Club, a well known school activity under the wing of the General Organization, was first organized in March, 1914.

The first officer was Samson Freiman and the initial club adviser was Mr. Sheppard. Great efforts were exerted by the club executive to develop the club and after the primary arrangements were made the club adjourned for the summer vacation. During the month of December, 1914, the club was reorganized. Samson Freiman was re-elected president, Cornelius Jayson was elected to the office of vice-president and Herman B. Weckstein was put in charge of the club's minutes. At this time the General Organization took an active interest in the club and presented it with five sets of chess. The next meeting of the club was held on January 14, 1915 and arrangements were made to conduct a tournament for the school students. A spirited series of games were the result of the tournament, which entered through the whole team.

In October, 1915, the club reorganized for the new term and successful candidates for office were Leon Hoffman, president; Paul Gipfel, vice-president, and Maurice Portuguese, secretary. During the administration of these officers further developments were made in regard to tournaments. When in February, 1916, the club renewed activities John Albert was elected president, Ira Katchen vice-president and Alexander Avidon secretary. President Albert appointed a committee consisting of Harry Rech, Maurice Portuguese and Leon F. Hoffman for arrangement of school contests.

The activities of the club were slight during the period of the World War but in October, 1919, the organization was revived. Those in charge of the activities were Joseph Harrison, president; Emil Mintz, vice-president, and Richard Handler, secretary. Further movements toward scholastic interest were started and continued during the next term under supervision of President Richard Handler, Vice-president Herman Rice and Secretary Henry Davis. During a successful term of office the officers led the club and the following term Herman Rice was elected president, Morris Helprin was

elected to vice-presidentcy and Irving Dollinger was appointed to record the meeting doings. The attendance at the meetings of that term showed that the Chess and Checker Club was becoming an important branch of the General Organization. Mr. Hartman, as adviser, did much to make the meetings entertaining and served well in the capacity. During the next term president, Max Wiener, Irving Dollinger as vice-president and Sol Cohen as secretary, presided over the meetings of a very important club.

The following terms the Chess and Checker Club was in charge of Milton Wurzel, president; George Rosen, vice-president, and Nathan Ostrofsky, secretary. President Wurzel appointed an executive committee at the next meeting which did good work. During the next few weeks an elimination contest was conducted to ascertain the most capable players for representing South Side in tournaments with other schools such as Central, Barringer and East Side High Schools of Newark, also Battin, East Orange and Plainfield High Schools. South Side was well represented by the team consisting of Irving Dollinger, Joseph Gorewitz, Carl Berkow, I. Bernard Harkavy, and Abraham Harkavy, and finished second to Battin in the league. When the Inter-Scholastic Chess League was formed George Levine, a South Sider, was elected president and showed great executive ability.

In October, 1922, Nathan Rubin was elected to presidency, Seymour Hirsch was successful in the vice-presidency competition and Carl Berkow was appointed recorder of club activities. Great accomplishments were shown by the leaders and the interest in the club increased.

During this term, a chess team consisting of I. Bernard Harkavy, captain; Carl Berkow, Joseph Gorewitz, Abraham Harkavy, Jack Neuss, and Morris Stein, was entered in the Interscholastic Chess League of New Jersey. This year, the league was made up of Central, Paterson, Battin, East Orange, Harrison and South Side. Our representatives were Joseph Gorewitz and Carl Berkow, president and secretary respectively. After the season's tournament it was seen that South Side had won the championship for the year 1923, with Central second. Together with this title, came a handsome silver loving cup, which was donated to the league by L. Bamberger & Co.

Ten years of effort have marked seemingly wonders in the club for its membership has increased from a scant dozen to more than the half century mark, and it is assured that the Chess and Checker Club will continue to be a leading school activity.

HISTORY OF THE DEBATING CLUB

The debating club was organized in 1914 under the leadership of Miss Swett. The first debate that was held was on March 31 of the same year in the music room. The question under debate was "Resolved, That Moving Pictures Do More Harm Than Good." There were only about twelve members present, so one can readily see how the club has progressed. On May 5 the club held another meeting during which many extemporaneous speeches were held. No officers were elected as yet and the teacher in charge acted as president.

On October 2, 1914, in room 57, the club met for its first meeting of the new term and elected Thelma Judd for president, Charles Simmons for vice-president and Frederick Waltzman for secretary. Mr. Wakefield then had charge of the club and at this meeting he gave a short talk urging more members to attend the meetings and to join the club. The next debate was held in the assembly on the question "Resolved, That the Open Shop is Beneficial to Society." Many attended this debate and the increase certainly showed that the club was progressing. The debaters on the above topic were H. J. Weckstein and J. Kalter for the affirmative and S. Finkel and Simmons for the negative. After much discussion the judges awarded the decision to the affirmative.

During the next few meetings many debates and extemporaneous speeches were held which were of great benefit to those who heard them. All the important topics during that time were discussed pro and con. The next term, February, 1915, showed a decided increase in the membership of the club. Thelma Judd was elected to lead the club, while her assistants were Frederick Groel, vice-president and Jacob Kalter, secretary. A program committee was also appointed. During the next month the program committee arranged some very interesting meetings. Some of the debates were on "Canadian Reciprocity," "That the President's Term Be Six Years With No Reelection," and "That a Commission Government Be Established in Newark." It was also discussed by Mr. Steward that we would enter a team in the

Rutgers League. This speech helped to increase the membership considerably. During the next week Mr. Steward and A. Goldfinger went to New Brunswick to arrange a debate. The debate was arranged and South Side competed in its first interscholastic debate with New Brunswick High School. The topic under discussion was "Resolved, That Congress Should Pass a Federal Law Prohibiting the Importation, Manufacture and Sale of Intoxicating Liquors." South Side returned victorious.

On October 11, 1915, the officers of the new term were elected. The successful candidates were Jacob Kalter, president; Adrian Stevens, vice-president, and Ira Katchen, secretary. The interest in the club this term far surpassed all other terms. Many interesting debates as usual, were on the program of each meeting. A very interesting debate was held on November 2, 1915, between Maurice Maurer and Ira Katchen, who upheld the negative on the question "Resolved, That New Jersey should have a literacy test for voters." The affirmative of the topic was debated upon by Alex Slavitt and Adrian Stevens. The negative proved victorious.

The new officers for the next semester were elected on October 24, 1916, in Room 4. Alexander Goldfinger was elected to the position of presidency; Selma Sternick was elected vice-president, while the position of secretary was bestowed upon Alexander Avidon. Many interesting meetings were held and try-outs for the debating team took place. The successful candidates were Fred Groel, Alexander Avidon and Charles Handler. South Side was entered in a triangular league composed of Barringer, East Orange and South Side. South Side won the championship of this league with victories over each of its opponents.

The first meeting of the new term, October 16, 1917, began with thirty-eight members attending the meeting. The election of officers was the first thing to take place. Charles Handler was elected president, Beda Becker was elected vice-president and Maurice Wigoer secretary.

On November 20 the preliminaries for the school debate on December 15 were held. It was also announced that a Declamation Contest was to be held at Central High School.

New officers were elected in November, 1918. Charles Polk was put at the helm as president, A. Jacobson vice-president, and Emma Volk as secretary. A regular meeting day was adopted namely, the second and fourth Tuesdays of each month.

David B. Abramson, one of the best debaters South Side ever had, was elected president the following term, with Robert Silberman as vice-president and Emma Volk as secretary. The tryouts for the team were held and David B. Abramson, Robert Silberman and Max Weiner were the victorious candidates, with Ralph Jacobson as alternate.

Many topics of the day were debated at each meeting, some of the topics being "Resolved, That the Senate should approve the proposed plan for the League of Nations." "Resolved, That the United States Government should own and operate the railroads of this country." This last named topic was the one discussed when South Side debated against East Orange. East Orange upheld the affirmative while South Side the negative. The affirmative won two votes to one.

A meeting was held on June 2, 1919, which adopted a new constitution and which was the last meeting of the term.

On October 7, 1919, the club met in its first meeting of the term. Robert Silberman was elected president, Max Green vice-president and Miss Volk secretary. On October 21 there were several three minute speeches given by members of the club. A mock trial was held in room 4 on January 16, 1920, which proved a great success. Robert Silberman was the judge, Max Green and Joseph Harrison attorneys-at-law and Cooperman, who was charged for murder. Due to the lateness of the hour the case was dismissed before any definite decision was reached.

On October 19, 1920, the club elected new officers for the new term. Joseph Harrison was elected president, Nathan Weisfield vice-president and Miss Adelman secretary. On November 3 a meeting of the club was held and extemporaneous speaking comprised the program. At the next meeting the life and qualities of Theodore Roosevelt were read and talked about. A very interesting debate was held on November 22 on "Resolved, That Jitneys Be abolished where they compete with already established trolley lines." Miss Ianelli and Mr. Warner upheld the negative of this subject while Miss Matross and Mr. Malcow defended the affirmative. The judges awarded the decision to the affirmative.

Room 57 represented a court room on January 11, 1921. A mock trial took place and these trials always prove very interesting. It was announced at this meeting that tryouts for the team would be held in the near future. On February 11, 1921, the tryouts were held in the

assembly and the successful candidates were Joseph Harrison, Joseph Schotland, Frank Waxman and Hazel Kussy. Miss Kussy was the first girl in the history of South Side to earn a place on the South Side's varsity debating team. A debate was arranged with Battin on the question "Resolved, That the open shop should be established and maintained." South Side upheld the negative of this question and Battin the affirmative. South Side was victorious three votes to none. Debates were held during the various meetings and the club adourned till the next term.

Max Weiner was elected to guide the club for the coming term. Morris Warner was to be his assistant and Clara Matross was elected to record all the happenings of the club. In March, 1922, a new team was chosen which was composed of William Borman, Vladimir Buketoff, George Levine and Leonard Emmerglick as rebuttal speaker. On the 24th of Marchvance and never slide back.

we had a debate with Passaic on "Resolved, That the United States should cancel its war debts as a part of our contribution to the world war." South Side upheld the affirmative of the question while Passaic upheld the negative. The negative was victorious two to one.

The officers of the club the following term were: President, Vladimir Buketoff; vice-president, Jerome Eisenberg and secretary Clara Matross. Among some of the debates held this term among the members were "Resolved, That the coal miners are justified in striking." "Resolved, That Chinese exclusion act be done away with and a restriction act replace it;" also "Resolved, That Newark's railroad shall be under public control."

This takes us thru the year 1922. The club has progressed in a manner to be proud of and let us all keep up the good work so that all the clubs and activities in South Side will ad-

THE ORCHESTRA

The South Side Orchestra was organized in October, 1913, under the direction of Mr. McWhood. It consisted of twenty-six members and contained only six different instruments: violins and violas, cello, flute, a French horn and a piano. John Stein was the first concertmaster of this orchestra which appeared in public for the first time at the dedication of the present South Side High School. We have now assembled fifty-seven students who constitute an orchestra which contains eleven different kinds of musical instruments, and has proved to be one of the most successful groups of this sort which has ever existed in the State of New Jersey.

In 1913 the orchestra assisted at the first production staged by the Dramatic Club, a comic opera entitled, "Trial by Jury." By the following year however they had attained the dignity of thirty pieces, and Mr. McWhood had also selected a string quartet and a Girls' Glee Club. These three groups held a most enjoyable musicale at South Side during December, 1914.

Our musicians took part in the Music Festival held at the Armory in 1916, and later received honorable mention at a musical contest taking place at Central, in which all the New Jersey high schools participated. At this time the orchestra also furnished music in connection with the weekly assembly exercises. They had gained a steadily increasing reputation and were afforded a cordial welcome wherever they appeared, but as the patriotic South Siders responded to the call for service in the period of war, interest in the orchestra waned.

Then with the arrival of Mr. Gordon at South Side in 1918, musical activities took a fresh start. He reorganized an orchestra of thirty members which lent its assistance to the South Side and Junior College Dramatic Clubs in connection with a series of plays which they presented within the next few seasons. They furnished musical entertainment at the following plays produced by the Junior College Dramatic Club: "A Pair of Sixes," 1919, "You Never Can Tell" in 1920, and "A Woman's Way" in 1921. They co-operated with the South Side Dramatic Club in the production of "Stop Thief" in 1919, and of "Roses of Tara" in 1920. "Roses of Tara" is an entertaining operetta composed by Mr. Joyce and Mr. Gordon, the one contributing the literary, and the other the musical features of the production.

In March, 1920, the orchestra was requested to perform at a play presented by the Little Theatre Guild. In May they participated in the annual concert given by St. Stephen's Church, for the audience had been so delighted with the performance of South Side's musicians in their concert of the preceding year (1919), that they said they would never have a concert without the aid of the South Side Orchestra. During the same year the Dramatic Club produced "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and as usual were ably assisted by the orchestra and

Glee Club. South Side had displayed the high standard maintained in all musical activities and the services of the orchestra were desired for many occasions. They played at the conference of the Eastern Music Supervisors, at a concert given by the Central Presbyterian Church, at "To-morrow," a play presented by the Rotary Club, and at the production of "Clarence," the well known comedy staged by the Dramatic Club.

held at a meeting of the Women's Association, on March 1, 1923.

Their greatest praise however was received at the Eastern Music Supervisor's Conference. The orchestra played at the opening of the conference at the Robert Treat Hotel, and on March 8 at Central High School. The selections were Beethoven's Seventh Symphony and Kretschmer's "Coronation March." We see the following in the Newark Evening News:



Our Orchestra

Of late the orchestra has added to its reputation by its excellent concerts, broadcasted to an unlimited audience by means of Bamberger's radio station W. O. R. These have frequently been supplemented by the delightful violin solos of Clarence Talisman, concert master and student conductor of the orchestra.

The orchestra evoked hearty applause by its performance at a musicale held at the Ezekiel Lodge. Clarence Talisman directed them as they rendered "South Side," a composition of Mr. Gordon, and the "Minuet in G" by Beethoven. As solos he gave Rehfeld's "Spanish Dance" and "Kujawiak" by Wieniawski. Under Mr. Gordon's direction the orchestra played the "Allegretto" from the Seventh Symphony of Beethoven and Kretschmer's "Coronation March." The orchestra also was favorably commented upon at a musicale

"From an artistic standpoint the performances by the South Side Orchestra were outstanding. Mr. Gordon has molded the instrumentalists under his charge into a capable body . . . . . which can render its work appealing to sensitive ears." The Star also speaking of their work says: "It's performance of the 'Allegretto' from Beethoven's Seventh Symphony does not suffer by comparison of that given by the Newark Symphony Orchestra." "Musical America" of New York wrote: "What a number of the visiting supervisors declared to be the most artistic performance they had ever heard a high school orchestra give was that of the South Side High School forces." While our orchestra is earning such praise and is hailed as the best school orchestra in the state, South Siders may be justly proud of musical accomplishments of their alma mater.

THE GLEE CLUB 1914-1923

In December, 1914, Mr. McWhood was confronted with the task of selecting a group of students whose voices he considered worthy of forming the South Side Glee Club. The club at its first meeting numbered forty members who had been selected from over one hundred applicants. At first it included both boys and girls, but the attendance of the boys became so irregular that finally they were excluded entirely from the club. Under the leadership of Mr. McWhood the club steadily developed, and the following year in addition to sixty members in the Glee Club, South Side had a choir of twenty picked voices.

In 1917 South Side was represented by thirty-two singers at a song contest in which the high schools in this section of the country participated. On this occasion we were unfortunate, for the East Siders carried off the prize, a silver loving cup, and forced South Side to

take second place. The Glee Club entertained the school frequently during 1918 with war songs and popular music, and at the Christmas exercises that year they sang a beautiful selection from Handel's "Messiah." In 1919 the Glee Club scored a great success in "Roses of Tara," the operetta written by Mr. Gordon and Mr. Joyce, and their singing of the lovely melodies added much to the charm of the play. At a concert given by St. Stephen's Church, Jessie Ayres, a talented member of the Glee Club, delighted the audience with her solos. Miss Ayres had previously earned hearty applause by singing "The Americans Come" and "The Birth of the Morn" for the school in the auditorium.

Mr. Gordon organized a Glee Club of boys and girls in 1919, and the members received the same credits as for a minor subject. While preparing for the convention of Eastern Music Supervisors Association the principal song studied by the club was Gounod's "Unfold Ye Portals." At the Thanksgiving exercises and at the celebration of the Tercentenary of the Landing of the Pilgrims the Glee Club sang the traditional "Landing of the Pilgrims" by Mrs. Hemans. Then Irma Fensel gave two solos, one of them, "West Wind Over the Water," was composed by Mr. Gordon and Mr. Joyce, and for the other, "Nan," Mr Gordon had composed the music and one of the students, Edith Curren, had written the words. Aside from these activities of its various members the Glee Club as a whole was studying the "Pilgrims' Chorus" from "Tannhaüser" and the "Anvil Chorus" of "Il Trovatore." Several members took part in the latest play presented by the Dramatic Club, "Twelfth Night," and their singing undoubtedly contributed to the success of the performance.

This semester the Glee Club is working on some new songs and at a recent meeting the following officers were elected for the term: President, Florence Sommer; vice-president, Rosalind Zellner; secretary, Jeanette Menk.

HISTORY OF THE FRENCH CLUB

The French students of South Side met in Room 112, January 24, 1914, to form an organization which would bring them closer together in the study of French. An election followed and Fred Halloway had the honor to be the first president of the French Club. The other officers of this new-formed society were: Louise Roux, vice-president; Charles Simmons, treasurer, and Grace Hamilton, secretary. The constitution was read and adopted on March 17 and the first real meeting, conducted in French, was held on April 3. The members decided that the colors of the club were to be purple and gold.

On September 29, 1914, the members came together to elect officers for the new term. Many candidates were nominated and after a great deal of excitement and balloting the following were elected: President, Joshua Superiro; vice-president, Mildred D. Van Ness; secretary, Grace Hamilton; treasurer, Allen Vinson. The club at this time consisted of about fifty members.

The French Club's sociable was held in the lunch room on January 15, 1915. The program consisted of a sketch entitled "L'Oracle," French games, French songs, and refreshments.

To pilot the club through the term of February, 1915, the members chose Allen Vinson and as his assistants, Mildred Van Ness, vice-president; Frances Smith, secretary; Helen Smith, treasurer.

An interesting and educational meeting took place on May 8. Miss Lauterbach delivered a lecture in French on the topic "Paris," which was followed by games and refreshments.

At another interesting meeting Mr. Milwitsky, a French teacher in Barringer High School, showed the club some excellent pictures of the beautiful cities of France.

For the term of September, 1915, the French Club had as its officers: John Alexander, president; Helen Smith, vice-president; Mortimer Weiss, secretary, and Elizabeth Shoyer, treasurer. With the help of these able officials the club had a very successful term.

Mortimer Weiss, Samuel Ash, Jesamine Weinburg and Katherine Waters were elected president, vice-president, secretary and treasurer respectively, for the term of February, 1916. On May 25 of this term, the society enacted a play entitled "Le Baron de Fourchevif." The following took part: Mortimer Weiss, Paul Gipfel, Isadore Weinstein, Lawrence Mott, Louise Roux and Lucy Mintz. The play was a complete success and was very well received by the audience.

With the idea of making the term of September, 1916, even better than the preceding ones the members met to choose new officers. Those chosen were: Mortimer Weiss, president; Elizabeth Shoyer vice-president; Pericles Belfatto, secretary, and Sidney Osterweil, treasurer. The term's most interesting meeting was held on

December 21. Frieda Lagner read a short essay on "Notre Dame" and Jennie O'Garrick delivered a short lecture on "La Sainte-Chapelle." Both topics were accompanied by illustrations. Then a play in four scenes, "La Dernière Classe," was given by the members.

On February 14, 1917, a Valentine party was held in the gym. One of the numbers on the program was a little playlet entitled "Le Procès de L'Empoissoneurs de St. Armand," written by one of the members,—Bernice Rodeman. After the entertainment there were dancing and refreshments.

The returns of the elections for the term of February, 1917, were as follows: President, Pericles Belfatto; vice-president, Bernice Rodeman; secretary, Elizabeth Shoyer; treasurer, Gertrude Huff.

Another social gathering of the members of this organization took place on November 26. First a humorous play in six scenes, entitled "Le Voyage de M. Perrichon," was offered to the delighted audience. At the conclusion of this play there was dancing, but no refreshments because of patriotic conservation at the time of the war.

The following officers were elected for the term of February, 1918: President, Saul Goodman; vice-president, Lucy Mintz; secretary, Estelle Greenfield; treasurer, Pauline Rifkind.

Because of lack of interest on the part of the members the meetings of the club were discontinued until March 19, 1919, when the French students reorganized and chose the following officials: Preston Fairlamb, president; Florence Danzis, vice-president, and Winifred Springer, secretary.

An interesting musical program marked the last meeting of the term of February, 1919.

Owing to the war and the subsequent lack of interest in school clubs, the French Club was not reorganized until March 4, 1920. Ruth Schechner, Lillian Eddy, and Winifred Springer were elected to the positions of president, vice-president and secretary respectively. Several interesting meetings were held during this term.

The members met at the beginning of the term of February, 1921, to vote for new officers. When the ballots had been collected it was found that the following were elected: Abe Finklestein, president; Lucille Svet, vice-president. A short play, "La Lettre Chargée," afforded great pleasure to the members of this organization on April 14, 1921.

PAST GENERAL ORGANIZATION BOARDS

Term of February, 1914
President—Arthur E. Thevenet
Vice-President—Suzanne Becker
Secretary—Helen M. Seidman

Term of February, 1915
President—Edward B. Mason
Vice-President—William Wackenhuth
Secretary—R. Graham Huntington

Term of September, 1915
President—William Wackenhuth
Vice-President—Jesse Allison
Secretary—Frederick Groel

Term of February, 1916
President—Milton Zucker
Vice-President—Helen Smith
Secretary—Olive Galloway

Term of September, 1916
President—Frederick Groel
Vice-President—Louis Seidman
Secretary—Mary Cobb

Term of February, 1917
President—Rudolph Thevenet
Vice-President—George Mount
Secretary—Elizabeth Shoyer

Term of September, 1917
President—Frederick Bioren
Vice-President—William Seamen
Secretary—Alexander Avidon

Term of February, 1918
President—Alexander Avidon
Vice-President—Herbert Weismuller
Secretary—Blanche Freidman

Term of September, 1918
President—Harry Sayre
Vice-President—Milton Richman
Secretary—Ruth Katzin

Term of February, 1919
President—Herbert Weismuller
Vice-President—Jeannette Katchen
Secretary—Esther Buerman

Term of September, 1919
President—Jerrold Stern
Vice-President—Esther Farber
Secretary—Winifred Springer

Term of February, 1920
President—David Abramson
Vice-President—Robert Silberman
Secretary—Fanny Finger

Term of September, 1920
President—Robert Silberman
Vice-President—Raymond Brandes
Secretary—Lillian Eddy

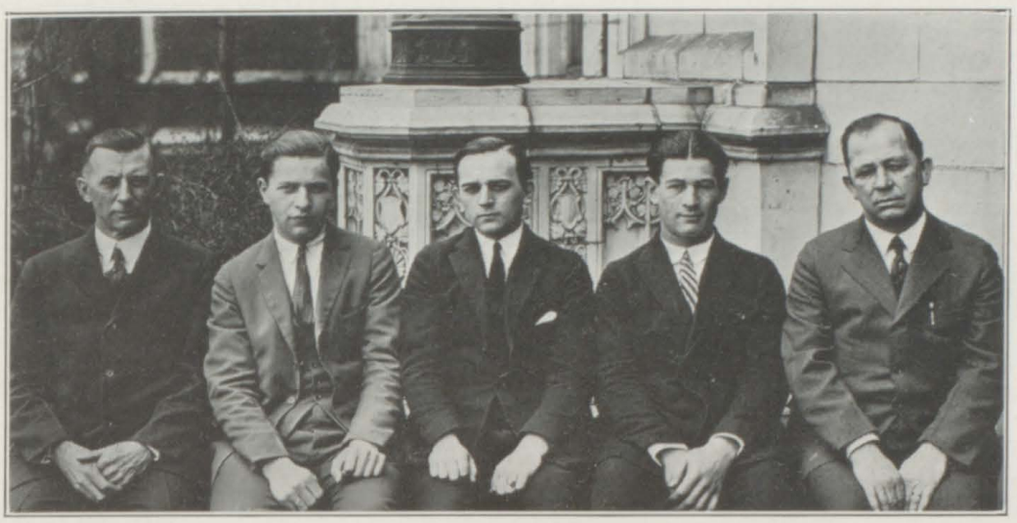
Term of February, 1921
President—Benjamin Bateman
Vice-President—Clinton Metz
Secretary—Caroline Bachman

Term of September, 1921
President—Joseph Harrison
Vice-President—Richard Handler
Secretary—Esther Crane

Term of February, 1922
President—Richard Handler
Vice-President—Vladimir Buketoff
Secretary—Clara Matross

Term of September, 1922
President—Frank R. Waxman
Vice-President—Henry Rosenthal
Secretary—Elizabeth Huntington

Term of February, 1923
President—Vladimir Buketoff
Vice-President—Edward Schwartz
Secretary—Frank Varmus



Present G. O. Board

The Black and Gold Forever

By Joseph Greenberg

Ten years ago, with heart aglow,
A dauntless hero proudly came,
And planted firm the Black and Gold,
The banner of renown and fame.
O'er high it waves, our boast, our pride,
We cherish it together:
Uufurl, unfold our emblem fair,
The Black and Gold forever!
Now South Side's lads so brave and true,
The rugged paths they'll tread and try.
With visions of the Black and Gold,
They'll strive, and battle, do or die.
And victory they will attain,
For they will fight together.
Their watch-word evermore shall be,
The Black and Gold forever!

The Optimist board regrets to state that Miss Edna A. Tyson, faculty adviser of our School News department, will be unable to return to South Side this term, due to a prolonged illness. It is needless to say that we miss her very much and earnestly hope to see her again next term.

To a Friend

By Jerome C. Eisenberg, '22

It is something to have lived as you have lived
'Mid the squalor and the miseries of life,
Yet preserving pure, unsullied your rich soul
To lighten with your cheer the Eternal Strife.

It is something to have felt the sting of sorrow,
It is something to have known the pangs of pain,
It is something to have bravely faced the morrow
And survived to smile upon the world again!

It is something to have gained an honest friend
Who can feel the joys and sorrows that you tell;
Then what care you for those vulgar golden crowns
That all mankind in the markets buy and sell!

The Optimist gratefully acknowledges the work done by Mr. Jayson in providing photographs for this issue.

FACULTY DIRECTORY

The schools following the colleges at which the degrees were received, are those at which the teachers taught before they came to South Side, and the date denotes the time the teacher entered this school.

Thomas F. Kennedy, A.B., A.M., Pd.M., LL.D., Principal, celebrates the twenty-fifth anniversary of his connection with the Newark High School system this year, having come from New York City to be one of the faculty of the old Newark High School when it opened its new building at Branch Brook Park. Later he opened an annex of this school. On September, 1910, in a competitive examination, Dr. Kennedy was chosen from about fifty applicants from various parts of the country, to be the first principal of East Side High School. On September, 1913, when an experienced educator was needed to organize the big, new South Side High School, Dr. Kennedy was once more the logical choice. In September, 1918, he opened the Junior College (first two years of college), in connection with the South Side High School.

Dr. Kennedy was a lecturer at the Champlain Assembly and also director of the Newark Educational Exhibit during our two hundred fiftieth anniversary celebration.

Alanson G. Alden, A.B., A.M., Dartmouth; Washington, D. C., High School; (1914) Modern Languages; Adviser for Athletics; Adviser of Deutscher Verein.

Rose Alden, A.M., Cornell; A.B., Mount Holyoke; Montclair Grades School; St. Johnsbury Academy, Vt.; Hampton Institute, Va.; English; Adviser Optimist, 1921-1922; Studying at Oxford, England (Sabbatical Year).

Charles R. Austin, A.B., A.M., Ph.D., Brown; Brown University; Trinity Hall, Washington, Pa.; New Jersey State Normal and Model Schools; Newark Junior College; (1914) Latin; Adviser of The Optimist; Reader in Latin for College Entrance Examination Board.

Martha J. Barrow, B.A., Louisiana State University; M.A., Columbia University; Shreveport High School; Louisiana State University; (1920) English.

Louise Brayton, A.B., University of Michigan; A.M., Columbia University; Nashville, Michigan; Albion, Michigan; Carthage, Missouri; (1915) Latin.

Emma A. Buehler, B.A., Wellesley College; M.A., Columbia University; (1923) Mathematics.

John S. Burley, Ph.B., M.S., Wesleyan University; Montclair Academy; St. John's School; B. M. C. Durfee High School, Fall River; (1916) English.

G. Cavallaro, New York Normal School of Physical Education; Belmont Ave. School; (1913) Physical Training; Head of Department; Coach of Football and Baseball; Head of Physical Department, State Summer School, Ocean City.

Ruth Joy Cummings, A.B., Bates College; M.A., Columbia; South Manchester, Conn.; Paterson; (1921) Modern Languages.

Mabel Denton, A.B., Barnard College; Englewood High School; Bloomfield High School; Barringer High School; Central High School; (1913) Biology; Public Lecturer; Biology Research at Columbia.

Mildred A. Dietsch, Newark State Normal; Irvington Schools; (1922) Assistant Teacher's Clerk.

Charles E. Dull, A.B., Oberlin; M. S., University of Chicago; Negannee High School, Mich.; Cazenovia Seminary, N. Y.; Johnstown High School, Pa.; Orange High School; (1914) Physics; Author of "Essentials of Modern Chemistry," "Laboratory Exercises in Chemistry," "Essentials of Modern Physics," "Laboratory Exercises in Physics"; Head of Chemistry Department, Newark Technical School.

Maude E. Emery, A.B., Barnard College; Battin High School; (1918) European History; Democracy.

Eva F. Everall, Ph.G., Ph.C., Columbia; Barringer High School; (1921) Biology Assistant.

Harvey L. Fassett, A.B., Bucknell; A.M., Cornell; Peddie Institute; Troy High School; Mt. Pleasant Military Academy; Barringer High School; East Side High School; (1913) Head of Mathematics Department.

May C. Fay, Savage Normal School of Physical Education; College of St. Elizabeth; (1913) Physical Training; Track Coach.

Elisha Lynn Fisher, A.B., Amherst; Newark Academy; New Palty Normal School, N. Y.; Rutgers Preparatory School; Scudder School, N. Y.; (1914) English; Director of Camp Chenango.

Hilda C. Geran, A.B., Salem College; Jackson High School; (1920) Modern Languages.

Jennie A. Giehl, A.B., Vassar College; A.M., Columbia; Ph.D., Heidelberg; (1913) Head of Modern Language Department; Acting Dean of Newark Junior College.

Emilie Goodale, A.B., Wellesley; A.M., Columbia; Bourne, Mass.; Mansfield, Mass.; South Manchester, Conn.; Bradford, Pa.; Glen Ridge; (1921) English.





The Present Faculty

Philip Gordon, A.B., A.M., Columbia; Columbia University; (1918) Music; Director of Orchestra, Girls' Glee Club; Lecturer on Musical Appreciation at WOR; Contributor to "Musical America," and other musical journals.

Clarence R. Griggs, New Jersey State Normal; Neshanic; Aldene; Robert Treat Grammar School; Belmont Avenue School; (1914) Shop and Mechanical Drawing.

Allen R. Hallock, B.A., Hamilton; M.A., Columbia; Newburgh, N. Y.; Clinton, N. Y.; Porto Rico; (1919) Spanish.

M. Bernice Hamilton, A.B., Goucher; (1916) Study Hall Teacher.

Winfield L. Hartman, A.B., A.M., Princeton University; Perkiomen School, Pa.; State Normal School, N. Y.; University Summer School; (1914) Latin; Chess Team Coach; Author of "Collaborator in Syntax of High School Latin."

Wm. A. Hatch, New York State Normal; Constable, N. Y.; West Brighton, N. Y.; East Side High; (1913) Mechanical Drawing.

Reyburn Alvin Higgins, A.B., Indiana University; Wiley High School, Ind.; Boys' High School, Ky.; (1915) English.

A. R. Higgins, Newark State Normal; (1915) Teacher's Clerk.

Arthur de G. Hinzler, Lic ès L., Paris, France; also studied at Madrid, Spain; Barcelona, Spain; Lausanne, Switzerland; Columbia, New York; West Philadelphia High School; Newark Junior College; Barringer; Madison Junior High; (1919) Modern Languages.

Samuel Burnett Howe, A.B., A.M., Union; Saugerties High School; Plainfield High School; Newark Junior College; Collingswood State Summer Normal School; (1914) Head of History Department; Adviser of Personal Board of Optimist; Author of "Essentials in Early European History," "Essentials in Modern European History," "Actual Democracy," "Readings in Actual Democracy"; Editor N. J. School News; President N. J. Association of Teachers of Social Studies.

Caroline G. Howe, A.B., Boston University; S.M., University of Chicago; Southington, Conn.; Gloucester, Mass.; (1913) Head of Science Department.

Carl J. Hunkins, A.B., A.M., Brown University; Columbia University Graduate Work; Providence, R. I.; Hackensack, N. J.; Barringer Summer High; Newark Junior College; (1914) Radio Club Adviser; Coach of Class Football Team; Physics.

Ethel A. Jacobs, A.B., Radcliffe; North Andover, Wash.; Warwick, R. I.; Salem, Mass.; New Rochelle, N. Y.; (1913) History.

Alfred R. Jayson, B.S., M.S., N. Y. U.; New York University; East Side; Barringer High; Newark Junior College; (1919) Chemistry; Chemistry Club Adviser; Author of "Qualitative Chemical Analysis."

Robert Lawrence Joyce, B.S., St. Lawrence University; M.A., Columbia University; Fort Covington (N. Y.) High School; Poughkeepsie (N. Y.) High School; (1918) Social Science; Dramatics Director.

Elizabeth V. Kent, Newark State Normal School; (1919) Physics Laboratory Assistant.

Mrs. Edna Keogh, Institute of Musical Art, N. Y. City; Brooklyn Settlement School of Music, Brooklyn, N. Y.; (1918) Pianist.

Margaret A. Kieran, B. S., Columbia University; Barringer; (1914) Sewing.

Hilma Leers, A.B., Barnard; A.M., Columbia; Paterson High School; Barringer High School; (1913) Modern Languages.

Minnie Miller, Newark State Normal; (1916) Laboratory Assistant.

Rose M. Miraglia, Newark State Normal School; (1921) Assistant Teacher Clerk.

Mary C. Motzenbecker, R.N., Columbia University; Newark Memorial Hospital; First Aid Certificates; (1920) Nurse.

Edward H. Myers, B.S., Pennsylvania State College; Hazelton High School, Pa.; McKeesport High School, Pa.; Pennsylvania State College; (1914) Mathematics; Head Assistant; Adviser of 4B and 4A grades.

Mary W. Nichols, studied at Vassar; South Orange Public School; Summer Ave. Grammar School; Barringer High School; (1913) English; Head Assistant Advisor of 2B and 2A grades.

Percy Fowler Parsons, A.B., Harvard; Somerville, Mass.; Quincy, Mass.; Salem, Mass.; Meriden, Conn.; New Rochelle, N. Y.; (1915) Latin; Baseball Coach.

Winifred Pearce, Temple College, Philadelphia, Pa.; Girls' Reform School, Philadelphia; University of Chicago; (1915) Physical Training; Recreation Work with Y. W. C. A. in Belgium.

Helen M. Potter, A.B., Mount Holyoke; Governeur, N. Y.; (1920) Science; Mathematics; Physiology and Hygiene.

James A. Root, A.B., Lafayette; Trenton High School; (1914) Mathematics, Head Assistant.

William H. Rose, Jr., Temple University; Glen Mills, Pa.; Collingswood H. S., Cleveland, Ohio; Montgomery School, Newark; (1922) Physical Training; Director of Athletics, Newark Summer Playground.

Hattie O. Schenck, Packer Collegiate Institute, Brooklyn; Winchester, Pa.; Barringer High; Central High; (1913) Head of Latin Department.

Caroline A. Sheldon, Cooper Art Institute; Chi-

cago Art Institute; Camberwell School of Arts and Crafts, London, England; Mansfield State Normal; Central High School, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Central High School, Cleveland, Ohio; East Side High, Newark; (1913) Head of Art Department.

Ira Sheppard, B.Sc. and A.M., Bucknell; A.M., Columbia; studying at Columbia (Sabbatical Year); Hoboken; Perth Amboy; (1913) Mathematics; Head Assistant.

Thomas K. Smith, B.A., Lehigh University; Ph.D., University of Koenigsberg; Bethlehem Prep. School, Koenigsberg; Realgymnasium and Oberrealschule; Richlandtown High School; (1915) Mathematics.

Helen G. Stevenson, Ph.B., Syracuse; A.M., Columbia; Sherman Collegiate Institute, Mariah, N. Y.; Ossining High School, N. Y.; Hasbrouck Heights; (1915) History.

Isabel Stewart, D.A., Glasgow School of Art, Scotland; Hillhead High School, Glasgow, Scotland; Bellahouston, Glasgow, Scotland; Harrisburg, Penn.; (1921) Head Assistant of Art Department.

Harold D. Steward, A.B., Ursinus College; Lansdale Public School, Lansdale, Pa.; Reading High School for Boys, Reading, Pa.; (1914) History and Economics; Adviser for Debating.

Franklin Strong, A.B., Colgate; Towanda H. S., Pa.; Rahway H. S.; Pine Plains H. S., N. Y.; (1915) Mathematics; Adviser for G. O.; Coach of Tennis Team.

Lucy E. Swett, State Normal School, Salem, Mass.; Barringer; East Side; (1913) Head of English Department.

Clara M. Trask, B.A., Bates; Williamstown H. S., Mass.; Gardner H. S., Mass.; Salem H. S., Mass.; Arlington H. S., Mass.; (1916) Modern Languages; Adviser for Le Cercle Français.

Edna A. Tyson, A.B., Swarthmore; A.M., Columbia; Trenton; Reading, Pa.; (1920) English; Adviser of School News Board, Optimist.

Arthur Wakefield, A.B., A.M., Brown University; Juanita College; Maine Wesleyan Seminary; Wilbraham Academy; Hoboken High School; Montclair Academy; Newark Junior College; (1914) English.

Elizabeth R. Waite, A.B., Wellesley; A.M., Columbia; Barrington, R. I.; Passaic; (1916) Modern Languages, English.

Edith Welle, A.B., Barnard; A.M., Columbia; St. Mary's Hall, Burlington; Paterson Collegiate Institute; Paterson High School; (1914) Modern Languages.

Helen Langdon White, A.B., Wellesley; Rockville, Conn.; Adams, Mass.; Willimantic, Conn.; Springfield, Mass.; (1916) Latin.

Walter White, A.B., Syracuse; Bay Shores, N. Y.; Free Academy, Rome, N. Y.; (1914) Mathematics; Adviser of Athletic Board, Optimist.

Helen J. Wolfs, A.B., Smith; (1913) Librarian.

Marie L. Wolfs, A.B., Smith; A.M., Columbia; (1913) Assistant to the Principal; Chairman of the Smith College War Service Board.

Ralph Howard Wright, A.B., A.M., Iowa College; Brooklyn; Paterson; Irvington; Newark; Newark Junior College; (1918) Algebra.

ADVISORY BOARD OF THE OPTIMIST

During the ten years' history of The Optimist, the respective boards were well conducted by many of South Side's able faculty.

In 1913 Miss C. G. Howe took charge of the Exchange Board and was replaced after a long and successful term of four years by Miss Helen G. Stevenson. The progress of the Exchange Board was growing when, in 1920, Mr. J. S. Burley was put in as a new faculty adviser and with this, the Alumni was added to the former Exchange Board.

The faculty pivot for the *School News* during 1916, 1917, 1918 and 1919 was Mr. Chas. E. Dull, whose untiring efforts made this department a leading one. Miss Edna A. Tyson, who entered our school in 1920, was given charge of Mr. Dull's former duties.

Miss H. White, Miss E. R. Waite and Mr. Samuel B. Howe have personally given much of their valuable time in aiding the work of the Personals Board.

Miss Schenck and Mr. J. S. Burley had charge of the Literary Board until 1920, when Miss Rose Alden assumed control. When she left last year for Oxford Dr. Austin succeeded her.

Miss Caroline B. Sheldon has fruitfully aided the Arts Board from 1913 to 1923. Her untiring help has brought this department to a very high standard.

Under the auspices of Messrs. R. A. Higgins, E. L. Fisher and W. White, the Athletics Board has made great progress.

Mr. Junius Stevens was the first to serve as head of the entire Optimist staff. Mr. R. A. Higgins, who succeeded Mr. Stevens, was replaced in 1920 by Miss Alden, who served until 1922. In her stead was put Dr. Austin.

From 1913 to 1920, Mr. Ware served as faculty adviser for the Business Department of The Optimist. Mr. Robert L. Joyce and Dr. Thomas K. Smith served, each for one year successively.



Editors

Chairman—FRANK VARMUS
IRVING KOLODIN — WILLIAM C. LEFF
JACK YOSS — HERMAN GIPFEL
RALPH MILLER

NO. 1—ALL-TIME SOUTH SIDE FOOTBALL TEAM

1913-1922

(Reprinted from THE OPTIMIST of February, '23)

Position	*First Team*	*Second Team*	*Third Team*
Ends	Clifford Slater '16	Maurice Kurtz '17	Julius Siedman '24
	Leonard Macow '18	Frank Howley '21	Ormond Kieb '20
Tackles	John Alexander '18	Silas Siedman '20	Herbert Saunders '23
	Samuel Blume '17	Arthur Ozias '20	Herbert Hetzel '15
Guards	George Mount '16	Robert Fava '16	Clarence Hanson '24
	Nathan Cohen '20	Ralph Shapiro '18	Samuel Schenkle '18
Centers	Samuel Princer '18	Alfred Rittersbacher '21	Philip Fava '17
Quarterbacks	Frank Zwigard '20	Harry Haines '19	Lester Stern '23
Halfbacks	Herbert Weismuller '20	Albert Ambs '20	Adelbert Bundy '17
	Milton Zucker '17	R. Graham Huntington '16	William Allsopp '17
Fullbacks	Henry Isinberg '15	Herbert Gardner '17	William Seaman '18

NO. 2—ALL-TIME SOUTH SIDE TRACK TEAM

1914-1923

FIRST CHOICE

	Time
75-Yard Dash—James Pappas	8 sec.
100-Yard Dash—James Pappas	10 1-10 sec.
220-Yard Dash—James Pappas	23 2-5 sec.
440-Yard Run—Harold Bierman	56 2-5 sec.
880-Yard Run—Milton Richman	2.04 2-5
1-Mile Run—Milton Richman	4.46
Cross Country Run—Milton Richman	15.53
70-Yard Hurdles—Harold Henderson	8 3-5 sec.
75-Yard Low Hurdles—Julius Rippel	9 2-5 sec.
120-Yard High Hurdles—Harold Henderson	18 sec.
220-Yard Low Hurdles—Harold Henderson	27 1-5 sec.

SECOND CHOICE

	Time
75-Yard Dash—Spencer Swain	8 2-5 sec.
100-Yard Dash—John Makowsky	10 3-5 sec.
220-Yard Dash—John Makowsky	25 1-5 sec.
440-Yard Run—Spencer Swain	57 2-5 sec.
880-Yard Run—Henry Moore	2.07 1-5
1-Mile Run—Henry Moore	4.51
Cross Country Run—Henry Moore	17.09
70-Yard Hurdles—Julius Rippel	8 4-5 sec.
75-Yard Low Hurdles—Spencer Swain	10 sec.
120-Yard High Hurdles—Julius Rippel	18 1-5 sec.
220-Yard Low Hurdles—Julius Rippel	27 3-5 sec.

Distances and Heights

FIRST CHOICE		SECOND CHOICE	
High Jump—James Pappas	5 ft. 8 in.	High Jump—Ramsley Krogh	5 ft. 7 in.
Running Broad Jump—Leo San Filipo	20 ft.	Running Broad Jump—Robert Gardner	19 ft. 11½ in.
Pole Vault—Fred Heyden	9 ft. 11 in.	Pole Vault—Edwin Smith	9 ft. 6½ in.
12-Lb. Shot Put—William Rupprecht	44 ft. 8 in.	12-Lb. Shot Put—Isadore Block	42 ft. 6 in.
Discus Throw—Walter Makowsky	109 ft. 4 in.	Discus Throw—William Rupprecht	103 ft. 6 in.
Javelin Throw—Herbert Weismuller	142 ft. 6 in.	Javelin Throw—William Rupprecht	136 ft. 7 in.

Who is there that does not love a speedy, well-contested, thrilling race? It is a delight to watch two trim figures speed over a track or to see a young giant toss an iron ball through the air. But the keenest pleasure is to witness high schools or colleges battling for "the honor of the school," when they fight "tooth and nail" for every point. And to have athletes competent of staging such contests is the pride of every school. South Side may well be proud of the record of her trackmen, for numbered among them are four holders of records and many joint holders of other marks.

Track Events

It seems quite incredible that one slim, lithe, young fellow should be ranked first in four events in a team covering as wide a selection of talent as this does. And he might easily enough have had another honor bestowed on him if he had decided to develop his ability in the broad jump instead of specializing in the dashes. "Quicksilver" Pappas' times compare favorably with the marks of crack sprinters more mature than he is. Ranking second to him in the 75-yard dash we find "Spence" Swain, also a crack all-around man. "Spence" also ran second in the quarter-mile and in the 75-yard low hurdles. Second to Pappas in 100 and 220-yard dashes we have "Shiner" Makowsky. "Shiner" was a sure-scorer in the sprints and a strong man in the relays. In the quarter mile we have as first choice Harold Bierman. A quarter miler needs speed and stamina combined with good track generalship. Bierman fits those qualifications to the proverbial "T," and "Spence" Swain makes him "step" to hold his laurels. From the half-mile up to the cross-country distance "Milt" Richman reigns supreme, and "Andy" Moore runs second at these distances. Richman ran second to Lincoln Adams, the national interscholastic champion at 880 yards, and had the race gone five yards further, "Milt" would have passed him with ease, as he delayed his sprint a bit too long. In the mile he was supreme in New Jersey, and he holds the cross-country record over the Weequahic course.

Hurdles

In the hurdles one must be able to accurately judge the height and the distance between hurdles as well as have the necessary speed in the final sprint. The hurdles more than anything else require infinite practice until more than a moderate degree of perfection is attained.

In the hurdles we find that "Happy" Henderson tops the list in the 120 and 220 yard distances. As the 75-yard mark record-holder we have "Rip" Rippel, a big, husky boy who stepped away from any field he entered. Second to him we have "Spence" Swain of sprinting fame. "Rip" also runs second to Henderson at both of the longer distances, and it would have been a wonderful battle had they ever met.

Field Events

In the high jump it is generally true that the best man is a tall, thin, lanky specimen who bounds over the bar with a short run and a twist of his lower extremities. But here in South Side the best man at that feat is rather short and solidly built. It is said that we descended from monkeys. It seems apparent that "Quicksilver" must have come down from a cross between a rabbit and a kangaroo. He runs like the former and jumps in the style of the latter. Second to him we have Ransley Krogh, more of the tall, slender type than Jimmy. His mark is not far behind that of Pappas, and he was good for a first or second in every meet he entered.

Most of the football fans in South Side are familiar with that light-haired young fellow whose specialty was sliding off tackle or slipping around the ends. However, most of them do not consider him a track man but his specialty is the broad-jump. "Sandy's" mark of 20 feet is one for a college man to be proud of. Next we have Robert Gardner, that all-around athlete of football and baseball fame, shining as a track man with a leap of 19 feet 11½ inches.

The next event, the pole vault, is a thrilling experience for the spectator, but not so much so for the performer. The best performer along that line was "Fritz" Heyden, whose mark of 9

feet 11 inches is as good as high school athletes generally do. Second to him is "Buster" Smith whose best feat was 9 feet 8 inches.

The shot-put demands a husky, muscular boy who must have most of his power in his arm. Such a young giant was "Bill" Rupprecht, who was the state school boy title-holder in 1921. His mark of 44 feet 8 inches is not the best he has done, but the best while he was representing South Side. Second to him, another "Sampson," "Hossy" Block, was last year's State "champ," and a mean football man in the bargain. His best heave was 42 feet 6 inches.

The discus is a survivor of the old Greek Olympics and to the unitiated it looks like a cross between a "whirling dervish" stunt and a Highland fling. But "Walt" Makowsky, who holds the State record of 109 feet 4 inches, was in a class by himself when it came to throwing the "pie plate." "Bill" Rupprecht was our next best bet with a heave of 103 feet.

It seems that most football men, adept at throwing forward passes, can throw the javelin for record-breaking distances. This is attested by "Dutch" Weismuller, whose mark of 142 feet 6 inches was a record until "Bill" Helbig of Central, another football man, broke it by only a couple of inches. Second to "Dutch" is "Bill" Rupprecht, with a toss of 136 feet 7 inches.

We feel that athletes capable of record-breaking performances deserve special recognition. Thus:

RECORD HOLDERS

*HAROLD HENDERSON
70-Yard Hurdles—8 3-5

†HAROLD HENDERSON
220-Yard Hurdles—27 3-5

‡HAROLD HENDERSON
75-Yard Hurdles—9 3-5

§JAMES PAPPAS
High Jump—5 ft. 8 in.

§JAMES PAPPAS
75-Yard Dash—8 sec.

||MILTON RICHMAN
Cross Country Run—15.53

† City Meet Record.
‡ Polytechnic Prep Meet Record (Joint Holder).
§ City Meet Junior Record.
|| Weequahic Course Record.
* National Interscholastic Record.

NO. 3—ALL-TIME SOUTH SIDE BASKETBALL TEAM

1913-1918

FIRST TEAM		SECOND TEAM	
1916	Louis Seidmann	Morris Wasnitzer	1917
	Left Guard		
1916	Milton Zucker	Isadore Weinstein	1917
	Right Guard		
1916	Philip Fava	Bayard Hillman	1916
	Center		
1917	Herbert Weismuller	Allie Jacobson	1917
	Right Forward		
1917	Isadore Watenmaker	Samuel Blume	1917
	Left Forward		

N. B.—Dates signify year in which athlete participated in his last game.

Guards

A guard, to be a valuable asset to his team, must follow his opponent with cat-like vigilance, and at the same time be a dependable man at dropping the ball through the basket. "Dingy" Seidmann was the "eagle-eyed" boy when it came to scoring points, and he followed his man like a leech. "Zitch" Zucker was his "side-kick" at the former game, and between them they broke up many a game. Running second to that pair we have "Maurie" Wasnitzer and "Weiny" Weinstein, two boys whom any team would be proud to boast of.

Centers

A center of all-star caliber must be light on his feet, an all-around man when the ball is in play, and the main cog in the wheel of his fellows' teamwork. Such a boy was "Phil" Fava. He had a long reach and could easily tap the ball to the man who was to get it. On the second team we have another player of sterling caliber. Trackman, baseball star, football hero and all-star basketball timber. That's our idea of an all-'round man, and that is the record of Bayard Hillman. It takes a star like Fava to beat him out for first honors.

Forwards

A forward's main occupation is to take care of most of the scoring done by his team. They are the boys that "drop 'em in" from all angles of the court. "Dutch" Weismuller and "Itchy" Watenmaker stand out head and shoulders above any other forwards South Side ever had. Battling for second honors are "Allie" Jacobson and "Shimmy" Blume. Both of these men were crack shots, and stars on their teams.

The first team, lined up as listed, would make even Passaic, the "wonder team" of this part of the country, fight to beat them. Every one of the boys chosen was a "fighter" in the full sense of the word.

Honorable Mention

Deserving of recognition as being performers above the average, are the following:

Adelbert Bundy, Abe Abelson, Roland King, Harold Leveen, and Edward Schelling.

NO. 4—ALL-TIME SOUTH SIDE BASEBALL TEAM

1914-1923

FIRST TEAM	SECOND TEAM
Herbert Weismuller	Gene Kitterer
Catcher	
Allan Vinson	Bayard Hillman
First Base	
Louis Seidmann	Milton Zucker
Second Base	
Frank Howley	Rudolph Thevenet
Third Base	
Charles Schleckser	Benj. Aronow
Short Stop	
George Mount	Leonard Gordon
Center Field	
Raymond Schroeder	Lester Stern
Right Field	
Herbert Kohn	Reuben Budish
Left Field	
William Scaman, Benj. Leon	
Harold Henderson, Max Ribner	
Pitchers	

South Side has had more stars in baseball than in any other sport. We have several city championships to our credit, and have been well up in the standing in numerous other seasons. No attempt has been made to list the selected players in batting array, as most of them are reliable sluggers, with little to justify the putting of any certain one first or last.

Catchers

The catcher is a most important factor in the success of a team. He is the only man who has all his team-mates in view, and he can give the signals more easily and visibly to his team than a player in any other position. First choice is the ever-reliable "Dutch" Weismuller. He was a "pepper-pot" when in action, and a heavy hitter in a pinch. Second honors rest on "Charlie Chaplin" Kitterer. "Gene" had a "whip" of steel, and baseball brains in the bargain.

First Basemen

A good first baseman is generally of the long, elongated type, who makes a good target for the pegs of his infielders. Such a player was "Doc" Vinson. Standing over six feet in stature, he picked 'em off no matter where they came. On the second team was Bayard Hillman, a heavy and dependable hitter.

Second Basemen

The second base station is generally known as the "Keystone" sack, and rightly enough since most of the infield plays revolve about it. "Dingy" Seidmann was an expert at scooping the ball out of the sod and was there with a hit when it was needed. "Zitch" Zucker, another familiar name on all-star selections, is right on his heels for premier honors. "Zitch" had a fast peg to first, and was a base-runner of high worth.

Third Basemen

The far corner of the diamond is generally known as the "hot corner." It's generally a case of knocking down the ball, or being knocked down yourself. Frank Howley heads the list here. He is a product of more recent days, and most of the present-day South Siders have seen him on the diamond, sometimes in the capacity of a pitcher, at which task he was very successful. Second choice is "Rudy" Thevenet, whom we deeply regret to say is not with us now. However "Rudy" was a true representative of all that is best in South Side.

Short Stops

A short stop must be a fast man—on his toes at all times, ready to start left or right for the ball. A valuable asset to any infielder is a "snap-throw" that he can execute from any position. "Charlie" Schleckser was a star of the first magnitude when cavorting about in the "short field." Next in line is "Ben" Aronow, a member of the team of 1921. No so long ago he was startling our opponents with a flashy style of playing that was a revelation for a youngster his size.

Center Fielders

An outfielder must primarily be a strong man at bat. The "outer gardeners" are generally the "Murderers' Row" when the game is in doubt or when they come to bat in a pinch. George Mount was built along the lines of a "Babe" Ruth. However, he did not carry as much surplus weight as the latter. Mount was a veritable "Sultan of Swat" in his day. Second choice is "Duff" Gordon, who gave up patroling the outer regions to fill in a gap in the pitcher's box when we needed him.

Right and Left Fielders

Left field is known in the vernacular of the scribes as the "sun-field." Many a tight game has been lost, when the left-fielder loses the ball in the sun. As a player of this position "Ray" Schroeder was quite an expert. He was also "there with the stick" and a heady man on the paths. On the second team is "Red" Stern. Football, baseball and track, that's that boy's record. The right field position, in some parks, is the job of "assistant first baseman." But in diamonds of the proportions of City Field, the right-fielder has plenty of territory to roam over. "Rabbit" Kohn was a regular "ball-hawk" when a fly came his way, and he helped South Side win many games with a timely bingle. Ranking second to him is "Rube" Budish, a mean sticker and possessed of a strong throw to the bases.

Pitchers

A star pitcher generally has a fast ball with several "breaks" or a change of pace mixed in. Without a doubt "Billy" Seaman was the best pitcher South Side ever had, and we have had *some good ones.* "Bill" is now starring for Lafayette. Next to him is "Benny" Leon, a little sawed-off. But, *he could pitch.* He was Rutgers main reliance in the box for several years. On the second team we have "Happy" Henderson, who had a mean assortment of "breaks and bends." "Happy" was a fast man on the bases. The second man is Max Ribner. He was a bit erratic, but when he was right, he was up with the leaders.



Our Girls in the Gym.

REVIEW OF SOUTH SIDE'S ATHLETICS

Altho South Side is one of the youngest schools in this vicinity, it is one of the most prominent in athletics. In the decade of its existence, South Side has created an enviable reputation in all fields of sport, and has produced some of the most remarkable athletes in the state. South Side has been represented in football, baseball, track (indoor and outdoor), cross-country, basketball, hockey, tennis, and swimming, and in every one of these athletic games our boys were always on top, fighting. Furthermore, we can truthfully say that any team that sported the Black and Gold went out on the field, first, to play square, and second, to win. And this spirit which is imbedded in the heart of every loyal South Sider, and has been since the first class was held at this school, is the very foundation of our athletic success. Let us now glance thru the records of the school's athletic history.

In the very first years of our existence, 1913 and 1914, we were represented by teams in six branches of sport—football, basketball, hockey, track, tennis and baseball. It was in 1913 also that the Newark City League was formed, and so we stepped right into league competition. Our first football team, as is to be expected, did not accomplish wonders; on the contrary, it was rather below the standard of Class A teams that year, as the 65-0 defeat at the hands of Barringer seems to indicate. But this team produced such stars as Alexander, Isenberg, King and Thevenet, who later earned much glory both for themselves and for the school by their remarkable athletic ability.

The next team to be inaugurated was the basketball squad of 1914. The work of this team was truly extraordinary, considering that the school was but six months old and we had no gymnasium here in which to practise. Altho we did not win any championship we won a large majority of the games played. We also got a little revenge for that football smash of the season before by beating Barringer at basketball. This team also brought to light one of the greatest all-around athletes ever developed in the school, or even in the city, Milton Zucker.

About this time we also had a hockey team which was successful, winning two out of three games. A tennis team that could hold its own with the best upheld the honor of South Side on the courts. The girls organized and had a basketball team that furnished plenty of thrills. The real surprise, however, was in our track team. Small tho it was, it placed in every meet it entered. Just as an instance of its quality, take the De Witt Clinton meet. At this meet, in which most of the New York high schools were represented, South Side had but four men entered, and this quartet accounted for fourteen tallies, and got second place for South Side.

Our baseball squad of '14 was nothing remarkable, tho it pulled the unexpected several times and toppled nines of supposedly much greater ability. We were again humiliated by Barringer here, biting the dust to a 17-1 score but this was partly alleviated when we beat East Side, who held a victory over the Blue and White.

Taken all in all the season of 1913-14 was a success, considering that it was our first year, and that we were handicapped by a lack of funds, an established system of running athletics, etc. As was said before many promising men were developed this year who proved their ability the next season.

The football season of 1914 was probably the most successful, tho it was only our second, in the history of the school. With a galaxy of veterans like Alexander, Huntington, Isenberg, Zucker and Fava in the line-up we waded thru our schedule without suffering defeat, altho we were held even twice,—by Newton and Barringer. This team also brought us our first city title, for we were tied with Barringer for the city football championship. The following are the scores of all the games played that year:

South Side, 14; Battin, 0.
South Side, 7; Central, 0.
South Side, 0; Newton, 0.
South Side, 26; St. Benedict's, 0.
South Side, 81; Perth Amboy, 0.
South Side, 7; Barringer, 7.
South Side, 9; East Side, 0.

Some record, eh? During the entire season our goal line was crossed but once, while we scored 144 points. Long will be remembered that Barringer game which ended in a 7-7 tie. With the city title at stake, and Barringer in the lead 7-0, with a few moments to play a Black and Gold warrior evades the guardians of the Barringer goal and runs thirty-five yards for a touchdown, saving the day for South Side. The hero? None other than "Henny" Isenberg, illustrious fullback.

After this memorable football season we continued our success in basketball, beating most of our opponents but losing one game to each



Championship Football Team—1914

of our city rivals and winning from each, once. Milton Zucker was the individual star at this sport and a large portion of the success was due to his efforts. This same year we also had our first cross country team, which was followed by a baseball team which was not quite up to the standard of the other teams of that year. The quality of our athletics for the season 1914-15 was of the very best.

South Side inaugurated the football season of 1915 minus the services of several of the stars of the team of 1914, including Isenberg, Zucker, and Huntington. However, Alexander, Phil Fava, Wackenuth, and Bioren, all "vets" of 1914, were on hand for their former berths on the squad, and the loss of the others was in a great measure offset by the appearance in the line-up of Makoskey, Thevenet, Allsopp, and Weismuller, all of whom developed rapidly into stellar performers as the season progressed.

In a practise game with Savage Normal School we taught the 'barbarians' a few lessons in the fundamentals of football, taking in return a 9-0 victory. Altho of little importance, this game gave promise of great accomplishments in team, and promise of great accomplishments in the future. All South Siders were inspired with the hope of the team's duplicating the remarkable feat of the previous year, of playing thru the entire schedule without tasting of defeat. These hopes were strengthened when our boys easily disposed of Battin and Hasbrouck Heights, but they were shattered when Rahway treated us to a 28-0 drubbing. Our misfortunes did not end here. The very next week we were forced to lower our colors to our foremost rival, Barringer, suffering a 24-13 defeat.

The remainder of the season was completed with our boys generally having their own way, New Brunswick, St. Benedicts, and East Side falling victims to their onslaught, and terminated in a glorious 14-0 victory over Central, which clinched for us second honors in the city league. Of the nine games played, six were chalked up to our credit. We accounted for a total of 107 points, as compared with our opponents' 72. Altho formed mostly from green material, the team made a very splendid showing, and South Side may well be proud of the laurels it gained for the school.

The success enjoyed upon the gridiron was soon followed by equally as great success upon the basketball court. South Side boasted a crack quintet in 1916, on which Zucker, Weismuller, and Weinstein starred. The fine teamwork among the players was undoubtedly responsible for many of the victories. Thirteen victories out of eighteen games played, and the city championship to boot, tells the tale of the brilliant season.

The baseball season of 1916 got off to a flying start when we trounced Plainfield to the tune of 6-0. In this game Coach Cavallaro made a valuable find in "Billy" Seaman, pitcher extra-

ordinary. In his first high school start, Seaman fanned ten opposing batters. He later turned out to be the best pitcher produced in our school. The next fray, with Newark Academy, resulted in a 3-3 tie, after fourteen hair-raising innings. Then followed the series with Barringer, in which we broke even, taking the first contest 7-2, and dropping the second, 3-1. We ended the season by slaughtering Central to the count of 11-3, winning first place in the city league.

The girls, too, came in for their share of the glories of the athletics of the year by defeating Plainfield in a dual swimming meet. This achievment was truly remarkable, since the members of our team had no convenient place in which to practise, while Plainfield had a swimming pool right in the school building.

We were also represented on the cinder path, our squad finishing second to Central in the City Meet.

With the advent of fall, the call for football candidates was issued, and soon "King Football" held sway once more. Zucker had recovered from his illness of the preceding year, and his return to the squad was heartily welcomed. Weismuller and Alexander also reappeared in the line-up, and these three formed the nucleus of the team of 1916.

Next to that of 1914, this team was probably the best organized in South Side. Only one defeat, and that at the hands of Barringer, marred our otherwise perfect record. Our boys took occasion this year to avenge the lacings received from Plainfield and Rahway the previous year, and administered the worst beating to Montclair that school had suffered up to this time. The scores of all games played follow:

South Side	6	Plainfield	0
South Side	14	East Side	0
South Side	4	Battin	0
South Side	32	Montclair	0
South Side	26	New Brunswick	17
South Side	13	Rahway	0
South Side	0	Barringer	10
Totals South Side	95	Opponents	27

We were awarded the championship in the N. J. H. S. A. A. L., and second place in the City League.

The accomplishments of this year are worthy of being reviewed. We gathered in the city league championships in basketball and baseball, our girls disposed of Plainfield in a dual swimming meet, our track team gained second place in the City Meet, and our football team garnered up first honors in the N. J. H. S. A. A. L. and second place in the City League. Yes, indeed, all in one year!

In the winter of 1916-1917 South Side formed a hockey team, which came out on top in five out of seven contests staged. Of course, Zucker participated in this sport also.

Later, we were represented by a cross-country team, which finished second to Central in the City Meet and which beat East Orange in a dual meet.

The basketball quintet of 1917 was the best that ever graced the court for South Side. Zucker, the nonpareil, scintillated as usual in this sport. We swept aside all opposition, winning contest after contest, rolling up a total of seventeen victories out of eighteen games played. Incidentally, we again "copped" premier honors in the City League.

Dame Fortune did not smile so kindly upon us in the summer of 1917, and, accordingly, our baseball team, altho far from being an inferior one, did not quite measure up to the standards of the other teams of this year. We got off to a poor start, trailing Battin 9-0. But in the next game we retrieved most of our lost prestige by nosing out St. Benedicts in a nip and tuck battle, ending in a 4-3 score. True to the theme of many a baseball novel, the game was won in the ninth, when Zucker drove in the winning run. Then followed victories over Newark Academy and Central, but we succumbed to the attack of Barringer, coming out on the short end of a 13-3 score. Zucker, Seaman and Weismuller kept us in the running at all times.

Our track team this year was fairly successful, beating Barringer in a dual meet, and accounting for third place in the Central High School Meet, sixth in the N. Y. U., and third in the City Meet.

The latter part of the year nineteen seventeen was especially full of events in our little "Athletic World." In October, 1917, the football prospects were reviewed in that issue of the Optimist. Most of the stellar performers were found to be missing. The players that were left were enough for "Cavvy" to mold into a powerful machine. "Cavvy" had to shift many of the veteran players.

Levine, who formerly played end, was shifted to the backfield and held down the position of halfback wonderfully well.

Fava, who played center the previous year, was shifted to the position of tackle. Princer was shifted from guard to center and developed into one of the best centers South Side ever had.

"Dutch" Weismuller played at quarter, and I

need not go into detail of the wonders that he performed.

Billy Seaman, another fellow that made history for South Side, won many a game for us with his educated toe.

Around the above players as a nucleus, "Cavvy" developed a powerful machine-like team.

In the middle of October South Side's cohorts met Irvington. Our team ran roughshod over the Irvingtonites and from the very start showed its superiority. The score resulted in such large numbers that I find it best not to state them here.

Our next victim was Rahway and we buried them under a 26-0 score. In this game, our team again displayed such speed that everyone certainly gasped with wonder.

The following month, November, our Black and Gold warriors were pitted against our keenest rivals, Barringer. As usual the game was a humdinger, whatever that means. Both teams fought fiercely, and the huge crowd was in a frenzy. Our cohorts were going through and ripping up the Barringer line continually. The Blue and White line, however, rose to the occasion and held our boys the first two quarters. The third quarter the Black and Gold again wrangled the Barringer line and scored. The end of this quarter found the score in South Side's favor 7-0. The final quarter, however, found our boys weakening considerably from the strain, and Barringer scored after a hard fight. The score, 7-7. After that the game was anyone's game, and the crowd was hushed. Just before the whistle blew, one of the Barringer men kicked a field goal, and the game ended, Barringer 10—South Side 7. The team as a whole played wonderful ball in this contest, and covered themselves with glory.

Our next victim was Plainfield, and our team conquered the powerful Plainfield combination to the tune of 13-7.

Then another City League game. This time East Side was the team our boys were to battle. And battle we did. We decisively defeated East Side, with the score resulting 20-0 in our favor. Weismuller, especially, played wonderful ball. In this tussle "Dutch" executed 13 forwards and out of this number ten were completed. 'Nuff said.

Another City League game followed, and this time Central was the unlucky team. In a wonderful burst of speed our Black and Gold warriors defeated Central 13-0.

Battin, in the last game of the season, defeated our boys in a hard fought contest. The final score, South Side 6, Battin 13.

The football season was one of the most successful, South Side winning eight out of ten games.

Our indoor track season was also very successful. Milton Richman, our crack track man, broke many records. Varsity basketball at this time was abandoned and inter-class basketball was the main feature.

The month of February, 1918, found our boys active in that sport of sports, hockey. Our team consisted of such stars as "Dutch" Weismuller, Kohn. Quinlan, Billy Seaman and Hagney. These boys furnished many an exciting hockey contest.

The following month the National Interscholastic Track Meet came off and South Side captured third place, which certainly is a thing to be proud of. At this time our girls were furnishing plenty of excitement in the basketball field. Inter-Grade Basketball was their spice.

Then the game of games, BASEBALL. Again most of our old friends were on the field in the name of our Alma Mater. The veterans were "Billy" Seaman, pitcher, "Dutch" Weismuller, first baseman, and Kitterer, catcher. Around these men our coaches with incoming good material made a good team.

The following month, May, our team under a blazing sun won the first game from Montclair 6-2. Our pitcher, 'Billy" Seaman, pitched a wonderful game, and received great support from his teammates. In the next game which was with Central High, our boys knocked about four pitchers out of the box, and were on a grand batting rampage. All Central could do was to score one run while our team piled up seventeen.

This is the way our team played all season, of course meeting with some defeats, but mostly victorious. The baseball season was a big success.

The football season (of 1918) started off with flying colors, South Side defeating Bloomfield with a 13-0 score. With Zwigard, Kohn, and Haines all out for quarter and Hosp, Bioren and Levine filling in the rest of the backfield, it looked as if South Side was going to do something that season. Several days later, Rutherford was swamped 27-0. Then came the first setback to success, the fast Central team going home with the bacon to the tune of 24-6. About a week later Battin was smothered with a 37-7 score—a just retribution for South Side's 13-7 defeat the former year. We followed this up by sending the mountain huskies of Montclair home with

a 14-0 defeat. The next encounter was a City League game with East Side. This was a hard fought battle resulting in a scoreless tie—not so bad for South Side after all.

New Brunswick's colors were next trampled in the dust by the Black and Gold's sturdy fighters scoring 12 to their opponents 0. The Plainfield game resulted in a 7-7 tie. Then came the big finale of the season—the Barringer game. Altho we were defeated 14-0, Barringer had nothing to crow about as both touchdowns were flukes. Twice South Side's kicks were blocked and a Barringer man picked up the ball and ran for a touchdown with no one to stop him. As South Side outplayed Barringer throughout the game our boys weren't so downhearted after all. Thus ended the 1918 football season with South Side winning five games, tying two, and losing two.

Then came the call for track candidates. Day in and day out one might have seen the South Side runners and jumpers training strenuously. In the first meet, the Dickinson meet, South Side got only one place from her few entries, Milton Richman copping first place in the 880 yard run.

Next came the National Track Championship, South Side making a very creditable performance. In this meet, Julius Rippel took first place in the high hurdles, Milton Richman got second in the half mile, and Henderson also obtained a second in the 440 yard run.

The indoor track was now abandoned for the outdoor track and South Side got on its mark for the City Championship Meet and the State High School Championship Meet. In the City Meet, South Side only succeeded in getting third place, but in the State Meet, they did better, obtaining fourth place out of all the schools in the state. Richman and Rippel again distinguished themselves getting several points. Ruprecht and Henderson were South Side's stars in this meet, Ruprecht breaking the record for the junior shot and Henderson also breaking a record in a dash. This meet brought to a successful close South Sides track program for 1919.

South Side had a very creditable showing in response to "Cavvy's" call for candidates for baseball with Gordon, Henderson and Haines out for pitcher, Kitterer and Weismuller for catcher, and men to spare for the remaining positions on the team. The first City League game was with Barringer, the Sunny Siders winning 6-5—pretty hot for us, taking into consideration the fact that Barringer had a two-run lead until the ninth inning. Kearny next went down in defeat 8-2. The Central game resulted in a 7-6 defeat for South Side, altho our boys put up a stiff fight. Central just managed to nose in one more run in the tenth inning. The East Side game was our third City League game, resulting in a 5-4 victory for us. This finished the season and put us in first place in the City League tied with Central. The Inter-class Baseball League Championship was won by the 4B's of Room 103 after some hard contests.

"All candidates for football report to the gym after school today!" The prospects seemed good with Weismuller, Ambs, and Zwigard, the mainstays of the team of the former year, in the backfield, and six "vets" on the line. The first clash was a happy one, South Side sending Lincoln home at the small end of a 28-0 score. The next game, the first City League game, was also an easy victory, East Side being defeated 14-0. Stuyvesant was the next victim. Father Knickerbocker, undaunted by the defeat of Lincoln sent over the Stuyvesant huskies to give us a good trouncing, which they didn't succeed in doing, our boys coming out ahead 12-7. The Passaic game was a 12-0 victory for us. But there is an end to everything; in the next game, Plainfield succeeded in beating us to the tune of 13-7, a defeat due largely to the overconfidence of our boys. Stung by this defeat, the supporters of the Black and Gold turned around and gave Irvington a sound whipping. Then the great game came—the Barringer game. Our boys maddened by their last year's defeat, again and again tore their way through Barringer's line, marching steadily down the field until, when the final whistle had blown, the score stood 21-0 in favor of South Side. Yes, at last it had come true. South Side had defeated Barringer. The Barringerites had looked down upon us before the game, especially on little Zwigard, but they soon learned that size is not everything, for it was Zwigard that scored fifteen out of the total twenty-one points. We next smothered New Brunswick 20-0. Then our boys journeyed to Long Branch to play Chattle High, and succeeded in bringing home the bacon 7-6. Battin was South Side's next victim with a score of 14-7. The last game of the season with Montclair resulted in a defeat for us. Montclair avenging her last year's defeat with a 20-12 score. This, and a banquet to our team, ended the football season of 1919, South Side winning nine games and losing two.

Class basketball teams were organized and two leagues were formed—the senior league

consisting of 3B's and above the junior league of all lower than 3B. After some hard struggles, Room 210, a 4A room, came out on top in the senior league. The junior league was a tie between a 2A and a 2B room.

Track next held the limelight. In the City Meet, South Side got third in the senior events with eight points, but did better in the junior events, getting second place with 26 points to Central's 28.

This spring mass athletics were adopted instead of varsity baseball. Class baseball teams were organized and some good games ensued.

Thud! The ball sailed into the air in the opening game of the 1920 football season. South Side's team, handicapped by the loss of Weismuller, Zwigard, and Lillie, stars of the championship team of the former year, fought hard in their first game, holding Bloomfield to a scoreless draw. Several weeks later the Montclair huskies defeated them to the tune of 7-0. Passaic was held to a 0-0 score, but Plainfield swamped the Black and Gold with a score of 27-0. Then came the first City League game with East Side, in which South Side, fighting gamely, held the Benkert battering ram and his cohorts to a 6-0 score. Next followed the dismal Barringer game in which Barringer turned the tables of the former year and swamped South Side with a score of 28-6. The closing game resulted in a 23-0 defeat at the hands of Central. In the whole season, South Side only scored 25 points against their opponents' 133—a rather dismal contrast to the record of the preceding year.

Basketball filled the next few months. Interclass basketball teams were organized, and some close games followed. A swimming team was also formed which tried its mettle in a meet with Central and East Side. This resulted in the defeat of the South Side fishes by the Centralites. The track team after hard training, succeeded in obtaining fourth place in the Columbian meet in New York.

Then came the call for candidates for baseball. The season opened by South Side being defeated by Nutley at Nutley to the tune of 8-5. Next was the Central game, Central managing to come out ahead by a margin of one run. The Montclair and Barringer games were also close, but with no good outcome for South Side, Montclair winning by a 2-0 score and Barringer 3-2. The East Side game raised South Side's hopes by our winning 8-4, but the East Orange and Battin games following, again resulted in defeat for our fighting team. Thus ended the baseball season of 1921.

The football season of 1921 started off rather poorly with our inexperienced team being defeated by Montclair. Then came a 25-0 defeat by Bloomfield and another of 7-0 by East Side. Thus it continued all thru the season, our boys fighting gamely but unable to do anything against their husky opponents. The Irvington game raised their hopes, South Side winning by a score of 20-13, but the Barringer 13-7 game and an additional victory by Central of 21-0 offset this entirely. Their continuous fighting shows that our boys were not quitters, no matter how many times they bowed in defeat, and great credit was due them for keeping up the fight to the finish.

Our track team of 1922 made a brilliant showing all season. South Side started off by taking first place in the Central New Jersey High School meet. Then they captured a place in the city meet, Pappas breaking two records and the rest of the team making a fine showing. The Montclair meet was a defeat for us, Montclair sliding into first by a margin of 3 points. The Irvington meet was an easy victory for the South Side runners. Then came the big meet of the season, the Central New Jersey Track Meet. Greatly to many persons' surprise, South Side carried off first honors.

The baseball season of 1922 consisted of a series of defeats for South Side. The Battin sluggers took home the bacon with a score of 8-3. East Orange defeated us 11-4 and East Side beat us up pretty badly to the tune of 18-11. Defeat next came at the hands of Barringer and Central. These games closed a rather dismal season of baseball for South Side.

The 1922 football season had better results than the two preceding years, South Side scoring more points than our opponents. The backfield consisted of Holzman, Schwartz, Stern, and Pappas, with several others ready to take their places. Never before had "Cavvy" had so much material for a backfield. The first game with Clifton resulted in a 19-12 defeat for South Side. Next was the Bloomfield game, with Bloomfield going home with the bacon. Then came victories for South Side—Dover bowing to our boys with a 12-0 score and later Irvington being swamped 38-0. Montclair defeated us 13-6, but we succeeded in holding East Side to a 0-0 tie. Then came the big game—the Barringer game, where in spite of all our efforts, Barringer swamped us 13-6. The Central game, greatly to everybody's surprise, resulted in a 0-0 draw, showing that our boys still had some fight left. This closed the season of 1922.

SOUTH SIDE ATHLETES IN THE FIELD OF SPORTS

South Side has been in existence for ten years, and in those ten years she has graduated hundreds of successful students. There have been many who, having achieved athletic prestige in South Side, made good elsewhere. But only a few can be mentioned here, for our school has developed a great number of good athletes, whose names have been heard in many parts of this country, and in other countries also.

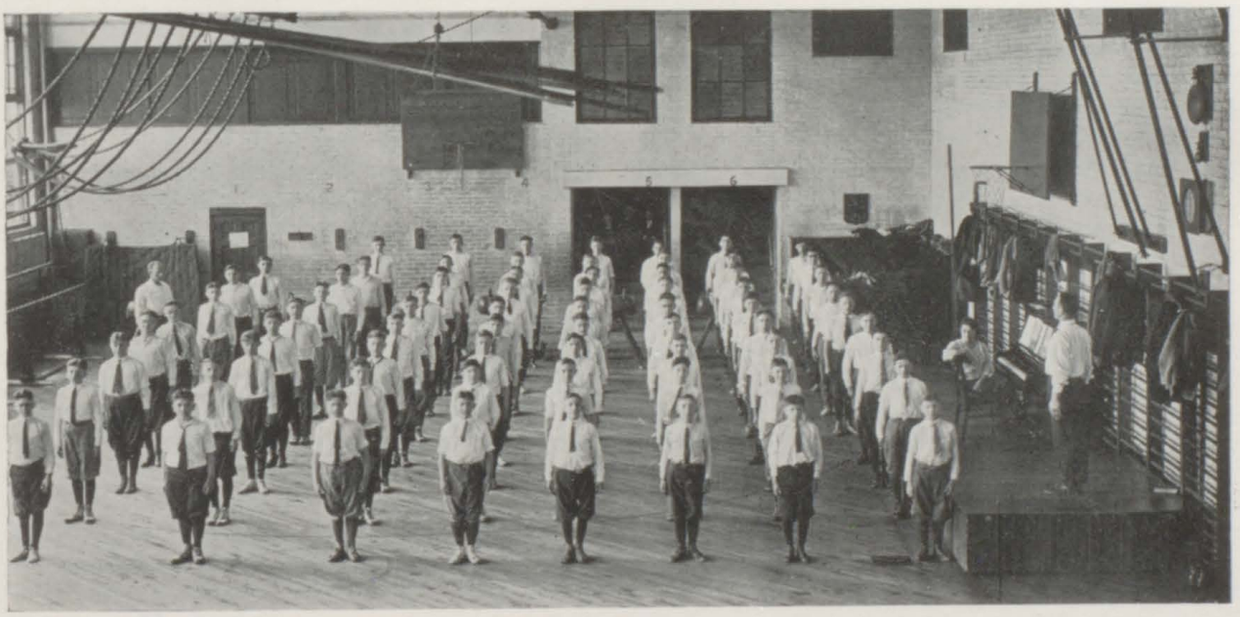
First comes the name of "Johnny" Alexander. One of the finest football players that ever sported the Black and Gold was "Johnny," and he continued his success at Rutgers. He was a mainstay on one of their successful football teams. Indeed, his quality of playing was such that he was chosen left tackle on one of the All-American teams. He has been the only graduate South Sider to accomplish this feat, and he has set a record for some future Sunny Siders to eclipse. After having been so honored, and after having established so fine an athletic record at Rutgers, he left to play for the Orange A. A. There he performed with his usual brilliancy and vivacity, and he was a bright light on an organization that held the professional championship of New Jersey.

Then there was Milton Zucker. "Milt" at South Side took a shot at everything; football, baseball, basketball, tennis, and every other sport then in existence. In the University of Pennsylvania he played on the football and baseball teams. Especially did he shine on the basketball team that represented the "tooth pullers." That team, by the way, won the basketball championship of the Eastern colleges.

Another all-round athlete, captain and fullback of our 1919 football team, champions of Newark and the rest of the world, was Weismuller. "Dutch" went to Franklin and Marshall College to continue his studies. There he made the team, and helped put that college on the football map. When he got tired of Pennsy he came back to dear old Newark, and played for "Cavvy's" kids, the Newark Football Club. He held down the position of fullback, and he was some fullback.

One of "Weissy's" teammates on the Newark Footbal Club was "Nat" Cohen. Cohen was also his teammate on the aforesaid 1919 eleven, when "Nat" held down the position of right guard. The fiery spirit that he then displayed on the field was in full view when playing professional football. "Nat" was always an optimist. Even in the face of utter defeat did he do his best, and always tended to awaken the hopes of his team.

Quite a few of the best alumni athletes of today were on that illustrious team of 1919. There was Howley, a modest right end. He, one fine spring day, with no warning whatsoever, stepped out on the diamond, and in the pitcher's box gave the champion Central team the biggest scare of the season. And he twirled like that right



Our Boys in Gym

through the rest of the season. After having made so illustrious a name for himself in this noble institution of learning, he hied himself away to New York University. He joined their football team and was considered good enough to be chosen All-Metropolitan end. Moreover, Frank pitched their team to many a brilliant victory, and gave many a team as big a surprise as that which he handed Central while wearing the Black and Gold.

Then there was the pivot man Rittersbacher, also a good first sacker on the diamond. He's busting noses and being busted up himself at Brown. Ormonde Kieb, the then left end, and also nine performer, is now the physical director at the Ridgewood Y. M. C. A. He was a great factor in bringing the city championship to South Side.

One of our big strapping fellows, Ambs, went to the University of South Carolina. "Al" can best be remembered for his brilliant playing as halfback in 1919. S. Gardner, also a luminary of the 1919 eleven, was a fullback at Rutgers.

Going back a few years we come to the name of Herbert "Turk" Gardner, one of the best players ever developed at South Side. Over at Rutgers he was a great success on the eleven. "Turk" made many a touchdown under the Red and Black, and clinched many a victory for them. In 1920 and 1921 he captained the moleskin wearers, adding one more South Sider to the long list of Rutgers' Hall of Fame.

George Mount was another star of this period. "Georgie" was captain of our 1915 eleven, one that did its full share to add to the prestige of the school. He was chosen all-state guard. George also went to Rutgers, and made good on their varsity eleven. Indeed, what has been said of "Turk" Gardner can be truly said of Mount.

Another boy that went to Rutgers was Arthur Ozias. "Art" was a stellar halfback, and was just as fine a player at the New Jersey college as at South Side.

But it is not only on the gridiron that South Side has developed her boys. We have had track and court performers who have excelled in college. William Seaman, who used to sock 'em over the plate like a reg'lar big leaguer, went to Lafayette College. As a football player there, he was "A No. 1." But it was really on the diamond where "Billy" won his fame. He caused great commotion when he pitched Lafayette to a no-run, no-hit victory over Ursinus. At present "Billy" wields a mean stick on the Weequanic Park Golf course.

Another fine baseball player, Benjamin Leon, who was ranked as one of the best pitchers who ever toed the mound for South Side, went to Rutgers. And as a twirler at that college he made a name for himself. He was always a player to be depended upon, and many times he pitched his team out of a "hole." Leon was truly a friend in need.

Roland King, who used to prance around the court when South Side showed the way in basketball, was a basketball sharp-shooter at Franklin and Marshall College. King also played on their football team, and he was a player of no mean ability.

"Phil" Fava who won his "S" in baseball, football, and basketball, has also had success in the art of spearing the basket. He played with the basketball team of Tufts College. And at Tufts "Phil" played with the same zest and eagerness that characterized him in South Side.

Milton Richmond who flashed the Black and Gold on the cinder paths was captain of the Cornell track team. His praise was highly sung by his classmates, and truly his achievements were a credit to himself and an asset to Cornell. When the athletic board of that college was called upon to send some representatives to the Oxford-Cambridge meet in England, it chose Richmond; who thereby surely received the highest recognition of merit that any college has it in its power to bestow.

And yet there are other colleges that have been recipients of such South Side graduates. Malcolm Gilman, at Columbia, distinguished himself in many forms of varsity athletics. Gilman had a fine record of achievments, notably those of being a sterling performer on the varsity crew, fencing, and football squads. He had a fine "rep" here and it appears that he upheld it in Columbia. In Princeton's archives of noble and worthy performers we find the name of Charles Handler. Handler, although he did nothing in the way of sports during his high school career, nevertheless was a skilled wrestler, and he earned a position on the Princeton varsity wrestling team. He was also a member of the track team.

In addition to these there are several others who played or are playing elsewhere. Riegelman played on the football team of Middlebury College. "Hetz" Ozias, quarterback of our 1921 eleven, was quarterback last year on Rutger's freshman team, and a very good one at that. R. Brandes was also a member of last year's Rutgers' Frosh eleven. He filled the position of tackle. The tennis squad of New York University had, as one of its members, C. A. Jayson. I. Block was on the Y. M. H. A. foot-

ball team. John Makowsky, a track man here, was a member of the Webb Institute basketball team. And the basketball team of the New Jersey Law School also had one of South Side's athletes on their basketball team.

But the fair sex of South Side have also made a name for themselves in the field of sports. Suzanne Becker, of the Class of January, 1915, took charge of the girl's Olympic team that went to France to compete in the first No Men's International Olympiad. And that was some job we can assure you. Another ambitious athlete of the weaker sex (?) is Lida Mueller. She, at Wellesley, participated in the gentle art of archery—probably that was part of the course in domestic arts—and was quite a success at it. Elizabeth Shoyer played on the championship varsity basketball team of Mt. Holyoke for four years, and successfully held her end of the job of defending their title to the satisfaction of all. Another athlete worthy of a high place in South Side's Feminine Hall of Fame is Luella Mueller, sister of the aforementioned Lida, and a member of the Class of '22. After piling up an enviable record of athletic achievements at South Side, she entered the Sargent School for Physical Education and in her first year played on the following teams: freshman wall scaling, freshman basketball, freshman fist ball, varsity fist ball and second varsity basketball. Some record!

All these, as was said before, are merely a few. What a glorious sight it would be to see them all together again! But they can only serve as an impetus to the present and future athletes of South Side, to spread further abroad the name and fame of our Alma Mater.

A RECORD JUMP IN ATHLETICS

By Suzanne Becker, '15

One never thought, at the time I was one of those mighty Seniors in South Side (long, long ago), that girls' athletics would ever take such long, wonderful jumps forward that they would land us across the seas. But they did. And it was just a matter of keeping up with the rest of the things that women are doing in these modern times of ours. A lot of people don't approve—you bet they don't—some folks don't approve of modern dancing either, or modern flappers or anything modern. One has to move fast to keep apace nowadays.

Anyhow the girls here in U. S. seemed to be having a hard time of it trying to squeeze any athletics into their school curriculum until something happened which acted like a bomb. And this is what happened. The Feminine Sportive Federation of France wrote over here to our National Womens' Track Athletics Committee and invited us to join them in a big International Meet for Girls. England, Switzerland, Czechoslovakia and Belgium had already decided to enter. Of course we weren't going to be left behind and so joined too.

This is how we did it. We had a big telegraphic meet out West and an Eastern tryout meet at Oaksmere; we picked out a handful of world beaters scattered over the country, collected enough money from individuals, parents, and schools; gathered our picked team together in Newark at the Weequahic Park in July, 1922, and there we halted—that is for two weeks practising. After that we climbed aboard the big ship Aquitania and waved good-by to those on shore with a lump in our throats and thrills in our hearts.

The Aquitania was ours from the minute we became known. We had everything our own way from practising on the deck in the mornings and using the gymnasium and swimming pool in the afternoons to having a big birthday party with everything special the chef could think of. Then our girls had to win all the deck tennis prizes—just to start things off right.

Even over there the French looked upon us as something specially nice—oh, Americans—they could do anything. Well, we had workouts every morning, occasionally sight-seeing trips in the afternoons, and theatres in the evenings (very occasionally) with training rules in effect all the time. What a good thing tho,—I mean these training rules were for with all that wine floating around. Why the very first day in Paris, we were all taken to the newspaper office and photographed (for the rogues' gallery I guess), and then ushered downstairs to their banquet hall and all given champagne. There we were—each one with a huge glass of champagne in front of us—sort of afraid to drink for fear we wouldn't be able to find the door afterward, but with our hostess urging us to have some more—we just had to be polite!

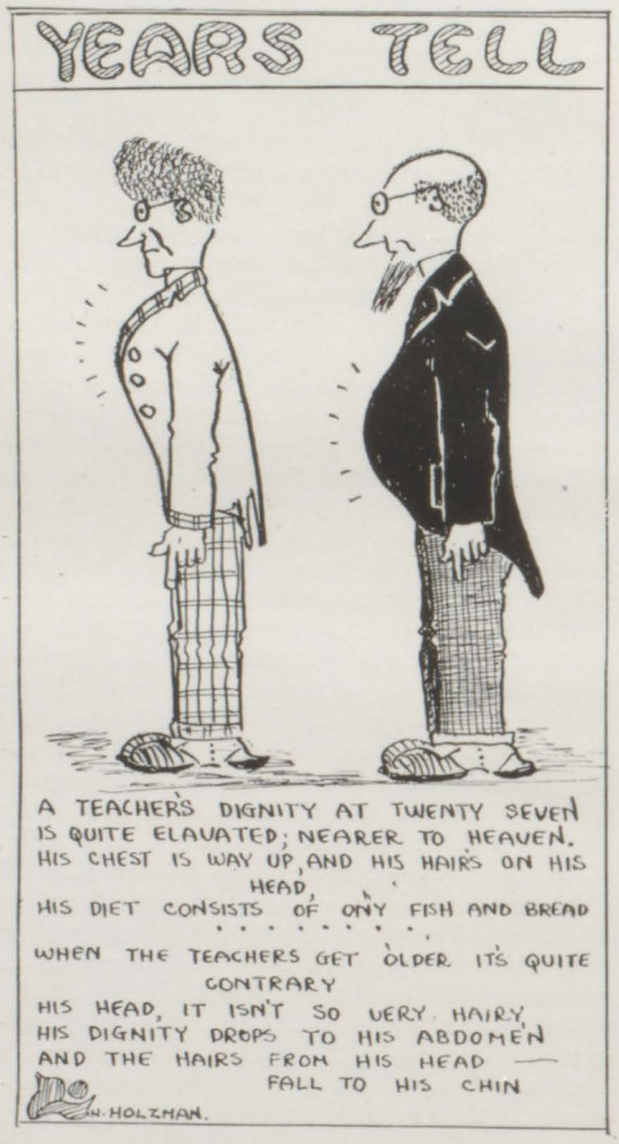
Finally, the day of the meet arrived! Thousands of people, not only French but English and Americans, filled up the enormous grandstand of the Pershing Stadium. The meet was

systematically and well run off. Interpreters were a help so we knew what events were to come and the result. Every time a nation won first place, the French orchestra would play that nation's national anthem and across the field its flag would be raised. What excitement and thrills when that good old Star Spangled Banner was heard and those stars and stripes were seen going up! And that happened five times! Great Britain had that happen five times, too, but the English girls also won a few seconds and thirds and so beat us out in the end, so we had to be satisfied with second place. Of the nine world records smashed, America made four besides breaking eight American records.

After the meet every nation gathered together for a banquet. There I was, sitting between a French and a Czechoslovakia girl, trying to put on my best company manners and carry on a conversation. All I managed to do to prove my willingness to co-operate was to drink goblet after goblet of the wine which they served as water. Then it didn't make much difference what language we conversed in. Later on in the evening the American team went back to the hotel where another spread was awaiting us and where the coaches received gifts of appreciation from the girls and we gave our captain a nice loving cup and so after many speeches the happy evening ended.

The next day we left bright and early for the United States again. It was with mixed feelings that we boarded the funny, old French train which was to take us to the Saxonia and thence home to Mother (also the waiting reporters).

Epilogue—And so our track committee organized itself the National Womens' Collegiate and Scholastic Track Athletics Association. We are affiliated with the International Feminine Sportive Federation and are looking forward to another international meet in 1924. In the meantime, an Eastern Interscholastic Track Meet is to be held at Oaksmere, Mamaroneck, N. Y., on May 19.



Good looking
Oval face
Lovable eyes
Dark hair

Darn good kid
I tching palm
Gold tooth
Googoo eyes
Ever going
Rosy cheeks.

In Physics

This law of Boyle is a hot one.

Old lady after waiting in a confectionary store for ten minutes and growing impatient, said: "Here young lady, who waits on the nuts?"

OPTIMIST Adviser (looking over material)—"The trouble is, anything that's good is not original."

Emmerglick (hurt)—"Mine is original."

OPTIMIST Adviser—"Well, that's in accordance with my statement."

SONGS OF A SOUR-ALUMNA

(With profound apologies to R. W. Service)

By Janet R. MacIver, '20

Little of mirth or joys,
  Little of ease, I sing;
Sagas of girls and boys,
  Humanly suffering.

The Rhyme of the Restless One-Bees

They couldn't sit and study for the test;
  Close confinement to their books they couldn't stand;
For their freshman blood was surging, and they didn't need much urging
  To excitement at a movie—which was banned.

So they whispered "For Lloyd's sake we must escape,"
  Then they tried to cut a class and slip away,
But a teacher's eagle eye saw those infants sneaking by,
  And she sent them to the office for the day.

Now you'll find them throwing chalk around the room,
  And you'll find them on the front seats during class;
For the boys must have their fun, but when the term is done,
  You'll find them wondering why they've failed to pass.

Examinations

Strange is the toil by the midnight oil
  By the students who sit up to cram;
The electric lights see sorrowful sights,
  For tomorrow's the hardest exam.

We are fated serfs to history, Latin, math,
Of our themes we've shoulders broad to bear the blame;
  But we gaze in blank despair
  At that fearful questionnaire,
And sigh, and write with bitterness our name.

There are sheets and sheets of paper we must fill;
All the hours we've spent in toil are no avail;
  We may use our brains and bluff,
  Yet we haven't learned enough—
Oh, we have a premonition that we'll fail.

Yes, we go out from that room as failures go,
And our faces, they are likely streaked with woe;
  Well, we've written lots of bunk,
  But we hope we didn't flunk;
Of course they asked the things we didn't know.
So, wearied and despairing, we conclude
Our energy's been sadly misdirected;
  Those questions were not sensible,
  They were quite incomprehensible,
And our shortcomings they speedily detected.

The Way to Graduate

Do you recall, dear comrade, how we've bluffed through school together,
  And we've made the same excuses to the teachers every day;
Just to get through somehow, so we wouldn't have to study;
  We've turned long hours for learning into shorter hours for play.

Alas! our way to graduate is pitfalled with disaster,
  We've sometimes flunked a term or two but haven't seemed to mind,
And we've laughed and talked and jested as we've mocked at those who studied,
  But they have graduated and have left us far behind.

It's the easiest way to graduate, the laziest way to graduate,
  But—the longest way to graduate from dear old South Side High.
And unless we change our system, and hit 'em where we've missed 'em,
  We'll spend our years in South Side until it's time to die.

Fare Thee Well

Within your halls we newly met
  'Mid shouts and mirthful cheer;
But now we part and all are set,
  O must we leave you here?
We wander forth o'er paths unknown—
  One goal we have attained.
O Alma Mater, faith you've shown
  In us whose praise you've gained.
With grateful hearts we go our way
  And leave what we revere;
With tuneful bliss this merry day,
  Our homage is sincere.

Teacher—"'Ous' at the end of a word means 'full of.' For instance, famous, 'full of fame'; pious, 'full of pie.'"

In Memoriam

Mr. James A. Hulse

Miss Myrtle Hoppen

Miss Amelia Peal

Beloved Teachers



The Lunch Room

Seniors, seniors of Four A
Oh, how time has past away;
Under proper care and training.
Teachers four years were explaining
How we should work hard each day.

South Side is no place for play;
In our classrooms gaining knowledge,
Drilling for our days at college
Every day and all the time.

High school life is sure sublime
In years to come we'll not regret—
Good South Side Days we'll not forget—
Happy bunch, Gee! Ain't it great!

Soon we all will graduate.
Come on seniors please don't crowd—
Have you heard why we're so proud?
Of course you have for you've been told
Of our school that's ten years old.
Let's give three cheers for South Side High!

Ten happy years have just gone by
Each leaving garlands as it sped—
New crowns for Alma Mater's head.

Yes, dear seniors, our school so dear
Each one will think of every year,
And as the years go rolling by
Remember dear old South Side High;
So all together, Hip! Hip! Hooray!

On our knees for you we will pray
Long life to South Side, you stand Ace High—
Dear old South Side au revoir—Good Bye.

A Rippling Rime

'Twas in September,
You may remember,
That first we entered here.
O how we did gaze
Without word or phrase—
We were in dreadful fear.
We sought the top floor—
Were lead to room 4
By "sophs" so insincere.
But in a year's time
We thought it no crime
To mislead one Bees dear.
But what a contrast
From this term to last
When we reached our third year.
It did not seem right
For us to delight
O'er "freshies" to dom'neer.
'Tis now our last term
And as we sojourn
We bid you all good cheer.
Good-by, good people,
We are so fickle,
I bet you think us queer,
And so we depart
Tho it breaks our heart
From the school that we revere.



Editors

Chairman—Clara Moskowitz
Irving Piltch
Sylvia See
George Friedman
Gordon Davidson

"Tempus fugit" and it is already ten years, ten years which have flown on silver wings since South Side High School was erected and organized. How many young men and women have gone through these halls of learning, some to colleges and universities, others into the business field, others merely remaining at home, and a few, it is sad to relate, to the Great Beyond.

Perhaps most of you have never realized or even thought of the number of brother and sister South Siders you have. Indeed the number is great, and in order that you may see for yourself, we submit a list of the graduates in each class since the school has been established up to the present time.

February, 1915	29
June, 1915	60
February, 1916	43
June, 1916	65
February, 1917	53
June, 1917	89
February, 1918	64
June, 1918	114
February, 1919	77
June, 1919	98
February, 1920	70
June, 1920	72
February, 1921	83
June, 1921	84
February, 1922	73
June, 1922	98
February, 1923	73

In all, there is a total of 1,172 pupils who have graduated from South Side High.

Just where have all these people gone after their graduation? Well, this is rather difficult to say, putting it frankly. However, it has been possible to find out where some have gone, and following is a list of the number who have received certificates for the various colleges:

University of Pennsylvania	27
Columbia	67
Harvard	9
Brown	11
Worcester Poly.	2
Rutgers	34
Syracuse	17
St. Mary's College	1
Cincinnati	2
Massachusetts Tech.	5
Russel Sage College	1
Wellesley	11
University of Maryland	16
Princeton	8
Stevens	21
New York University	98
National Park Seminary	1
Goucher	6
New Jersey College for Women	16
Dartmouth	5
Simmons	6
Cornell	25
Lafayette	5
Drexel	1
Smith	5
University of Michigan	7
De Paul University	1
Franklin and Marshall	3
University of Wisconsin	1
University of California	4
Lehigh	4
Vassar	1
Yale	4
Newark Institute of Arts and Science	4
Colorado School of Mines	1
City College of New York	23

Fordham	1
Tufts	5
Mt. Holyoke	4
Jefferson Medical College	1
St. Steven's College	1
Philadelphia Textile School	4
Savage School of Physical Training	4
Webb Institute	2
National Automotive School	1
Wesleyan University	2
Johns Hopkins	1
Oberlin	1
Pratt Institute	1
Skidmore	4
Wharton	1
New York Dental	4
New Jersey College of Pharmacy	2
New London College for Women	1
University of Illinois	1
George Washington University	2
Newark Tech.	4

The Normal School seems to be the greatest attraction to South Side girls and many have entered it with each new enrollment. The list for this is as follows:

February, 1922	20
September, 1921	22
February, 1921	26
September, 1920	20
February, 1920	10
January, 1920	19
September, 1919	14
February, 1919	25
September, 1918	12
February, 1918	33
September, 1917	17
February, 1917	20
September, 1916	20
February, 1916	16
September, 1915	13

Thus we see that 287 of our students are or else soon will be graduates of the State Normal School.

ALUMNI

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min'?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And auld lang syne?"

This bit of verse, snatched from a well-known song of Robert Burns, makes us think now more than ever of our old friends, schoolmates, and former South Siders.

How many times have you said, "I wonder what Dick is doing?" or "What is Ruth doing now? It's four years since we last saw each other"; or "Did Jack get out of college yet?" or almost any number of things like that. Well, now is the chance to find out about our former South Siders, and altho a "right guid-willie waught" is out of the question in this day, nevertheless one can indulge in some pleasant reminiscences without it. But the fact which seems to be at the root of the trouble is where to begin. As there are so many hundreds of distinguished graduates we must admit it is difficult to get started. Who shall have the honor of coming first? To show no partiality we'll take the very first that pops into our mind. Here goes:

J. William Carson, 1919—Oh, he has been a busy young man since his leaving South Side. Where is he now? Stevens Institute of Technology is the place, Castle Point, Hoboken. Carson has been working untiringly for his M. E. degree and now his vision is practically in sight—graduation night is June nineteenth, and he was chosen valedictorian of his class after a series of declamation contests in which the six students of highest standing were eligible.

Carson's college record is one not to be lightly passed over. He is a member of Tau Beta Pi, an honorary engineering fraternity, a member of the "Stute" Board (the "Stute" is the weekly publication at Stevens), and was a member of "The Link," the annual Stevens publication produced by the Juniors. But that's not all. The best is yet to come! Carson is the winner of a string of prizes: Homer Ransom Higley Mathematics Prize in 1921; First Alfred Marshall Mayer Prize in Physics, in 1921; Priestley Prize in Chemistry, in 1922. That wasn't so bad a start, was it?

Saul Seid, of 1920, is also at Stevens Institute of Technology. Saul is a jolly Junior and is on the staff of the comic monthly, the "Stone Mill." Circulation manager is the position he holds. Show 'em, South Side!

You know, one can't speak for a very long time without bringing a woman's name in, and of course we are no exception to the rule. Out of the class of 1915 is Henrietta Basters, who graduated from the New Jersey State Normal School and is now teaching. She writes that during the war most schools helped by knitting, sewing, rolling bandages, etc. At that time she had a one-room rural school, her pupils being two girls and a number of boys, and her experiences in teaching these boys how to hem towels were interesting, to say the least, for boys' fingers, at times, seem to be all thumbs.

Henrietta speaks of a little conversation with a youngster when trying to find his dad's first name.

Teacher—"What's your father's name?"
Child—"Mr. Jones."

Teacher—"But what's his first name?"
Child—"I don't know."
Teacher—"What does your mother call him?"
Child—"Honey."

Samuel Donchi continued his studies at New York University after graduating from South Side in 1919. He is now doing fine as a sales-manager for Dietz and Schuman.

Prominent in the Class of 1920 was Meyer Cohen. His years of training in South Side's orchestra prepared him for his orchestra work at the University of Pennsylvania, where he has been taking the pre-med course and working for his M.D. besides.

Morris Cristal (1921), is a Sophomore studying accountancy in the Wall St. branch of the Business School of N. Y. U. In the meanwhile he receives some practise by working in his father's office.

Clinton E. Metz, also of 1921, is completing his Sophomore year at Columbia University. He is working for a B.Lit. degree (Bachelor of Letters), and intends entering the School of Journalism in September. We may add that Metz is a member of the editorial staff of the "Columbian," the Columbia College annual.

In the class of June, 1917, Frederick H. Groel is first heard of. This may be because of his oratorical powers which were developed on the varsity debating team of Princeton. Fred received his A.B. at Princeton and is now in his second year at the Harvard Law School. During the war he was in the U. S. N. R. F.

Do you know any of the girls at the N. J. College for Women? Amongst them we find Rose Loubet, Hazel Kussy, and Doris Epstein. Doris is taking the course for a B.A. degree with the intention of majoring in socialogy.

Here is some news for some of you. You know Katherine E. Taylor, who left South Side in 1919, graduated from the Normal School and who is at present teaching in the kindergarten of Fourteenth Avenue School. Katherine was recently engaged to John Bradford Craig of Arlington.

Benjamin Greenwood says that his career has been more or less varied, having tried everything once except marriage. To be more definite Ben attended the Newark Junior College and while there he successfully passed his "State Boards" in pharmacy, in which he is still engaged. Furthermore, he is studying chemistry at Rutgers, from which institution he will receive his B.S. in June. Which June, you ask? 1923, of course.

The Yawitz family boasts of three South Side graduates. There is Henrietta (1921), a Senior at Normal School; Katherine, a graduate of the Normal School and now a teacher at East Rutherford, and Samuel Yawitz of January, 1916. The latter is a lawyer in this city, having gained his L.L.B. at the New Jersey Law School. He was also in the Officers' Training School of the United States Army.

Lida Mueller represents us at Wellesley, where she has been especially active in two branches, archery and news work, having been a contributor to the college periodical, "The News."

Speaking of South Side's athletes of the "fair sex," who is it one immediately remembers? Suzanne Becker (1915), of whom this school is rightfully proud, for has not the name of Suzanne Becker been heard of from far and wide? You will recall, with very little effort, that she was Assistant Coach to the All-American Girls' Track Team which took part so creditably in the International Track Meet at Paris, winning second place. While in France Miss Becker was made a permanent member of the Federation Sportive Feminine Internationale; she is also Secretary to The National Women's Collegiate and Scholastic Track Athletics Association, the organization which sent the team to Paris. Besides all these things Suzanne Becker is the head of the Physical Training Department at Merrill School, Oaksmere, Mamaroneck, N. Y.

Alexander M. Goldfinger attended Rutgers but received his lawyer's degree at New Jersey Law School. We kindly asked him for his wife's name, with the surprising answer, "Beatrice Fairfax, please tell me." Therefore, following in the footsteps of Sherlock Holmes, we conceived the idea that he was as yet an old bach. Clever of us, what, eh?

Many of the girls decided to enter the Normal School after leaving South Side. Now that two years have passed, they again face graduation, and amongst these young women who are almost teachers, we find Evelyn Echikson, Edith J. Gann, who is likewise a counselor in the Cedar Island Camp, Ida Brodkin, Evelyn Folsom, Esther Turk, Mina Kulis.

One of the members of the class of 1921 is completing her course at the Newark City Hospital and expects to graduate in May. This future worker in the field of mercy is none other than Anna E. Chrystal.

Josephine Robinson, a member of the same class, is employed in the Equitable Building in New York City.

August Pfaus, Jr., finished his Freshman year at Rutgers. He is now working in the Main Public Library, but is going back to Rutgers this September. Pfaus intends to be a minister some day. Do you remember his sermons at South Side? No?

One often hears about the nice fellows at New

Jersey Law School. What about the girls? They're nicer still. Helen Samuelson is there and has already advanced to the rank of Junior. Helen is a member of the various clubs and Secretary of the McClelland Debating Club.

Morris R. Schneider (1918), is a Senior of the same school.

Harry Levin, of 1917, is spreading his fame as a chemist after having graduated from Cornell.

Another chemist that South Side is proud of is Cornelius A. Jayson (1916), who is now employed by the United States Radium Corporation of Orange. He received his degree of Bachelor of Science in chemistry (followed his brother's footsteps), from New York U., in 1920. Jayson is a member of Kappa Nu Fraternity; during his third year at college he was a member of the Glee Club and of the Tennis Squad, and during all four years a member of the Menorah Society, besides being in the R. O. T. C. during the war.

Harry Gerstin, also of a 1916 class, is a lawyer having his office in the Union Building. He received his L.L.B. at New Jersey Law School, and during the war had enlisted in the Harvard S. A. T. C., which by the way, is not the Saturday Afternoon Tea Club.

The first graduation class of South Side—that calls to mind many old studes along with many recollections. Two men who are clearly remembered of this class are Arthur Thevenet and Walter Rinehard. The former is a credit analyst and department head in a New York credit agency.

Thevenet went to Rutgers after his graduation and there he was made a member of Beta Theta Pi Fraternity. When war was declared in 1917 he immediately joined the army as a private, remaining nine months at Camp Dix, then going to France, where he fought thru two offensives. He took part in the St. Mihiel as a sergeant in the Intelligence Section, and had graduated as Second Lieutenant from the Officers' Training School at Langre, France, when the armistice was signed.

In 1920 Thevenet married Eleanor Cobb of the same class, who attended the Newark Normal School and taught three years in Madison School. In June, their little daughter Eleanor Mason Thevenet is going to have her second birthday.

Walter Rinehard took his dental course at the University of Pennsylvania, besides taking his bride from Pennsylvania. He certainly showed good judgment; just ask Walter, Jr., who's the bestest mother in the world.

Sadye M. Gann is a piano teacher and pupil of Clarence Adler, of the New York Institute of Musical Art.

Marjorie Osgood and Ellen L. Schultz are both Seniors at Wellesley College.

Blanch Korb (1918), was married to Peter V. Goldschmitt shortly after her graduation from South Side. She is still near her old school, residing, as she does, on Alpine Street.

Another young woman who has ventured upon the sea of matrimony (what will her husband say if he reads this?), is Florence Rippel, or the present Mrs. Edward W. Van Wagenen, Jr. Florence was an active volunteer Red Cross worker at the Newark Chapter for three years.

David Gersten (1922), attends the New Jersey College of Pharmacy, while he gets practical experience by clerking in his brother's drug store.

Elizabeth Prentice Shoyer made a fine record at Mt. Holyoke College. She was on the basketball team all four years of her college career, and this, please notice, was the champion team. Rip 'em up, South Side! Betty was made a member of the Phi Gamma Kappa, and since receiving her A.B. in 1921, she has been an assistant in the Chemistry Department at Mt. Holyoke. In addition to this she has been working for an M.A., which she expects to get soon.

Coming back to some of our nearer graduates, those of 1922, we see that the N. Y. U. is sheltering Aaron Weiner, Mike Grunt, Abe Wechsler, Irving Graber, Marcus Jonas, Sheridan Schechner, Arthur Levenson, Jimmy Atkins; Rutgers has George Trager, Daniel Koch and Edwin Neuman; New Jersey Law School includes amongst its many South Siders Mike Grunt, Carl Edelstein, Jerome Eisenberg, Milton Gross, Irving Kesselhaut, Charles Ginsberg and Harry Stern. A goodly array of coming lawyers.

Remember the Minnick sisters? Well, Florence, of 1919, hurries to and fro in the business field, whereas Margaret (1921), hastens every morning from North Arlington to Belleville to get to school before her brilliant young pupils.

Mildred D. Black attended Newark Junior College for two years and is completing her course at New Jersey College for Women. Mildred's brother, William Lindsay Black, studied electrical engineering at Western Electric Company of New York City.

Black took a most interesting trip to South America last August. The Western Electric Company sent him to Rio de Janeiro to help install a radio for the Brazilian Centennial Exposition. The radio has become very popular in Brazil, and that installed by the Western Electric Company was heard five thousand miles away. Black writes that the City of Rio de Janeiro is beautiful, an ideal spot for such an exposition, and that the exposition itself is a marvel of twentieth century ingenuity.

Miriam Lingerman (1917), a graduate of New-

ark State Normal School, is happily married to John E. Campbell. The couple live in Irvington.

Maurice Bern (1915), is a Newark lawyer who worked for his L.L.B. at N. Y. U. Law School. During the war he did his bit in special government work.

Do you know that Helaine Meyers took a most interesting Mediterranean tour some months ago? Her chosen alma mater is now Columbia.

Edith Bishop graduated from the Newark State Normal School in February, 1921. By now she is a fully experienced young teacher in a 5A class in the Oliver Street School.

Who would have thought seven years ago, when a class of 1916 was graduating, that one of its members would soon carry our high standards so far as Colorado? But it's a fact. Helen Burnet Mertz graduated from Wellesley with a B. A.; from Columbia with an M.A., and is now teaching English in Florence, Colorado.

A few of '22's girls at the Normal School are Bessie Friedman, Eleanor Meirick, Minnie Adelman and Clara Matross. Clara writes us that during the Easter vacation sixty girls from the Normal School took a trip to Washington, D. C. They stopped at Gettysburg on Monday, taking in the battlefield and surrounding points of historic interest, and continuing to Washington on Tuesday morning via Harper's Ferry. At Washington they toured the city, visited the Congressional Library, the Washington Monument, the Pan-American Union, the National Art Museum, the Department of Printing and Engraving, where our money is made, and the National Capitol. On Wednesday they went to Mt. Vernon and Arlington, thus ending a marvelous trip.

We are informed that Henry S. Brodkin (1918), is studying diligently at the Jefferson Medical School. His friends are all confident that he will be a successful physician.

Marjorie B. Marcy, now residing in Plainfield, is a graduate of New York University with a Bachelor of Science degree.

Harriet Shapiro is as athletic as ever. She graduated from the Newark State Normal School in January, 1918, and from the Newark Normal School of Physical Education and Hygiene in June, 1919. She now holds the position of teacher of Physical Education at the Coes Place Binet School, while Harriet's summers are spent in teaching dancing at Camp Mitchell, Tyler Hill, Pennsylvania.

Harry Wagonheim (1923), is enrolled in the General Course at the Normal School. The boys aren't as shy of the girls as they used to be. (New discovery.)

The Undergraduate School's Committee at Princeton informs us that S. F. Wilson has been elected to the Terrace Club. We extend our congratulations.

Mt. Holyoke College claims Dolores J. Fay.

One of 1920's young ladies has been daring enough to enter the New Jersey College of Pharmacy. Who do you think this is? None other than Rose Levy.

Of the Class of January, 1922, we see that Albert Kopf is studying mechanical engineering at the Newark College of Engineering of the Newark Technical School.

Mr. Joyce, of our faculty, a few weeks ago received a letter from Joseph Harrison, a former G. O. president. Joe, who is up at Tufts, writes that the dramatic society of Tufts, "Pen, Paint and Pretzels," presented a play, "The Servant in the House," by C. R. Kennedy, and after a sort of elimination contest he was given one of the leading parts, that of the "Lord Bishop of Lancashire." Harrison had acted in South Side plays under the coaching of Mr. Joyce and in his letter he says that from the criticism he received for his part the day following the presentation of the play, he did not think that Mr. Joyce's reputation as a coach suffered any.

Mary Cobb (1917), is the present Mrs. Ralph M. Williams of Oak Park, one of Chicago's suburbs. When asked what her occupation was she answered housework and nurserywork. The reason why is an adorable, chubby, little boy named Ralph Frederick. Altho Mary gets homesick for New Jersey every once in a while, she writes that the Hoosier state is very pretty and that the Middlewest and the people out there are fine.

"What about Katz?" some people are asking. Why, Oscar graduated from the Columbia College of Pharmacy, and is now running a drug store for himself in East Orange.

Helene Neumann is kept busy as a director of physical education at Cleveland School, having received her diploma at the Savage School of Physical Education.

John Schott, Jr., is the sole representative of South Side at Wagner College.

Grace Johnston attended the School of Fine and Applied Arts, Pratt Institute. Grace teaches at the Fawcett Art School, besides employing her talent as a fashion illustrator.

More boys at the Normal School than we thought for. Charles L. Sternin (1923), is enrolled there too.

Anna Cluesman (1920), is employed as a stenographer at the Weston Electrical Instrument Company.

Annabelle Griffith (1919), is employed as a

private secretary, having first completed a course at the Rose L. Fritz Secretarial School.

Hortense Krieger has graduated from Normal School and is engaged to be married in the fall to Leo Schwartz.

Another Normal School graduate is Lula B. Robinson. She graduated in June, 1920, and has since been teaching at Miller Street School.

Abraham H. Krueger has had the degree of L.L.B. conferred upon him by the New York University Law School, and is practising law in Newark. Krueger says that he is not married yet, but neither has he given up hope.

Michael Estrin (1916), graduated from New Jersey Law School and in 1921 he was married to Rose Rosenberg.

Sam Blumenfeld is at present, ahem, manager of the Hosiery Specialty Shop, but like all good managers he thirsts for knowledge and so takes a course in accounting at the local branch of the New York U.'s evening classes.

Isidor Berlin is completing his legal course at New Jersey Law School this June. Meanwhile he is serving his required law clerkship in one of the offices. Berlin was on the varsity basketball team representing New Jersey Law School in 1921, 1922 and 1923.

Going down! Irwin Goldfinger is working in the shoe department at Bamberger's basement. By the way, Irwin was sporting a cute little mustache.

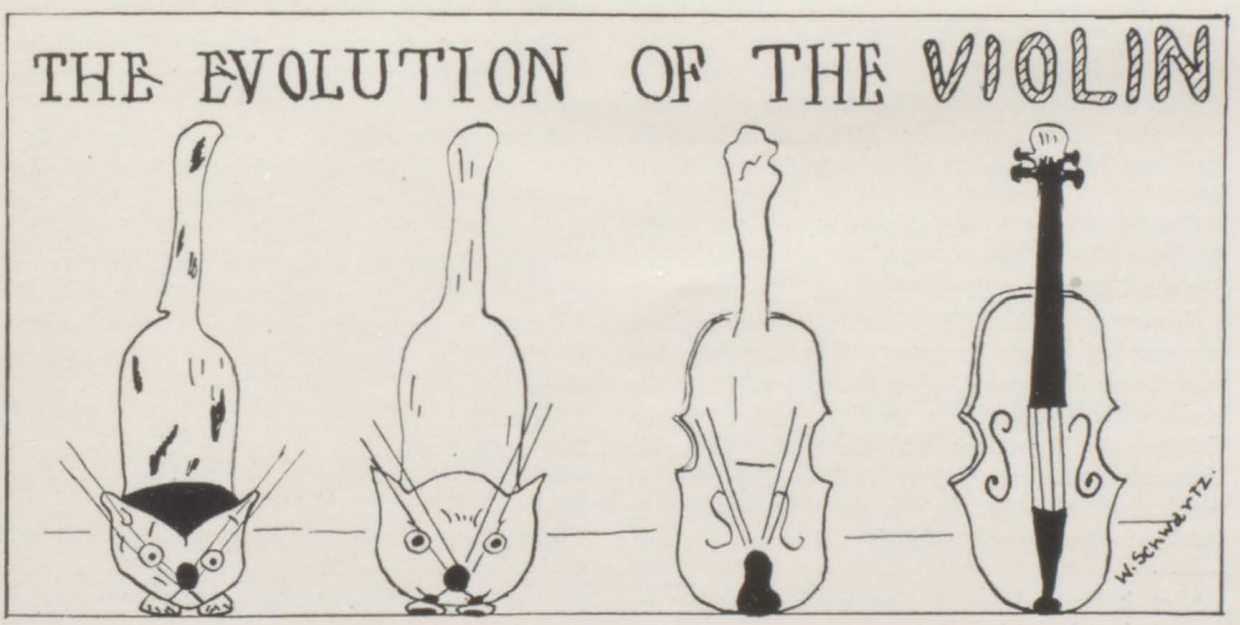
According to records in this past decade South Side has produced two famous actresses. Of these Estelle Fischman, '20, now known as Barbara Gray, did not take part in our plays, but while at Newark Junior College she enacted the female lead in "You Never Can Tell." (Who does not remember her fine acting as Gloria?) After leaving Junior College, she appeared under the management of William A. Brady in "The Man Who Came Back," and next in "The Nest." Besides these shows Estelle has played in Maude Fealy's stock.

Our other star is Elizabeth Wells of 1918. She, who first began to shine at South Side, was recognized as South Side's most brilliant star, a fact easily proven by her playing in "The Magistrate," "What Happened to Jones," and "Why Smith Left Home." Elizabeth received further dramatic experience while continuing her education at Maryland College, and then took a year at the American School of Dramatic Arts. Her first professional engagement was with Fay Bainter in "East is West," in which she appeared for a year. The following season she spent with David Warfield in "The Return of Peter Grimm," under David Belasco. This last year she was ingenue in the Bijou stock at Woonsocket.

Pauline Rifkind (1918) did quite an unusual thing for a young Miss. She opened an advertising office in Orange all "on her own." However, she gave this up and is now employed at the Sommer Advertising Agency. In addition, we may say that this is her second year at the Dufour School of Rhythmic Dancing of New York, a study which she intends to continue indefinitely.

Pauline is becoming the bride of Mr. I. Steinberg, artist of Orange and New York. They are going to spend two or three months in Canada and then take up the "thread of life" in good old Newark.

Louis Seidman of 1917 is a grammar school teacher. We can just about imagine Lou teaching



his pupils the "gazzinta."

Two gazzinta four,
Four gazzinta eight,
Father gazzinta many places,
And comes home very late.
Mother gazzinta hysterics,
And then gazzinta bed,
But what gazzinta corned-beef hash,
I can't get into my head.

Something like this would be appropriate for us present South Siders:

Two gazzinta four,
Four gazzinta eight,
I gazzinta detention,
And comes out an hour late.
Etc., etc.

(Further genius refuses to burn.)

Edna Herman of the class of 1915 is teaching at Robert Treat School, we hear.

Rose Farber of 1918 is also a school ma'am.

Louis Frankel (1919) is in the real estate game. When you get married go to Louis for your house*.

Benjamin Elver (1916), is a lawyer, and, listen girls, divorce cases are his specialty!

We hear that Esther M. Buermann is earnestly ticking away on the keys in the capacity of secretary to quite a big man at Columbia. Besides this Esther has been studying at Columbia and hopes soon to obtain her B.S. degree.

Herbert W. Frick (1916), attended the Massachusetts Institute of Technology at Cambridge. During the war he was in the gas defense division of the army engineers. Now he is employed as a private secretary.

William Schilling (1916), is a lawyer, married to the former Margaret MacDonald. Bill enlisted in the United States Navy in 1918 and was assigned to Princeton University Ensign School.

John J. Albert (1917), is a civil engineer. He graduated from Rutgers in 1922 with a B.S. degree and had served three months in the World War.

Charles Finkel is completing his work for the Bachelor of Science Degree at Washington Square College of New York U.

Remember C. Malcolm Gilman, former business manager of THE OPTIMIST? He certainly has made some fine record,—just listen to all this. To begin with, Gilman is a medical student at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Columbia University. He received his A.B. at Columbia, at which institution he took a most active part in varsity football, varsity fencing, the varsity show, the chapel choir and the Glee Club. He is a member of Alpha Sigma Phi, a college fraternity; Kappi Psi, a medical fraternity; the Notes and Keys, and the Players' Club.

But this is not all for Gilman has an equally large war record. He was captain of the 9th Aero Squadron, and was in the Air Service aviation; he was a reserve military aviator, a junior military aviator, and pilot in the Combat Squadron.

That shows what the Sunny Side produces, doesn't it?

Flora Silverman attends New York University, although she is employed as an accountant and bookkeeper. This is one case of doing two things and doing them well.

William Margulies (1917), was a student at Newark Junior College and after that at Newark Institute of Arts and Sciences. At the present time he is putting in some hard work as a bookkeeper.

Julius Rippel is a senior at Dartmouth. He has recently been selected as a member of the Phi Beta Kappa. He entered the Intercollegiate Song Contest held this year at Carnegie Hall, and of the twelve schools entered Dartmouth came out highest. It's easy to tell why, isn't it? We might add as an item of interest for our alumnus that the winning team was coached by Mr. McWhood, who preceded Mr. Gordon at South Side.

Isidor Bressman, who is taking a course in accountancy, is a Senior at Columbia.

Our well-known Lillian Eddy left us far behind when she went all the way to St. Lawrence College near the Canadian border. Needless to say Lillian has as many achievements at St. Lawrence as she had at South Side.

Studying much nearer to home is Herbert Gardner. Princeton, you know, is so conveniently close for week-ends.

Robert Silberman, a famous speaker while at South Side, is also at Princeton, where he will receive a B.A. degree. Then he intends to make Harvard his alma mater in order to study law. With his oratorical ability we can expect to hear of him some day as a famous lawyer.

Irving Rathsprecher has chosen the University of Maryland. Much may be said of his efficiency there.

Max Glickstein is an artist on the violin, while David Glickstein is an accomplished trumpeter, who plays in the New York City Symphony Orchestra.

Esther Crane (1921), is a brilliant pupil at New Jersey College for Women. She obtained the highest exam marks this past term.

So many of our girls are at Normal School that

*Let it be understood that we are getting no commission for this.

it is difficult to get them all in. At any rate here are a few more from 1922: Eleanor Shay, Dorothy Muirhead, Christine Lieb, Senta Bormann, Gertrude McCloskey, Carol Cobb, Carolyn Steiner, Gertrude Henig and Mary Richards. The city had better get some appropriations for school buildings, don't you think?

Gladys Heyle has acquired what she set out to do, teaching school. Don't forget, Gladys, many's the time you were out the night before, and your lessons weren't ready.

Two old-timers (1915), who have chosen teaching are Celia Friedman and Dorothy Millman. The former is at Webster Street School and the latter at Lafayette.

Ruth McCloskey has been teaching at Berkeley School. Those lucky kids!

Esther Solodar is working for the Dupont Corporation, where she is at the head of the clerking force.

Joe Friedman graduated from Harvard an expert chemist, and now he has an opportunity to show his ability at the Simons Co.

A Cornell man from one of our 1918 classes is Sidney Pick. He is continuing his pursuit of knowledge at the Philadelphia Textile School. A gentle breeze wafts to us the news that Sid is engaged to Adelaine Schloss of this city.

Ruth Davis is having beautiful day dreams of her former school at the National Park Seminary, Washington, D. C.

Two well-liked teachers of 1920 are Mildred Kruttsnicht and Regina Berkowitz.

Esther Legge is a Sophomore at Syracuse. It is said that Esther is rather prominent in athletic circles there.

Abe Salbin is teaching a seventh grade at Waverly Avenue School.

Gustave Goldstein (1917), received his L.L.B. at New Jersey Law School in June, 1920, and then took a post graduate course at Fordham University Law School. Since completing this, Goldstein has been engaged in the general practise of law and has held numerous positions of trust for the United States District Court and the Court of Chancery.

While attending New Jersey Law he was one of the founder members of the National Legal Fraternity of Lamba Alpha Phi. He was chancellor of the Alpha Chapter and at present is Supreme Chancellor of the national body. Added to this already long record is the fact that Goldstein is a member of the committee for the organization of an Alumni Association at New Jersey Law School.

David Goldstein graduated from New Jersey Law School last June. He too, is a member of Lamba Alpha Phi.

Arthur Burditt is on the Business Board of the *Varsity*, one of Columbia's periodicals.

Philip G. Cobb is completing his Sophomore year at the College of Engineering of Newark Technical School, and he is supplementing his class work at the Weston Electrical Instrument Co.

Malcolm S. McIlroy is going to receive his electrical engineer degree from Cornell this June. He is a member of Eta Kappa Nu, electrical engineering society, and Tau Beta Pi, engineering.

Charles Simons (1915), is in the real estate business under the name Simons and Poppick. He also has the degree of L.L.B. from New Jersey Law School, altho not practising.

The McWhood family boasts of three South Siders. There is Edward W. (1915), who attended N. Y. U. and is now president of E. McWood, Jr., Inc., Bookbinders, in New York City. Morton K. McWhood (1916) received a B.S and an M.S. at Rutgers and attended Columbia as a post graduate. He is treasurer of the above mentioned company. Evelyn graduated from Newark Normal and is teaching at Charlton Street School.

Sylvan S. Schwartz (1918), received his Ph.G. at the New York College of Pharmacy. Schwartz is not asleep somewhere when prizes are being given. No, sir, he's Johnnie-on-the-spot, in 1919 he received the Trustees' Scholarship, and in 1919 he grabbed off the Squibb Chemistry Prize.

Harry L. Denburg (1915), attended Rutgers College, where he received a B.S. in chemistry. Denburg is connected with the Elkay Co. of this city.

Sidney Silverstein, having graduated in June, 1918, entered N. Y. U. the following fall. He completed his first year, worked for a year and then returned to complete his course. He will graduate in June with a B.S.

Sid majored in Journalism and minored in English literature and advertising. In his Senior year he assumed the duties of Issue Editor, then Assignment Editor of an N. Y. U. weekly newspaper. This ambitious South Sider is a member of the Quill Society, an honorary society connected with the college paper. Sid writes that he almost interviewed Margot Asquith and he did interview Governor Alfred Smith.

From the 1916 classes Ruth Warner is Mrs. Schlenger and Marion Steiner is Mrs. Beckelman. The former has a baby boy and the latter a baby girl.

Morris Rosenberg is showing his energy and

spirit at Fordham. He is the only South Sider there.

Benjamin Ellenport (1921), attended Newark Junior College for one year and is now enrolled at the New Jersey College of Pharmacy.

Irving Aptekar, of the same class, is in the jewelry business with his pater.

Reports have it that Abe Mankowitz is working in a drug store, but will enter New Jersey Law School in September.

Henry Hershoff attends New Jersey Law School and will receive his LL.B. degree next month.

Benjamin Singer is a lawyer and a graduate of New Jersey Law School. Ben was a seaman in the World War.

Rose M. Beyerle is a teacher who attended both the Newark State Normal School and the Institute of Arts and Sciences.

It seems as though the list of teachers South Side has helped produce is never-ending. Two or three more that may be added are Helen Miller, Edna Melizter, Florence Ringel and, last but not least, Leo Huberman.

H. Wallace Ilsley is a furrier, which reminds us of "Fur coats made out of your own skins."

Two more South Siders have been married. Getha Shrope is Mrs. F. E. Hockenbury, and Sylvia Kussey is Mrs. M. Carris.

* * * *

Ugh! What is this we see before us? A hand, and nothing more! But, peace, it places before us some long sheets of paper and vanishes. The gods be praised, for here are accounts of further alumni, arranged systematically according to year of graduation.

What a relief for us!

1923

Extra! Announcement! Both Betty Huntington and Anna Meltz wish to announce to the school at large that they are here this term as *P. G.'s*, and they don't wish to hear any more remarks such as this, "What! Didn't you graduate in January?" Both Betty and Anna intend entering the Normal School next September.

Among South Side's latest graduates to enter Normal School are Bessie Brotman, Sarah Mirman, "Peggy" Foley, Irma Fensel, Ethel Varley, Viola Ochs and Edna Nicholas.

Leonard Sanfilippo is now taking life easy working in Hahne's. He needed to after his years of arduous study at South Side. N'est ce pas?

Fred Gernlein is a busy man these days. He is assistant paying teller at the Fidelity Union Trust Company.

1922

Remember "Jap" Gude? Of course, everybody does. He is a popular Freshman at Brown this year, and is making a good name for his former Alma Mater.

After completing a term at the Newark Junior College, Rose Loubet is now attending the New Jersey College for Women. She has made the Varsity Soccer Team which is quite an honor for a Freshman. Keep it up, Rose.

Carol "Sunny" Atz can now be dubbed a "Columbia student." She is taking a very interesting course over there, and enjoys it immensely.

Sigmund Steckler is taking a business course at New York U. His motto is "Business Before Pleasure."

Edward Neuman and Sydney Fereday are continuing their studies at Rutgers College.

George Rosen is at Columbia and reports are that he has made the Freshman wrestling team. We'll say that that is some hard work. So will George.

Bertram Goldstein is taking the law course at Princeton. That means another name added to the rapidly growing list of our lawyers and lawyers-to-be.

Walter B. Waters has gone South to Roanoke College where he is studying for his B. A. degree.

Howard Rice is getting to be a well-known Frosh at N. Y. U.—He is Publicity Manager of the Freshman Class, Secretary of the New Jersey Association, and Publicity Manager of the New Jersey Association. Some start, eh?

1921

Louis Cohen is a Freshman at the University of Maryland and entertains the hope of being a dentist in the near future.

Arthur Jelling is now attending N. Y. U. but is contemplating entering the University of Michigan in the fall. Hope you get there "Art."

Bernice Budish is now a dignified Senior A at Normal. She expects to graduate in June. Best of luck to her.

Rose Schwartz is now teaching at Berkley School. Remember you are teaching some future South Siders.

Frank Howley is a good athlete who has made a good athletic rep for himself at New York U. Football and baseball are his specialties.

Quite a few of '21's boys are enrolled at Columbia. Among them we find Harry Phillipson, Donald Lewis, Elmer Klein, Martin Flusser, Henry Davidson, Chester Grant, Sam Eskowitz and Hans Merten.

Isidore Schachman is showing at Stevens Institute of Technology the good foundation he received at South Side. He sends his thanks and compliments to the South Side faculty.

Richard Winnerman is a Soph at the City College of New York. Dick is studying hard as his aim is to become an expert chemist.

1920

Eldridge Quinlan is pursuing his studies at Lehigh. The last we heard of him he had made some fraternity there.

Edward Steinberg traveled a long distance to find his Alma Mater—yes, you have guessed the State, it's California and the college is the University of California.

Louis Stern is enrolled at the Wharton School, University of Pennsylvania. He is a member of the Alpha Eta Phi fraternity and according to Adrian Kristeller, also of this class, he is devoting most of his available time to scholastic work.

Leone Bird is now bound by the holy bonds of matrimony for she is now spoken of as Mrs. Frank LeRoy Ross.

Theodore Rubin, who first attended the Newark Junior College is now at the University of Pennsylvania.

Max Freedman is studiously working for his M. D. at the University of Maryland.

Isadore Bressler received a B. C. S. degree at N. Y. U. and is practicing accountancy in this city (Newark) at the present time.

Jerome Vonau has risen from the ranks of a mere Freshman and Sophomore, and is now a dignified Junior at Lafayette.

Nathan Friedman, another of South Side's former students is about to hang out his shingle with D. D. S. on it. At present he is a student at N. Y. U.

Harry Sayre is a popular Senior at the Columbia Law School.

1919

Anna Littlefield is teaching a 2B class at the Hawthorne Avenue School. Do you remember those good old days of "2B or not 2B," Anna?

Sam Steiner is earnestly working at the School of Commerce at N. Y. U.

Minna C. Stahl is teaching the kiddies at Bergen Street School.

Sophie Blumstein has a position in a very prominent dressmaking and millinery establishment. She likes it immensely.

Ben Keller is studying dentistry at the University of Michigan. He is now a very proud Sophomore.

1918

Harry Brotman took his pre-medical course at N. Y. U. and received a B. A. degree at Johns Hopkins, Maryland. He is now a Sophomore at Jefferson.

Another mathematician for South Side, Meyer Coffey, after having spent one year at Rutgers is now studying accountancy at N. Y. U. and expects to graduate in May.

Henry Brodkin took a pre-medical course at N. Y. U. and is now a noted Junior at Jefferson College.

Sam Cohen is a dentist now at Johnstown, Pa. Ralph Shapiro, a member of the same class, is studying medicine at the University of Maryland. Seems this class liked the name of "doctor."

Emil Schwartz and Al Avidon are the representatives of this class in Princeton. They are working hard and expect to graduate in May.

Charlie Handler has a most creditable record. First he was at Junior College for a period of two years; at Princeton he completed his course; and at present he is studying international law at Harvard.

1917

Ruth Clairville is representing South Side well in another branch—she is a head bookkeeper at the Newark National and Essex Bank.

Henrietta Tetelbaum is teaching at Chestnut Street School where she has already advanced to the seventh grade.

Sam Rawitz, after having received his B. S. at Rutgers, continued his study of medicine at New York U.

Al Zieger is taking up journalism at Syracuse U. Al was captain of the Freshman track team and won great fame as a hill-and-dale man.

Andrew Moore is another former South Sider whose name is added to the ever increasing number of lawyers.

Philip Tama is studying hard to become a doctor at Tufts College. He has nearly completed his course, and now he is anxious to get to work.

George Kaden expects to graduate from Harvard this year, but as he has received a scholarship he will continue his studies for a while longer.

Eva Hieligman is married to Joseph Cohen of New Haven, but at present is teaching in Chestunt Street School, this city.

Albert Mandell and Milton Zucker have both received their degrees as D. D. S.'s and are practicing at present. You are a credit to your former Alma Mater.

Milton Lilien is making quite a record for South Side. He took his pre-medical course at N. Y. U., then went to Johns Hopkins and received a B.A. degree. He is now attending the McGill University in Canada.

Louis Relles is a prominent lawyer in this city. He is betrothed to Miss Martha Schutzman of Newark.

1916

In November, 1922, Janet Goldsmith of this class, became the bride of Norman M. Cohen.

Adele Bacheller is married to Herbert Schulte, who is a business man of this city.

Jack Fox is practicing law now. He is engaged to May Bonda, also a former South Sider, who is teaching at Montgomery School. The couple expect to be married soon.

Jack Silverman graduated from the University of Maryland last May and is now practising dentistry in Newark. Another "Dr. Jack."

THOSE WHO DID NOT GRADUATE

Wedding bells did ring so merrily on two particular occasions: first, when Juliette Shirlaw was married to Harold Russell Van Cleve; second, when Christine Bedell was married to Arthur B. Schuman. At the latter wedding Eleanor Carrington, who graduated from South Side in 1921, was the maid of honor.

Abe Saibin graduated from Central High School and is now taking a dental course at C. C. N. Y.

One of our notable South Siders who, however, left us in his Senior year is Ben Krueger. We don't have to speak much for Ben; his popularity speaks for itself. Why, everyone knows that he is some dandy sax player and conductor of one of the finest bands in New York. Besides, he makes records for the Brunswick Co.; so if you hear a good sax player on your victrola, you can take a guess that it's Krueger.

Pearl Goldenberg is married to Mack Eisenberg and is now kept busy wheeling around the baby carriage.

Martin Greenberg is working in the Center Market during the day and is studying accountancy at night.

Guess what? Herman Cohen has reached a great way in the world. He is now the proud owner of the Acme Welding Co. of Brooklyn, N. Y.

Saul Pollack is attending the University of California and is now in his Sophomore year. How does it feel to be so far away from home, Saul?

We really thought that we had given enough news about the alumni, but the kind postman just brought six letters with news that simply had to be printed.

Chester Mueller, President of the Class of January, 1920, has attained great success along literary lines at Cooper Union and he says that this is a fitting tribute to his training on THE OPTIMIST Staff.

Olive Galloway graduated from Newark State Normal School and taught at Berkeley School for four years. She is now married to Kenneth S. Meade of East Orange. They are both students in the Philadelphia School of the Bible and for the present live in Philadelphia.

Oscar Neuss of January, 1921, attended Newark Junior College for one year and is now a student at the School of Commerce, N. Y. U.

Ruth Blume is completing her Junior year at the New Jersey Law School. Ruth is a member of Iota Alpha Pi.

Arnold B. Rosenthal attended New York University where he received B. C. S. and C. P. A. degrees. He now does accurate work as a certified public accountant.

One more remains and who do you suppose it is? Luella Mueller of June, 1922, and we think it fitting to close the long list of South Siders' accomplishments with those of one of our very best girl athletes.

Lu is at the Sargent School for Physical Training. She was on the Freshman wall-scaling team, the basketball squad, and the fist-ball squad. She was also on the Varsity fist-ball squad and the Varsity basketball team. And, oh yes, Lu is Treasurer of the Freshman Class.

It is very easy to see that our Alumni have been holding South Side's standards high and South Side is indeed proud of every one of her graduates.



AL SMITH: "MAY I HAVE THE NEXT DANCE?"

I. MOONEY: "YES, IF YOU CAN FIND SOMEBODY TO DANCE WITH!"

Senior Number

The Powers of Knowledge
are Unlimited

CLASS OF JUNE 1923

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Senior Optimist Staff



The Class of June 1923

LITERARY

LOVESLAY BERLOSTE

By Paul Husserl

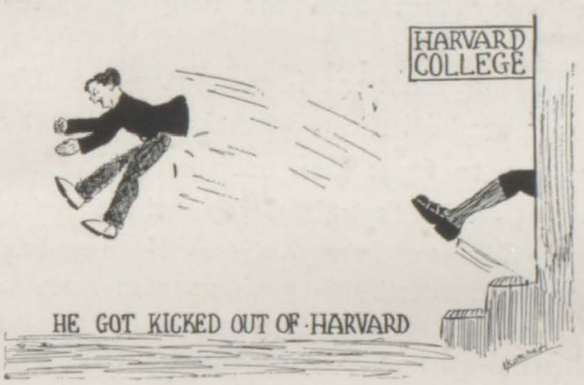
Now I been managing gentlemen of the prize ring for the past twenty years, and in all that time they wasn't one of my fighters which could of come up to Kid Williams, the career of who I will now relate as much as I know of it.

Once upon a time this gent signed his checks by the aristocratic name of Loveslay Dwight Berloste, 3d. He was the scion of the Virginia Berloste's & he says to me that his ancestors come over in the Mayflower, but I guess they was only stokers.

This bird was kicked out of Harvard, for reasons what would better not be printed, & while there he played two years of football & he maintained a scholastic average of no less than 40 the whole time he was there. His father having given him the gate right after Harvard did, he found himself without a job and without any ambition to get one.

I seen him first one day in a café where they tried to throw him out for bein' broke. And then it was that with me own eyes I seen him put to sleep the bouncer, the bouncer's assistant, the bartender, and two big Irish cops. I seen right then and there that he had more champeenship ability in his left ear than Jess Willard ever had in his whole overgrown body, & so I decided right then and there that all the rest of his fightin would be done under my management. We draws up a contract that I is to get one fourth of whatever he made and the contract is to be good for two years. I told him then that if he couldn't become champeen in less time than that with a wallop like he's got in each mitt, why he might as well quit right now.

Three weeks later we got our first fight. Loveslay Berloste couldn't drag around his sweet name in boxin circles, so we compromised on "Kid Williams." Well, the aforementioned fight was a joke. It lasted just twenty-six seconds,



and I realized right there that Loveslay was sure a find, and no fooling. I knew they wasn't a man in the game what could of lasted a round with this ex-Harvard battering ram, & so our little career was begun.

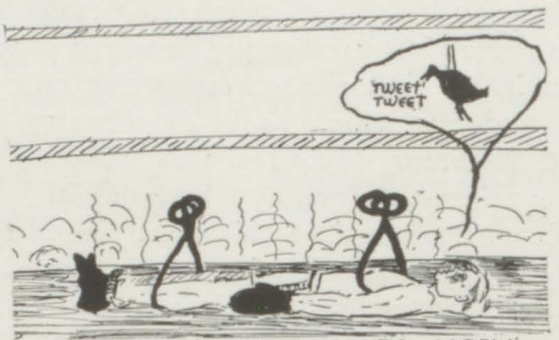
Well, among the next few guys the ring careers of which he ruined, they was a husky Irish boy by the name of K. O. Kelly. This boy was heralded all over the U. S. A. as a fighter who could give 'em and take 'em, and the night of

the fight they was a mob of about thirty-eight thousand fans filling the atmosphere with so much smoke you'd of thought it was the San Francisco fire. About 10:15 P. M. after the semi-finals was over, my baby steps into the ring. Well, the yellin' and stampin' lasts a full fifteen minutes, all of which didn't add much, you may suspect, to the confidence of K. O. Kelly. At 10:38 the bell clanged and the slaughter begun. After two minutes and twenty-three seconds this here guy K. O. Kelly has kissed the mat no less than nine times, and don't know whether he is in Kansas City or Hoboken or where. And then the Kid lets loose one of those right swings of his, which if he ever hit Dempsey with it, there wouldst of been a new champ. Well, he socked K. O. Kelly so hard that I think he bounced up twice when he hit the canvas. The crowd started grabbin' for their hats. If Mr. Kelly had been knocked any colder they would of had to carry him outa the ring with ice-picks!

During the next few months the Kid massacred all the top-notchers what was willing to fight him, each of which has about as much fight left in them when Kid Williams gets done, as if they has been run over by fifty-nine steam-rollers.

Well, to use the language of the poets, this baby of mine sure was knockin 'em dead in boxin' circles, an' the newspapers never missed a day without a ulogy what would of made John L. Sullivan hisself take a corresponding course in the Manly Art of Self-Defense. And you couldn't blame 'em either. This here Loveslay stood six feet one inch in his stocking feet, and as an athlete he wouldst of made Milo weep. If Loveslay's first ancestors was apes, as Mr. Darwin says, then I bet every one of them could of throwed a cocoa-nut eighty-nine miles. No fooling!

And then they got him matched up with a Swede by the name of Olaf Ohlaugh. Now this Ole was considered to be the nearest thing to World's Champeen which was then wearing the mitts, & so I seen as how if the Kid beat him, we was sure to get a crack at the Champ hisself. The fans theirselves would see to that, as the Champ was about as popular with them as a barber is in Moscow, and they would of liked nothing better than to see him get knocked for a row of Tut-ankh-Amens.

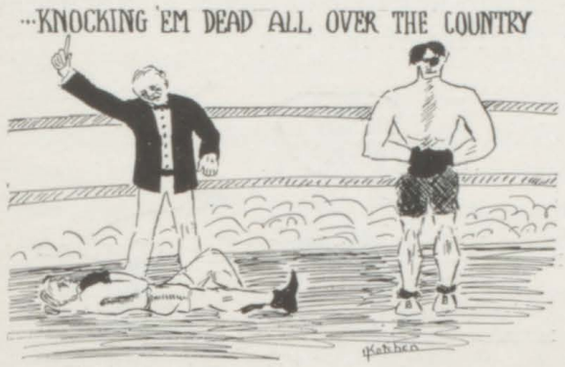


...THEY WOULD HAVE HAD TO CARRY MR. KELLY OUTA THE RING WITH ICEPICKS.

The big night come at last! Over sixty thousand people was crowdin' every inch of space available in the whole arena, and what a mob they was, from the fat, prosperous looking gents and their wives all be-diamonded in the fifty dollar ringside seats, to the newsboys and their cronies away up in the seventy-five cent seats. They was all gonna see some fight and they knew it! With seventy-five thousand dollars to the winner and fifty thousand to the loser in a decision bout, you could tell that this scrap wasn't gonna be no horseplay. Far from it!

After the semi-finals it was time for the big bout to come off. Well, the ovation that Kid Williams got could of been heard in Africa, and Ole didn't get left neither. And when the Kid took off his bath-robe all the ladies in the fifty dollar seats "Oh-ed" and "Ah-ed" till you would of thought they was in a doctor's office.

Loveslay Dwight Berloste, 3d, wasn't no disgrace to Nature, and you can lay to that. But when Ole removed his robe de chamber, the whole mob of them gasped out loud. I bet they ain't a guy in the world what has got this here Ole beat when it comes to physeek. One look at him & Hercules would of started taking Nuxated Iron. He must of come from a family of first class boiler-makers or stevedores, and no mistake. The Kid looks him over and grins. What else could he do? This guy was gonna



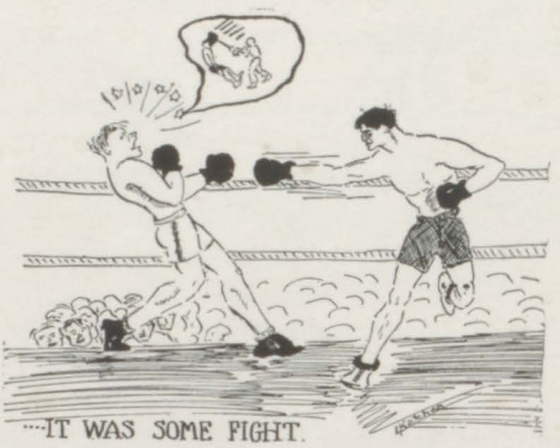
be tough, you couldn't get around that.

The referee does his stuff of introducin' etc. and the men takes their corners. My last words was to the Kid that he should put in everything he'd got right in the beginning, so's Ole would go down quick, as there is no tellin' what this big Swede could do if you let him stay long enough. And then came the gong! They both rushed to the center of the square, and then began a volley of slugging with lefts and rights as was never seen before. Well, it was a battle of giants! This Ole was no clown. He could box like James J. Corbett hisself, and he had a kick in each mitt like no army mule could ever think of havin'. The first two rounds was as even as if the two boys was twins. It was simply slug for slug, and that's all. They was an excitement in the fans like I never seen before, and you couldn't of bought any one of their seats for two hundred and fifty dollars!

It was just thirty-one seconds after the beginning of the third round, when all of a sudden the Kid happens to take a slant at the occupants of the ring-side seats, why, I don't know. The first thing he lands his orbs on is a young lady in the first row what would of made Ziegfeld and his whole troupe leave town. Such a face and form had she, to use the language of Will Shakespeare. This dame was some dame, don't you fool yourself. Even as she was only sittin' there, it was easy to see that she could make Cleopatra and Theda Bara look like two Quaker girls in the Salvation Army. Down goes the Kid's guard, and he stares at her as tho he ain't seen no girls in twenty years. Quicker than lightning Ole sends his whole two hundred & fifteen pounds of bone & muscle into the poor Kid's jaw. Well, you never seen anybody drop so fast in all your life. As the referee counted one and two, Loveslay Berloste, 3d, was as dead to the world as Old King Tut himself. When the referee counts three, the Kid sits up blinkin' his eyes as tho it's about that time of the mornin'. While the ref counts four, five, and six, the mob gets so quiet you couldst of heard a cough drop. Every one of them was leanin' all over the guy in front of him, they was all so excited. On seven the Kid starts movin', & by the time nine has been called, he has staggered to his feet. At last my heart started to beat again, & the mob yells and shrieks so, you'd of thought the roof had caved in or somethin'. They is a look on the Kid's face like I never seen before. He probably saw nothin' but twinklin' stars & blurred faces, or mebbe a certain young lady at the ringside, but anyway in a half a second he don't see nothin' but the Aurora Borealis, as Ole has landed flush on his chin with that bone-crushin right of his. Well, the Kid is lyin' flat on his back, and it looks as tho he's too com-

fortable to think of anything like gettin' up or somethin' like that, but any way on six he slowly gets on his knees. He must of gotten a awful wallop, 'cause he looks at me as tho his face is broke. I yells to him as loud as I can to "Get up, you fool!" but he appears to understand me like I am talkin' a Persian dialect. On the count of nine, tho, he is up, with his knees saggin' & his hands hangin' limp at his sides as tho they has just became a couple of hundred pounds heavier. Ole rushes at him, like the bull in "Blood and Dirt," and the Kid clinches. The referee breaks 'em apart, and the Kid clinches again. On the break Ole hands him a nasty uppercut, & there he is stretchin' himself out again, when lo! the bell rings! Great Caesar, we is saved!

Well, I gives him everything from smellin' salts to amonia to wake him up, all of which is about as helpful as a electric fan would be in Hell. The seconds sponges him with cold water, and slashes the air with towels, and all the while this darn fool keeps mumblin about this crazy dame what is sittin' in the first row. Half the minute is up, and at last he comes to. Well, all the things I tells him could fill a book, but it didn't seem to make no impression. I tells him to clinch and clinch and clinch, to hang on to Ole like he was his long-lost brother. The Kid says he will try, but that Ole is about as easy to hang on to as a greased eel. The Kid says his jaw and a couple of ribs is broke, but I tells him he is crazy and to forget it. Ole is glarin' at the Kid from his corner like MacBeth in the murder scene, and just as I am tellin' the Kid to do everything he can to stay the limit, the gong rings. Ole rushes in and they clinch. Ole hits him again and again, but the Kid makes a game stand. Then Ole shoots in a left jab that catches the Kid on the neck, drawin' blood. The fool dame in the first row lets out a shriek of horror, & Loveslay turns his classic profile to see what's the matter now. Ole didn't stop to see what he was lookin' at, but he did see a unprotected jaw, and with all the force in his brute of a body he lets loose the most terrific smash I ever seen, lands square on the Kid's pan, and sends him hurtling thru the air, bustin' the ropes, and landin' in the laps of the press reporters down below. That ended the fight and it ended Kid Williams too. Whereas before the papers had called him a finished boxer, now no one could deny it. He was finished all right. He never put on a pair of boxin' gloves again for the rest of his life.



---IT WAS SOME FIGHT.

Now it seems that this dame at the ringside, which has put such a sudden end to the Kid's career was a old friend who he had admired a great deal at Harvard, and now he appears to have fell for her flat. In about a month the announcements of their marriage is fillin' the papers, so it seems that after a two year contract with me, he has got a life contract with this young lady, & I hope that his present contract will not call for so much fightin' as did his first one. I hears how his Dad is given him another chanst, so here I am, still looking for another sure comer what will make me the manager of a Champeen, and one what will not quit at the top of the ladder for a dame as did Loveslay Dwight Berloste, 3d, who I still think was the greatest World's Champ what ever almost might have been.

FATE

By David P. Wiener

Some people are born lucky; others by dint of hard work become lucky; still others by a trick of fate are made lucky. In the latter class belonged Reginald Stout McCracken. How so, you ask? Listen for the next seven minutes.

Reginald Stout McCracken like the rest of us, was born some time or other, developed a certain amount of baseball ability, and became a candidate for the high-school team. (Time certainly does "fugit"). Then it was that he earned the nickname "Rockhead" for, altho he could hit a' la "Ty" Cobb, and field according to Hoyle, his head was like adamant (f. o. b.). As a matter of fact, any expert on physiology or "boneolgy" would have passed Reginald's cranium as 100% pure and legitimate concrete.

With time still "fugiting," R. Stout, by what means I do not know, had received at college a degree of A. B. (No doubt signifying At Bat), and had proceeded immediately to sign a contract with one of the major league teams. (Those of you familiar with big-time baseball know which nine I am referring to.)

Reginald had been playing with the team for sometime and the splendid form he displayed was unfortunately counteracted by his poor headwork. The only time R. Stout used his head was when he intercepted a pitched ball seven inches above his neck.

And now, the story having progressed satisfactorily thus far let us get ready for the fates.

Reginald (our hero) was promenading along the main street; so were other people. Like Reggy, they crossed the streets. Autos galore sped on their way like homeless grasshoppers. Among them was a blue limousine.

In his college days Reggy had learned that the shortest distance between two points is a straight line. But at this particular moment he could not apply the axiom. Instead of proceeding in a straight line Reginald (or Mac, for short) zigzagged among the countless autos.

"Confound it; there it goes again!" he ejaculated disgustingly, 'It' was his newspaper which had, without informing Reggy, fallen unceremoniously from his pocket. "I can't let that paper stay there," he continued, "I didn't read all the knocks the sporting 'ed' handed me today;" and as he stooped to pick it up of a sudden Reginald was in the seventh heaven and, at the same time, at the bottom of dear old Mother Earth. At least in his mind he was. He had been struck by the aforementioned blue limousine and hurled, like a flying meteor, to the lowly and eagerly waiting sidewalk.

When Reginald Stout McCracken awoke the next day from peaceful slumber in the hospital he was minus the 'Stout.' For he was so shaken up, so nervous-stricken, that his weight had dropped as fast as the rents had gone up.

"Who hit me?, what inning is it?, who won?, what's the score?" were Reggy's first words as he gazed upon the nurse by his bedside, and then realizing for the first time what had happened to him, questions changed accordingly to "Where's my clothes, where's my pocket book?"

The nurse assured him that all was well excepting his hurts and while she was thus consoling him, his manager, or 'boss' (to use the players' term) came strolling in.

"Say, Reggie, you look as if a house hit you," began Manager Duffy.

"I may look as if a house hit me, boss,

but I know an auto did the job," R Stout replied smilingly in repartee.

But his smile changed abruptly to a frown. In Duffy's pocket was the morning paper with part of the sporting page showing. This is the headline he read: "Reggie McCracken struck by auto; will be out for two weeks. Manager Duffy contemplating release to minor league team."

"Now, Duffy, that's not the true dope, is it?"

"What do you mean, Reggy?"

"Why, that writeup there, in the paper," Reginald replied, pointing to the newspaper in the pilot's pocket.

Duffy paused for a moment.

"Well you see, Mac, it is half-way true. You'll have to admit you've been using your 'bean' the wrong way at the right time. Why the day before yesterday, with orders to wait out the pitcher, you went ahead and hit into a neat double play. Pretty neat—yes, for the other team. Now here's Sammy Veach taking your place in left yesterday and hitting 500 for the day. That's playing."

Duffy paused and thought awhile. So did Reggy. However right the fans and players were in the assertion that his head was bone (and solid at that), Reginald could think—and also worry. At this moment his imagination wandered. He pictured to himself the unenvied hero of the tale. "Back to the Bushes." That must never happen. Relegated to a minor league team? That would ruin him and his professional career.

Reggy "broke the ice."

"Say, Duffy, give me another chance."

Duffy did. Two and a half weeks later R. Stout was out of the hospital and back in baseball regalia. He could not have picked a better day for his return to the game. The ever-working sun was making it hot for the 10,000 bleacherites, and there were 30,000 more rabid fans in the grandstand.

When Reggy took his turn at bat, there was a general greeting of cheers that seemed to smack more of sympathy than of expectation. To use the language of one dyed in the wool-fan, "He's a good boy. Too bad he was hurt — hope that auto knocked his head in shape."

Anyway, Reginald, on the second ball pitched, laid down a pretty bunt—a bunt supreme. As the critics are wont to say, "accidents will happen."

But when dear little Reggy on his next trip to the plate hit a "Babe Ruth" over the left field wall—enough said. Conclusion—R. Stout ended the day's work with four clean hits out of five times at bat.

The fans liked this; so did the sport-page reporters who made big play of McCracken's bat work. But what pleased these scribes still more was the fact that friend Reggy continued his hitting streak during the month and in addition was running the bases like a Frankie Frisch. And then was brought up the question: "Is Reggy McCracken a bonehead after all?" Which brings Manager Duffy in the limelight once more.

"Say fellows"—Boss Duffy was talking to Reiss of the "Globe," Benson of the "Tribune," Marlin of the "Ledger," and McFadder of the "Mail"—"say fellows—get this straight from the shoulder. This lad McCracken is no more a bonehead than I am the king of Albania. I've watched the boy pretty close since he's been with me. He's been afraid right along—been afraid he wouldn't make good—always afraid he wouldn't hit the ball or else that he'd muss up on a play. What was the result?—he would muss up the play. That was the trouble with him when he played in college — scared clean thru. It's out of him now, tho, fellows. That blue limousine did it, take my word.

(*Continued on Page* 176)



Senior Editor—I. Bernard Harkavy

Once more we sense "The thrill that comes at parting." The first time we felt this, was when during our last year in the grammar school we first thought of what we were to do, having left that haven. Again, we feel it. Now, when we are about to leave the high school, that second haven, the feeling returns. It comes together with a great deal of wondering about what we shall do in the years to come.

Once more, we are determined to do; to achieve greater things. When we graduated from the grammar school, we were determined to show the big fellows in the high school, that the really smart students were first entering, and that they would have to sit up and take notice. And so it has been. During the four years of our class' existence in this school, we have compiled in all divisions enviable records. Thus, on the eve of our graduation from the high school, we are again out to do things. To become members of professions; to become successful business men; in short, to do something worth while, whether it be done as diplomats, or as missionaries, as professional men or as laborers. When our class picked its motto, "The powers of knowledge are unlimited," it made a good choice, for now, we are out to prove the truth of those six words.

And thus dear South Side, reluctant to leave your cherished halls, we say adieu.



Class Officers



Editors

JOSEPH HERBSTMAN—*Chairman*
ANNA BREHME ROSALIND ZELLNER



Becker, Martin **124 Elizabeth Ave.**

"That soul that can be honest is the only perfect man."

Class Basketball '20; Class Baseball '20; Varsity Track '21, '22; Captain Class Baseball '21; Senior Optimist Board.

Classical **Columbia**

Berman, Harold **279 Belmont Ave.**

"But he never flunked, and he never lied,—
I reckon he never knowed how."

Class Baseball; Class Football.

Classical **Columbia**

***Brehme, Anna A.** **17 Jacob St.**

"Maiden with those fair brown tresses!"

Senior Optimist Board.

Arts **Fawcett**



Bryce, Irene 539 High St.

"In virtues nothing earthly could surpass her."

General **Normal**



Cain, Evelyn 873 So. 15th St.

"I'll be merry and free;
I'll be sad for nobody."

Glee Club '21; Volley Ball '23.

Classical **Mt. Holyoke**



***Celiano, Rose** 14 Bock Ave.

"But O, she dances such a way! No sun upon an Easter-day
Is half so fine a sight."

Senior Optimist Board; Glee Club '22, '23.

General Spanish **Normal**



Cohen, Manuel 306 Belmont Ave.

"There's a brave fellow! There's a man of pluck!"

Class Football '20, '21; Class Basketball '19, '20, '21, '22; Captain Class Baseball '20, '21; Senior Optimist Board.

Classical **Oxford**



Crook, Thelma G. 205 Avon Ave.

"In her tongue is the law of kindness."

Glee Club '22, '23; Volley Ball '22, '23; Hockey, '21.

General Spanish **Normal**



Day, Althea — **58 Chapman Pl.**

"The mildest manners and the gentlest heart."

Glee Club '20, '21, '22, '23; "Midsummer Night's Dream;" "Twelfth Night."

General French — **Normal**



***Dlouhy, Rose** — **214 Renner Ave.**

"Cheeks like apples which the sun had ruddied."

"Twelfth Night;" Senior Optimist Board.

General French — **Normal**



Dovgin, Harry M. — **270 Livingston St.**

"A man of mark."

Class Football '22.

General — **N. J. College of Pharmacy**



Fishman, Isidore — **369 Springfield Ave.**

"Where he falls short 'tis nature's fault alone;
Where he succeeds the merit's all his own."

Class Basketball '20.

General French — **Columbia**



Flachbarth, Louis G. — **37 Seymour Ave.**

"So much one man can do
That does both act and know."

4B Class Treasurer; Senior Optimist Board; Class Baseball '20, '21, '22; Class Basketball '20, '21; Class Football '21, '22; Varsity Track '23.

Classical — **U. of California**

Friedman, Moe 208 Ridgewood Ave.

"My own thoughts are my companions."

Class Baseball '20, '21; Class Football '22; Basketball, '21, '22, '23; Senior Optimist Board.

Classical **N. Y. U.**



Furst, Isidore 21 Tichenor St.

"A moral, sensible, well-bred man."

Varsity Track '22; Baseball '22; Championship Class Baseball '20, '21; Championship Class Basketball '20.

General **U. of Penn.**



Gersten, Emanuel 212 Ridgewood Ave.

"Gentle in manner, firm in action."

Varsity Track '22; Senior Optimist Board; Class Basketball '20; Class Baseball '21; Class Football '21.

Classical **Cambridge, Eng.**



Goldberg, Charles 183 Prince St.

"A proper man as one shall see in a summer's day."

Captain Championship Class Baseball '20, '21; Captain Championship Basketball '20; Varsity Football '21; Varsity Track '21, '22.

General **N. J. Law School**



Goldberg, Ida 308 Belmont Ave.

"A cheerful temper joined with innocence."

Senior Optimist Board; Volley Ball '23.

General Spanish **Normal**





Goodman, Howard — **26 Johnson Ave.**

"He was indeed the glass
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves."

Class Basketball '20; Class Baseball '19; Class Baseball Championship '20; Swimming '20, '21; Football '21; Varsity Football '22.

General — **Undecided**



Greenberg, Florence — **136 Lyons Ave.**

"Blest with that charm, the certainty to please."

"Roses of Tara."

Arts — **The American Academy**



Greenberg, Joseph — **110 Belmont Ave.**

"Who says in verse what others say in prose."

Senior Optimist Board; Class Baseball '20; Class Football '21; Honorable Mention Song Contest '22.

Classical — **N. Y. U.**



Hanley, Teresa — **61 Lehigh Ave.**

"How pretty her blushing was,
And how she blushed again."

General — **Undecided**



Harkavy, Abraham I. — **442 So. Belmont Ave.**

"And what he greatly thought, he nobly dared."

Optimist '21, '22, '23; Orchestra '20, '21, '22, '23; Stage Manager of Orchestra '22, '23; Fife and Drum Corps, '21, '22; Varsity Track '22, '23; Secretary Chess and Checker Club '22; Chess Team '22, '23; Class Basketball '20; Glee Club '20; Constitutional Committee Chemistry Club '22; Senior Optimist Board.

General Spanish — **N. Y. U.**

Harkavy, I. Bernard **442 So. Belmont Ave.**

"The power of tho't, the magic of the mind."

Glee Club '20; Orchestra '20, '21, '22, '23; Fife and Drum Corps '21, '22; Leader Fife and Drum Corps '22; Varsity Track '22, '23; Vice-President Chess and Checker Club '22; Chess Team '22, '23; Captain Chess Team '23; Class Football '22; Cup Committee New Jersey State Interscholastic League '23; Associate Editor Optimist '22; Editor-in-Chief Optimist '22; Senior Editor Optimist '23.

Classical **N. Y. U.**



Herbstman, Joseph **350 Ridgewood Ave.**

"When a lady's in the case
You know all others things give place."

"Roses of Tara"; Class Basketball '19, '20, '21; Varsity Track '20, '21, '22, '23; Varsity Baseball '22, '23; G. O. Representative 3B; G. O. Dance Committee, '21; President Chemistry Club '22; Chairman Social Committee 4B; Ass't Associate Editor Optimist '21; Associate Editor Optimist '22; Senior Optimist Board; President 4A Class.

Classical **N. Y. College of Dentistry**



Hirsch, Seymour J. **253½ Clinton Ave.**

"Perseverance gains its meed,
And patience wins the race."

Class Baseball '19, '20; Class Basketball '19, '20; Varsity Track '20, '21, '22; Vice-President Chess and Checker Club '22; Vice-President Dramatic Club '22; Assistant Manager Football '22; Optimist '22, '23; Social Committee 4A Class; Senior Optimist Board.

General Spanish **U. of Penn.**



Hollander, Hyman **274 Waverly Ave.**

"And looks the whole world in the face,—
For he owes not any man."

Class Basketball '20, '21; Track '21; Class Baseball '20, '21.

General **Normal**



Hollander, Monroe **18 Baldwin Ave.**

"Three-fifths of him genius, and two-fifths sheer fudge."

G. O. Representative 1B; Class Baseball; Class Basketball; Business Manager of Senior Optimist.

Classical **Yale**





Holzman, Herman — **175 Jelliff Ave.**

"In framing an artist, art hath thus decreed
To make some good, but others to exceed."

Class Basketball '19, '20; Fife and Drum Corps '22; Sketch Club '20; Optimist '22, '23; Senior Optimist Board.

Arts — **Fawcett**



Husserl, Paul — **777 Clinton Ave.**

"The noblest mind the best contentment has."

Assistant Manager Football '21; Manager Swimming '22; Class Football '20; Football '22.

Classical — **Princeton**



Katz, Frank — **40 Waverly Ave.**

"Knowledge itself is a power."

Manager Baseball '22; Assistant Manager Football '21; Senior Optimist Board; Color and Motto Committee.

Classical — **Undecided**



Katz, Rose — **186 Johnson Ave.**

"Honors come by diligence."

Classical — **N. J. Law School**



Kessler, Sam — **157 Spruce St.**

"The will to do, the soul to dare."

Varsity Football '20; "Roses of Tara"; "Midsummer Night's Dream"; Class Baseball '20, '21, '22; Class Basketball '20, '21; Class Football '22.

Arts — **N. Y. U.**



Kiell, Florence — 500 So. Belmont Ave.

"Good nature and good sense must ever join."

Glee Club '22, '23; Senior Optimist Board.

General French — **Normal**



Kopesky, John A. — 55½ West St.

"A man shall be commended according to his intelligence."

Varsity Track '23; Class Baseball '20, '21, '22; Class Basketball '20, '21; Class Football '21, '22.

Classical — **U. of California**



Koris, Pearl — 279 Belmont Ave.

"How brilliant and mirthful the light of her eye."

Glee Club '20, '21, '22, '23; "Midsummer Night's Dream"; "Twelfth Night."

General French — **Normal**



Kurzrock, Abraham H. — 249 Ferry St.

"Persuasion tips his tongue whene'er he talks."

President Radio Club '22, '23; Vice-President 4A Class; Executive Committee Chess and Checker Club; Executive Committee Chemistry Club; Senior Optimist Board; Class Baseball '20, '21, '22; Track Team '21.

Classical — **U. of Penn.**



Lerner, Morris — 189 Prince St.

"Not all the lip can speak is worth the silence of the heart."

Classical — **Undecided**



Lifschitz, Ralph M. **171 Barclay St.**

"His heart was one of those which most enamour us."

Class Baseball '20, '21; Class Basketball '20, '21; Orchestra '19, '20, '21, '23; Varsity Baseball '22, '23; Senior Optimist Board.

General French **U. of Wisconsin**

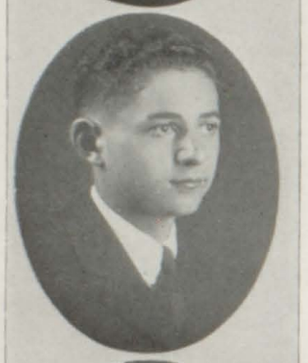


Litwack, Geo. (3½) Year Student) **289 Hunterdon St.**

"Action is eloquence."

Class Baseball '21, '22; Class Basketball '21, '22; Varsity Track '21, '22, '23; Varsity Football '21, '22; Vice-President Chemistry Club '22; Social Committee 4A Class; Senior Optimist Board.

Classical **U. of Michigan**



Lowenstein, Milton **81 Hedden Terrace**

"Wise to resolve and patient to perform."

Class Baseball '20, '21; Social Committee 4A Class; Senior Optimist Board; Baseball '22, '23.

General French **Columbia**



Lowenstein, Robert **217 Osborne Terrace**

"Altho he had much wit
He was very shy of using it."

Class Baseball '20, '21; Class Football '20, '21; "Twelfth Night"; Senior Optimist Board; Glee Club '21.

Classical **U. of Penn.**



McDonald, Margaret **482 Belmont Ave.**

"For what I will, I will, and there an end."

Glee Club '22, '23; Senior Optimist Board.

General Spanish **Normal**



McIntyre, Norman S. **30 Milford Ave.**

"Men of few words are the best men."

General **Business**



Mandeville, Dora **21 Lehigh Ave.**

"Sweet promptings unto kindest deeds were in her very look."

Glee Club '22, '23.

General Spanish **Normal**



Melnik, Henry M. (3½ Year Student) **20 Avon Ave.**

"And even his failings leaned to Virtue's side."

Glee Club '20, '21; Class Basketball '20, '21; Class Baseball '20; G. O. Executive Board '20; Class Football '21; Football '21; Varsity Track '20, '21; Orchestra, '20, '21, '22, '23; Assistant Concert Master '22, '23; Senior Optimist Board.

General Latin **Law**



Mercy, Jess **168 Clinton Ave.**

"With just enough of learning to misquote."

Class Basketball '20; Class Baseball '20; Class Constitutional Committee; Class President 4B; Assistant Stage Manager "Roses of Tara"; Assistant Stage Manager "Midsummer Night's Dream"; Stage Manager "Clarence"; Senior Optimist Board.

Classical **N. Y. U.**



Miller, Edna A. **132 Hillside Ave.**

"For blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds,
And tho a late, a sure reward succeeds."

General **Undecided**



Miller, Joseph 273 Belmont Ave.

"Happy is the man who owes nothing."

General **N. Y. U.**



Mooney, Iveagh 31 Astor St.

"She's modest as any, and blithe as she's bonnie."

Arts **N. Y. School of Fine and Applied Arts**



***Moskowitz, Clara** 182 Hawthorne Ave.

"Wisdom is better than rubies."

1B Pennant; Hockey '20, '21, '22; Girls' Track Meet, '20; Optimist Board '22, '23; Secretary 4B Class; Secretary 4A Class; Social Committee 4A Class; Senior Optimist Board.

Classical **N. J. College for Women**



Moskowitz, George 153 Mapes Ave.

"Something between a hindrance and a help."

Class Football '20, '21, '22; Class Baseball '21; Vice-President Radio Club '22.

Classical **Columbia**



Muller, Michael 490 So. Belmont Ave.

"It is a good divine that follows his own instructions."

Class Baseball '19, '20, '21, '22, '23; Class Basketball.

Classical **Oxford, Eng.**

Nemitz, Harry — **172 Waverly Ave.**

"An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man."

3A G. O. Representative; Varsity Baseball '21, '22; Captain Class Basketball '21, '22, '23; Class Football '23; Senior Optimist Board.

Classical — **U. of California**



***Nolan, Grace C.** — **93 Shepard Ave.**

"Her air, her manners, all who saw admired."

Executive Committee Senior Optimist; Senior Optimist Board.

General Spanish — **Normal**



Noyes, Louise — **80 Walnut St.**

"Music hath its charms."

Glee Club, '22; Orchestra '21, '22, '23; Hockey '21, '22; Senior Optimist Board; Volley Ball '23.

Arts — **Normal**



Peterson, Marguerite — **62 Astor St.**

"Courteous tho coy, and gentle tho retired."

Classical — **Institute of Musical Art**



Prince, Harold A. — **173 Osborne Terrace**

"You know I say just what I think and nothing more nor less."

Executive Committee Senior Optimist; Class Baseball '20; "Clarence"; Class Basketball '19, '20; "Twelfth Night"; Senior Optimist Board; Class Football '21, '22; Official at East Orange-South Side Debate '23.

Classical — **U. P. Dental College**





Rothschild, Daniel **69 Scheerer Ave.**

"I wish he would explain his explanation."

Varsity Football '22; Varsity Track '22, '23; Class Baseball '20.

Classical **Princeton**



Russom, Evelyn **117 Hillside Ave.**

"Of manners gentle, of affections mild."

Optimist '23; Senior Optimist Board.

Arts **Undecided**



***Saper, Jean** **811 So. 16th St.**

"The beginning of wisdom is: Get wisdom;
Yea, with all thy getting, get understanding."

"Midsummer Night's Dream"; Vice-President Chemistry Club '22; Chairman Color and Motto Committee; Glee Club '21, '22.

Classical **Barnard**



Saunders, Naomi **1060 Hunterdon St.**

"A gracious woman obtaineth honor."

Hockey '22; Basketball '22; Volley Ball '23.

General **Undecided**



Schlain, Tillie **34 Boyd St.**

"A merry heart is a good medicine."

"Midsummer Night's Dream"; "Twelfth Night"; Glee Club '20, '21, '22, '23; Senior Optimist Board.

General French **Normal**



Schlegel, Edna A. **902 So. 20th St.**

"Cheerfulness is an offshoot of goodness and of wisdom."

Glee Club '21, '22, '23; Color and Motto Committee.

General Spanish **Normal**



Schwartz, Wilhelmina **153 Milford Ave.**

"Her long loose yellow locks lyke golden wyre sprinckled with perle."

"Roses of Tara"; Optimist Board '23; Senior Optimist Board; Volley Ball '23.

Arts **Undecided**



Sherman, Frieda **12 No. Burnett St., E. O.**

"Thou art a scholar."

General **Pratt**



Shifman, Sadie **17 Weequahic Ave.**

"Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit."

Basketball '21, '22; Captain Basketball '21, '22; Hockey, '20, '21, '22; Captain Hockey '21, '22; Track Team '21; Volley Ball Championship '22; President French Club '23; Executive Committee Senior Optimist; Volley Ball '23.

General **Harvard Physical Training and Normal**



Smith, Albert J. **94 Osborne Terrace**

"He worked and sung from morn till night,
No lark more blithe than he."

Class Baseball '18, '19; Swimming Team '21; Football, '21, '22.

General **Business**



Snell, Winifred — **62 Stengle Ave.**

"Born to write, converse, and live with ease."

Glee Club; Optimist Board; Senior Optimist Board.

General — **Barnard**



***Sommer, Florence** — **830 So. 13th St.**

"Oh blest with temper whose unclouded ray
Can make tomorrow cheerful as today."

Glee Club '22, '23; President Glee Club '23; "Twelfth Night"; Social Committee 4B; Senior Optimist Board.

Classical — **N. J. College for Women**



Thieberger, Esther — **295 Hunterdon St.**

"The joy of youth and health her eyes display'd,
And ease of heart her every look convey'd."

Glee Club '22, '23; Chairman Program Committee French Club '23.

Classical — **Barnard**



Thompson, John — **19 Eckert Ave.**

"For every why he had a wherefore."

Track '22, '23; Class Basketball '21; Class Baseball '21.

Classical — **Princeton**



Trautwein, Helen M. — **853 So. 12th St.**

"There is a garden in her face,
Where roses and white lilies blow."

1B Pennant; "Roses of Tara"; "Midsummer Night's Dream"; Hockey '21, '22; Basketball '22; Secretary Chemistry Club '22; Volley Ball '23.

Classical — **Undecided**



Wasson, Helen F. 45 No. 5th St.

"For she was jest the quiet kind,
Whose natur's never vary."

General Spanish **Normal**

Weiner, David P. 556 Hunterdon St.

"I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none."

Varsity Football '18, '19; Varsity Baseball '21, '22, '23; Captain 1A Grade Basketball; Class Baseball '19; Captain Class Baseball '20, '21; Class Basketball '20, '21; Captain Championship Senior Basketball; Senior Optimist Board.

General French **McGill U.**

Wise, Elisabeth 45 Stengle Ave.

"A sweet, attractive kind of grace."

General **Skidmore**

***Wood, Willard B., Jr.** 45 Leslie St.

"The man that blushes is not quite a brute."

1B Pennant; Class Basketball '19; Class Baseball '20; Optimist Board '22, '23; Senior Optimist Board; G. O. Representative 1A and 2B; Treasurer 4A Class.

Classical **Princeton**

Yanovsky, Louis 185 Jelliff Ave.

"In thy face I see the map of honor, truth and loyalty."

Class Football '20, '22.

Classical **N. J. Law School**



Zauber, Sidney H. 104 19th Ave.

"Whate'er he did was done with so much ease,
In him alone 'twas natural to please."

Orchestra '20, '21, '22, '23; Ass't Stage Manager "Twelfth Night"; Chairman Social Committee 4A Class.

General Spanish **Cornell**



Zellner, Rosalind D. 116 Shanley Ave.

"Her smile was prodigal of summery shine,—gayly persistent,—
Like a morn in June that laughs away the clouds."

Glee Club '22, '23; Vice-President Glee Club '23; "Twelfth Night"; Volley Ball '23; Vice-President French Club '23; Social Committee 4A Class; Senior Optimist Board.

Classical **Undecided**



Zimmerman, Max 108 Brunswick St.

"The hand that follows intellect can achieve."

Classical **N. Y. U.**



Zweckbronner, Ruth E. 165 Pennsylvania Ave.

"She was good as she was fair."

General French **Undecided**

SCHOOL NEWS



Senior Chairman, SEYMOUR J. HIRSCH

Society Notes

Mr. and Mrs. 4A gave a dance at their home on Friday, April 6 at three P. M. The guests of honor were Mr. and Mrs. 4B and family. For the occasion Mrs. 4A obtained the services of Mr. Melnik's syncopators. As Mr. Melnik himself is a relative of the 4A family he and his assistants did extra work which was surely approved by all. Quite a few of the Faculty family were present and they seemed to enjoy themselves immensely. The affair turned out to be the greatest social event of the season and besides those whom have already been mentioned, many other prominent citizens paid their respects. Mr. Goodman was there in all his glory and Mr. Hirsch was seen with a new bright bow tie. Miss Goldberg had quite a time keeping track of the dances she promised. The Harkavy brothers were there as usual, and Sid Zauber's smile was very prominent. The hostess, Mrs. Gymnasium, was dressed very plainly as it was an afternoon affair. At five o'clock the guests started to leave, all assuring us that they had had a very enjoyable afternoon.

Assembly Notes

We, Americans in New Jersey, New York and in other states with whom we come in contact are accustomed to free public education. We take for granted the fine, well equipped schools with their staffs of efficient teachers and little do we stop to think that these privileges are something for which we ought to be thankful; or that we are enjoying benefits which Americans in some parts of our United States are not. It truly is hard to realize, for one asks himself, "How in these days of rapid communication and travel, and enlightenment can there be any part of our large and great United States which is not enjoying the same benefits and privileges that we are?

South Siders were rudely awakened in this respect on Tuesday, April tenth, by speeches delivered from the platform by three young representatives from the mountain districts of Kentucky. These boys came from Caney Creek, and their purpose was the uplift of the mountaineers in their own state and those in the other mountain states.

The three young crusaders each spoke, one acting as chairman. They were very interesting and each was a very good speaker. South Siders were especially pleased to listen because of the southern "tang" which was noticeably present in their speaking.

The chairman told how the Caney Creek Community Center was established. In 1917, Mrs. S. G. Lloyd had gone down into the mountain regions of Kentucky for her health, and was doing community work thirty miles from Caney Creek. An illiterate mountaineer invited her to establish such work on Caney Creek, so that his children and his neighbors' children might have better educations. The mountaineer donated the land. Others built a shack. The center has grown to about twenty buildings. He told South Siders that if our auditorium were to be set down on Caney Creek the mountaineers would be obliged to take an axe and shovel and dig some of the mountain away on both sides so that the room might have an even base to stand on. He told us that these people were a century behind in progress because of the lack of opportunities. That the mountains have isolated the regions and its people for the last 200 years; and that they were suffering from illiteracy and backwardness.

The second speaker told South Siders that it was a country without an inch of railroads, and told of an incident of a mountaineer who

had traveled to the nearest town about 250 miles away and for the first time in his life seen a locomotive. As the locomotive was standing there puffing, and puffing away, the mountaineer sadly shook his head and said, "The poor thing. It's all out of breath."

The chairman also explained that shortage of teachers among the mountaineers was so great that the teachers must first be taught to teach the children.

The second speaker, by means of a chart, showed what the community centers were working for in the way of shaping the characters of their pupils. He had as the goal, world service, with many stops in between the start and goal, such as honesty, cleanliness, truthfulness, obedience.

The last speaker went over the qualities of character which had been mentioned before, for which the communities were working. He also told of their roads and especially of one fifteen miles long for which the people of Caney Creek ought to be congratulated, because it has only one mud hole in it, but he went on to explain that this one mud hole is fifteen miles long.

In concluding the chairman told South Siders that they represented mountaineers of native stock; there being about 5,000,000 people in five Southern States, Kentucky, Tennessee, Virginia, and West Virginia, and it is hoped that community centers such as Carey Creek can be established in each of the 165 mountain counties of those states.

The expenses of the trips are defrayed by the alumnae of Wellesley, Mt. Holyoke, Radcliffe, Smith and other colleges.

Celebration of Arbor Day

Arbor day, April 13, was appropriately commemorated in South Side in two ways: first, by an excellent program in the assembly, and second, by an arbor day collection.

The arbor day exercises were opened by an address by Col. Kerfoot who gave us some interesting facts about the Military Training Camp at Plattsburg, New York. This camp aims to train young men from the ages of seventeen to twenty-seven, instructing them along the lines of sanitation, hygiene, military tactics, and patriotism. This course is open to young men, of the ages above mentioned, from August 1 to 31, 1923. It is a great benefit to the young man, as it gives him excellent training, and also to the government, for it helps to decrease bolshevism, I. W. W. societies, and anarchism. Any young men who are interested, he stated, may apply at the Globe Indemnity Building on Washington Street.

Following this George Moskowitz discussed "The Care of the Forests of New Jersey." He first pointed out to us the value of our timberlands in that they improve land, hold the soil together, and use up arid regions, as forests can grow where crops cannot. A few uses of wood were next enumerated. With these as reasons as to why the care of forests is necessary, he proceeded to enumerate the causes of their destruction and the means of prevention. He impressed upon us that it would only take a few men a few minutes to destroy the product of forty years. He said that thirty per cent of the forest fires are started by sparks from steam-engines, fifteen per cent by brushwood, and fifty per cent by careless campers. To prevent this destruction many measures have been taken. Among these are locomotive inspection and restriction on campers. Last of all, he urged everyone to adopt the slogan, "Be careful."

Following the next number, which was a selection by the orchestra, was a talk on "The Conservation of Our Forests." This speech, delivered by Suzanne Reichlin, impressed us further with the need of protection of this great natural resource. Great harm is done to trees by insects, and this is one of the things against which we must guard. Other detriments to forest growth were also discussed.

There was one more number on the program. However, as there was no time for it, it was postponed until April 17. This number was a talk on "The Natural Exhibit of the Newark Museum," by Samuel Ginsberg. We were informed of the situation of the museum, on the top floor of the library, and of the many interesting things it contains. Samples of these were shown us, and the demand for a museum building was discussed.

The arbor day exercises were closed by the singing of the Star Spangled Banner and the flag salute by the entire school.

As to the collection, South Side, as usual, made a splendid showing, and the result was one well worthy of our school.

Mr. Ricker's Lecture

The biology classes and a limited number of other students were given an interesting lesson on bacteria and contagious diseases on Wednesday, April Eleventh, when Mr. Ricker visited South Side. Mr. Ricker brought with him a few

reels of motion pictures which were displayed to the students in Room 213.

The first reel demonstrated by greatly magnified diagrams, how the bacteria feed themselves, grow larger, and multiply, and then how, by giving off waste matter they cause disease in the body which they inhabit. The next reel showed how frequently contagious diseases are carried by people who do not realize that their careless actions are a menace to the public. The public drinking cup has been done away with almost entirely, and other articles of a like nature must follow, for it is by such articles that bacteria are most frequently transferred.

Graphic charts showed that modern methods of sanitation have produced a marked decrease in the number of cases of contagious diseases, and that vaccination has completely routed the terrible smallpox epidemics. Mr. Ricker accompanied the pictures with an interesting lecture emphasizing the important points of the film. He had brought with him several other films but the length of the period did not permit their being shown.

Optimist Meeting

An important meeting of the Anniversary Optimist Board was held on April 1 in Room 215. Members of both the regular and senior departments of the school paper, comprising the special issue board, were present to discuss possibilities of the paper.

Dr. Kennedy related, somewhat briefly but thoroly, the significance of a special number of THE OPTIMIST. Our principal reviewed former achievements as a result of South Side undertakings, and he emphasized the need of advertisements in order to make the issue a success from both financial and journalistic standpoints.

A suggestion was given by Jesse Mercy, business manager of the senior board, proposing a prize contest, for the purpose of stimulating competition in the advertisement securing race. The idea was well received and it was decided by the business department to keep the contest open to members of the freshmen, sophomore, and junior classes. The seniors are to be excluded from this contest, because a similar one is being conducted for the dignified seniors only.

After a discussion on several vital questions concerning the school paper, the senior board was instructed to give their attention to the proof-reading, scheduled for the day under the guidance of the regular board members.

Radio Notes

Once again the pen of the Radio Club scribe has recorded an instructive meeting. This function was held on April 11 and a moderately large number was present. During the course of the meeting President Kurzrock suggested that the club conduct a radio message receiving contest. The suggestion was well received and was adopted after a slight discussion.

The contest is open to all students attending the radio club meetings. The entry fee for the contest has been acknowledged as the moderate sum of ten cents and the money gained thru the entries will be devoted to the purchase of radio apparatus for usage by the club. A prize will be given to the entrant, as the conditions of the contest specify, who, duuring the period of April 11 to May 8 secures the highest total mileage covered by messages received by the contestant with the service of a bulb radio set. The members in the contests are requested to make reports frequently on their progress in order that a bulletin may be kept.

The radio club is growing, but not rapidly enough to warrant the continuation of contests. Many South Siders are possessors of radio sets but few students attend the meetings of the club. Why not attend the next meeting and learn something about advanced radio and a little more about your own household radio apparatus.

The Orchestra

Many South Siders cannot realize the progress made by our orchestra this term and last. Perhaps the reason for this is that it is not often we have the chance of seeing it perform. On Tuesday, April 10, the orchestra played in the assembly and gave many of us an opportunity to see what a really splendid organization it is. Two of Mr. Gordon's compositions, "South Side March," and "June," were played in such a delightful and spirited manner, that one could shut his eyes and imagine that he was listening to one of the great philharmonic symphony orchestras that one often hears in New York City. After hearing our orchestra play we can understand why it is that its fame grows greater with every exhibition that it gives.

The orchestra is rehearsing several new selections for presentation in the near future. Prominent among these are: Rachmaninoff's "Prelude in G Minor," Beethoven's "Fifth Symphony," Haden's "Second Symphony," and Fritz Kreisler's "Caprice," the latter of which is arranged for a violin duet with orchestra ac-

companiment. The solo parts are played by Clarence Talisman and Walter Kastner.

The next engagement that the orchestra has will be to assist at a concert given by St. Stephen's Church, which will be held in our Auditorium on May 9.

Schools for Nurses

On Tuesday, April 10, the senior girls attended a talk on schools for student nurses, given by Miss Edith Hurley, of the Eastern Council of Nursing Education. The life of a student nurse is far more agreeable than is generally supposed. Undoubtedly many girls have been deterred from entering a nurses' training school because they have heard of all the housework they would have to do, and they had visions of a waiting scrubbing brush and pail. But they may now banish their fears, for these tasks are assigned to the ward maids, and the student nurse spends more of her time in acquiring a theoretical knowledge of scientific housework. The hospitals provide free board, instruction, text books and uniforms, and they also furnish allowances ranging from seven to twenty-five dollars a month. To obtain admission one must be at least eighteen years of age and must be normally healthy.

When they are graduated many nurses desire to continue their studies and obtain their B. S. degree, some wish to do foreign mission work, others become visiting nurses or school nurses. Large industries now maintain small complete hospitals where nurses are required for the care of those injured in the factories. For the girl who has been fortunate enough to obtain a secretarial course in addition to her training as a nurse there are many desirable positions as nurse-secretary in a doctor's office. Besides these opportunities there is a large field for social service work. Miss Hurley said she would be glad to aid any of the girls in the selection of a nurses' training school.

Mutter and Mumble

Mutter: "Here we are graduating at last."

Mumble: "Yes they're glad to get rid of us."

Mutter: "Oh no some teachers like to keep you as a collection of the passed term."

Mumble: "What are you going to do?"

Mutter: "I am going to carry around a gas pipe."

Mumble: "Tired of living?"

Mutter: "Oh no; I'll help my father; he's a plumber."

Mumble: "So you're not going to college?"

Mutter: "No; education makes me sick."

Mumble: "How's that?"

Mutter: "I don't see any education in smelling chlorin and bromin, do you?"

Mumble: I didn't see it myself, but I felt it."

Mutter: "And what are your prospects?"

Mumble: "I've registered at Coleman's College."

Mutter: "I always know you were a minor."

Mumble: "How about the other fellows?"

Mutter: "Some are going sky-larking."

Mumble: "That's right; airplanes are cheap nowadays."

Mutter: "Say Mumble."

Mumble: "Yes."

Mutter: "Will you practise the Golden Rule away from school?"

Mumble: "Yes; I'll do unto others as they do unto me without fear of detention."

Zoology Teacher: Yes, this flat fish, in order to swim has to wabble and twist its body quite vigorously.

Zo Stude: Is that why they call it a flounder?
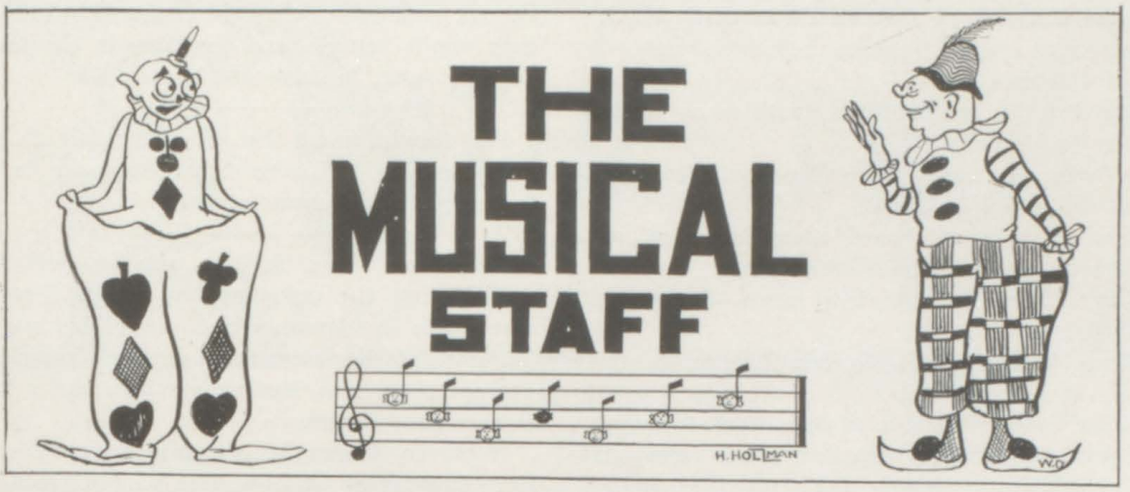
M. Becker: I passed my probation.

J. Saper: Isn't that wonderful? I didn't know you were against intemperance.

IN MEMORIAM

WILLIAM BORMAN

OUR LATE BELOVED CLASSMATE



Edited by A Musical Observer of Room 57

The following Seniors were the inspirations for the composition of these songs—

You Tell 'Em Ivories: Herman Holzman.

Toot-Toot-Tootsie, Good-bye: Martin Becker to Jean Saper.

Nobody Loves Me Now: Max Zimmerman.

You Tell 'Em, I Stutter: Dave Weiner.

Loose Feet: Louis Flachbarth.

Say It While Dancing: Sidney Zauber.

Saxophobia: Henry Melnik.

Lovin' Sam: Chas. Goldberg, Moe Friedman.

The Sheba of Georgia: Anne Abrams.

Kitten on the Keys: Louise Noyes.

Sweetest Rose of All: Harry Dovgin.

Runnin' Wild: Harold Prince.

Lovable Eyes: Ida Goldberg.

My Yiddisha Mammy: Seymour J. Hirsch.

Tomorrow: Sam Kessler.

Parade of Wooden Soldiers: Berman, Moskowitz, John Kopesky.

Black Eyed Blues: Pearl Koris, Thelma Crook.

Whoa, Tillie, Take Your Time: Tillie Schlain.

Bees Knees: George Litwack.

Dancing Fool: Joe Greenberg.

Who Loves You Most After All?: Jess Mercy (myself).

I Wonder—Before exams.

Rose of the Rio Grande—Rose Celiano.

I Love Me—Jess Mercy.

Baby Blue Eyes—Helen Trautwein.

Fate—How we became Seniors.

All Muddled Up—Rosalind Zellner in geometry.

Blue—Before the test.

Who Did You Fool After All?—Cutting classes.

Stumblin'—At the socials.

Rosy-Posy—Rose Dlouhy.

Learn to Smile—Emanuel Gersten.

Running Wild—To the lunch-room.

Sixty Seconds Every Minute—Watching the clock, fifth period.

Parade of the Wooden Soldiers—Girls in gym.

Sweet Lady—Dora Mandeville.

You Know You Belong to Somebody Else, So Why Don't you Leave Me Alone?—Joe Herbstman to Clara Moskowitz.

Gee, But I Hate to Go Home Alone—Willard Wood.

I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now?—Abraham Kurzrock.

Just Because You're You—Florence Sommer.

The Sunshine of Your Smile—Edna Schlegel.

Freckles—"Red" Smith.

Who Cares?—John Thompson.

Sleepy Head—Lynn Fooks.

Vamp Me—I. Bernard Harkavy.

Dumbell: Ralph Lifschitz.

I Want to Be Loved Like a Baby: Martha Zoller.

Just a Kiss From You: Margaret McDonald.

Oh, Harold, I Want You: Ruth Zweckbronner.

Just One More Dance: Evelyn Cain.

Moonlight Kisses: Esther Thieberger.

For the past term, those who have been eating their lunch in 57 have been treated to a musical concert thru the masticating efforts of S. J. Hirsch.

Thanks have been extended thru the editor.

Talking of Mr. Philip Gordon's Orchestra

A. Harkavy: Is this a Philly-Harmonic Orchestra?

?: No, this is a Simp-phony Orchestra.

Would you call the reporter a shop-lifter just because he goes into a music store and takes notes?

Some Classics as Advertised in S. S. H. S.

Traumerei, with bagpipe accomplishment—By Ralph Lifschitz.

The Tales of a Swordfish, with many scales—By A. I. Harkavy.

I Would not Live Always, without accompaniment—By Sadie Shifman.

Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming, with illustrated cover—Anne Abrams.

Trust Him Not, for fifty cents—George Litwack.

There Was a Little Fischer Maiden, in three parts—Rosalind Zellner.

Home Sweet Home, in A flat—Louis Yanovsky.

Sweet and Low, with drums and tympani—Tillie Schlain.

See, the Conquering Hero Comes, with full orchestra—Henry Melnik.

Teacher: How do symphonies ordinarily end?
Henry Melnik: In a rush for the exit.

One of the reasons why Mr. Gordon is getting gray: At a recent orchestra rehearsal after twice playing the Knight Templar March, which was frequently interrupted for instructions and corrections, Mr. Gordon was heard to say, "We will now play the Messidor March." Immediately two pseudo prominent second violins chirped forth, "I thought we just played it!"

That's one reason—another is Clarence (Kiddie) Talisman.

The "Moonlight Syncopators" have been an inspiration to some of our Seniors, and as a result our well-known hurdler, George Litwack, is diverting his attention from track to the study of the saxophone.

Whenever the South Side Orchestra makes a mistake Mr. Gordon smiles to his worthy Seniors. Henry Melnik and the Harkavy brothers. These Senior A's have long since learned the nature of his artistic temperament.

Heard in Music

Teacher: When were the best symphonies written?

Voice from Rear: After the fourth bottle.

Some people have been confined in prison for selling that which they did not have. Others have taken their lives for buying that which was not. Now we are confronted with a new proposition, that of giving which isn't.

Clarence Talisman has offered to a host of girls the Orchestra Service Medal which has as yet not even been submitted to the jeweler. Clarence might better spend his time in chirping the popular song, "I Like Me."

We should think that Seymour Hirsch might compose a new Jubilee Song, since he is about to complete his short sentence.

There are some Seniors who are still trying to dope out the unknown toy which they think was made in Germany and played by our class Virtuoso at the last Senior social. It looks like a cross between a Merschaum pipe and a tramp-steamer air funnel.

However, Henry Melnik informs us that it is the youngest of his long line of pedigreed saxophones. This one is the Baby in B (flat).

Greenberg Why do you object to my singing? Some day it may keep the wolf away from the door.

Furst: It will if he hears it.

A long story in a few words—
F. Sommer: You did.
R. Zellner: I didn't.
F. S.: You did.
R. Z.: I didn't.
F. S.: You did.
R. Z.: I did.
F. S.: I know you did.

Whenever Harold Prince starts to sing in his home room, before the bell rings, somebody always gets killed in the rush for air.

M. Cohen: Hey "Marty," what bell is that?
M. Becker: Why, that's the bell on the wall.

Seymour Hirsch: Are you sure that this cup is sanitary?

Louis Flachbarth: It must be; everybody uses it.

Litwack (singing next to G. Litwack in assembly): Say Harold, one of us sings rotten.
Prince: So do you.

Economics Teacher: Who established the law of diminishing returns?

Anna Abrams: My laundryman.

The senior sat in the parlor
And he spoke unto the light
Either you or I, old fellow,
Will be turned down here tonight.



Senior Chairman, SADIE SHIFMAN

Doings of the Senior A's

Foremost among the boys who have been prominent in South Side's activities during the past four years are several who are members of the senior class. Perhaps some have stood out above others, but all have done their utmost to uphold the standards and the honor of the Black and Gold.

Heading the list of stellar performers are "Tubby" Wiener, George Litwack and "Danny" Rothschild. "Tubby" started his athletic career back in 1919 playing end on that wonderful "scrub" team which took many a healthy walloping from our "city champ" varsity. During the baseball seasons of '21 and '22 "Tubby" was our premier backstop until an almost fatal injury, sustained in the New Brunswick game, deprived our "nine" of his valuable services. After an absence of six months, during which his life was never fully assured, Wiener is again a participant in all of South Side's activities.

In line with Wiener come George Litwack and "Danny" Rothschild. Both of these boys have spent much of their time, the past two years, in football and track activities. George was a consistent performer on our track team in '21, '22 and in the present season. Running his first middle-distance race in the Central New Jersey meet George finished second in the 880 yd. run, leading home a pack of sterling performers. The following summer, in '22, Litwack carried off the city championship in the 120 yd. low hurdles event. Since then he has garnered many points for South Side. Not satisfied with track honors alone, however, George bore successfully the Black and Gold during the past two football campaigns.

Rothschild is also in the city championship class. Last summer, competing as a junior, "Danny" took first honors in the shot put, thereby greatly aiding South Side in capturing the Junior Championship Trophy. So much for his track endeavors. After coming within a few games of his varsity letter in '21 "Danny" earned a regular berth on South Side's football varsity last season. Altho not of the spectacular type of player "Danny" was a hard worker and was a large part of that "stonewall" defense which so upset the wonderful Nutley and Central elevens last season. Many a time, as Southsiders will recall, did Rothschild break thru and smear some of our opponents best ground-gainers!

Two other boys of our class who have done their "bit" for South Side are "Joe" Herbstman and Ralph Lifschitz. Both were members of our varsity baseball squads during '22 and '23. "Joe" also carried our colors during the track seasons of '21, '22 and '23, competing in the pole-vault. Altho Ralph was not a member of our football or track teams, yet he rendered both squads valuable services by assisting in various capacities. Indeed, who has not heard of South Side's All-American water-boy!

The present senior class seems to be full of future Olympic stars. The hurdles event has been well taken care of by John Thompson, "Marty" Becker, A. Harkavy, and Kurzrock, all boys who have shown more than ordinary ability. Thompson was one of our star competitors during the past track campaign along with Nieber who ran the longer distances. During his only try at track, before being rejected by the doctor, Henry Melnik gave promise of being a quarter-miler of no mean ability.

During the outdoor season of '21 and '22 Seymour Hirsch ably took care of the broad jump while "Bill" Knef competed in the javelin and discus throws and "Mannie" Gersten ran the half-mile.

Among our star sprinters are John Kopesky and Louis Flachbarth, who was forced to quit because of a broken ankle. A shot putter of

ability is I. Bernard Harkavy. Another of our class who earned his block "S" is Frank Katz who managed our baseball team of '22.

Lest we forget, we are mentioning one of our senior boys who was unavoidably compelled to give up his studies temporarily; we speak of Lester "Red" Stern, undoubtedly one of South Side's greatest all-around athletes since the days of Weismuller and Zucker, and captain-elect of this year's track team. All South Siders will surely miss that cry of "Come on-n-n Red," so familiar on the gridiron, baseball diamond, and cinder path the past four years.

Altho the Black and Gold will undoubtedly be borne successfully by many fine athletes in her future endeavors, we are sure that our Alma Mater will always look back with many pleasant thoughts and a sincere pride upon those she is losing by the graduation of the Class of June 1923.

Senior Girls' Activities

Who would have thought that when our girls entered South Side as little IB's, they were to become the future athletic stars of the school? These "wonders" have worked hard during their four years in school, at every athletic activity which has been open to girls. Not enough credit can be given to them, for they have tried and have succeeded in encouraging girls' athletics in South Side High School.

The favorite sport of the girls is basketball, and they surely have excelled at this. In their sophomore year, they defeated the freshmen team, but were unable to conquer the senior warriors. In 1922, while juniors, the team won the girls' championship of the school, defeating the seniors by a score of 15 to 0. This was the first time that a team had kept their opponents from scoring. To be a member of the championship team is a desire of every girl. The girls who made the team were, Carolyn Kraemer, the guard who never lets her opponent shoot a basket; Hilda Miller, the fleet-footed side center; "Shady" Shifman, forward and captain, and three girls of the 4B class. The champions have been awarded S's, numerals, and miniature basketballs. Other girls who came out for basketball were Clara Moskowitz, Naomi Saunders and Helen Trautwien.

Another sport which is a favorite of the girls is hockey. We often hear many remarks (especially from the boys) made about this game, so we want to tell you that the game isn't any "cinch." Getting your ankles and shins, and sometimes your head, walloped, when the hockey-stick slips, is far from a joke. Even if this game isn't as injurious as the boys' football, the girls receive their "bangs" with just as much pride. The team that won the junior championship was made up of Hilda Miller, Carolyn Kraemer, "Shady" Shifman, Clara Moskowitz, Helen Trautwein, Thelma Crook, Naomi Saunders and "Noisy" Noyes.

The track team of 1921 was one which did us much honor by taking third place in the interclass meet. It was the first indoor track meet that the girls have ever had, and the results were astonishing. Helen Trautwein, captain, Carolyn Kraemer, Hilda Miller, Clara Moskowitz, Rose Celiano and Sadie Shifman were members of this team.

The girls who have been prominent in these sports have also won other honors. In volleyball, most of the girls were on the championship team. At the exhibition in the armory in 1922 they were very popular, playing an important part in the athletic parade, the model basketball game and the track between the girls of the Newark High Schools.

Recalling all these past achievements, these girls who are now 4A's, and ready to leave South Side, are sure to be heard of in the future, as Olympic stars, or champions of whatever college or school they are going to enter.

The Opener

Batter up!—Once more the season for the national pastime has rolled around. Once more "King Baseball" holds sway. His loyal subjects, the Sunny Side swatters, got off to an early start, locking horns with the fast Battin High nine on April 16. Anyone who thought that Jack Frost had been driven away not to return for another year was sorely mistaken, as all fans who witnessed this contest will testify. In a final effort to retain his supremacy he pulled out some mean blasts, causing no end of discomfort.

The unfavorable conditions of the weather naturally slowed up the game, and the thrills were lacking. The Battin willow-wielders had no respect at all for the slants of "Todd" Harrison, poling out some healthy wallops and chalking up nine counters. Moran, the Battin twirler, handled the whitewash brush very deftly. The final reckoning was Battin 9, South Side 0.

This was Harrison's first attempt at pitching and for a beginner he performed remarkably well. With a little coaching and experience he should develop rapidly. In the future, watch his smoke!

The only two veterans on the team, Meyer

and McNickle, showed up very well. "Julie" caught in big league style, while "Mac" scooped up the hot ones around second base unerringly.

Lowenstein at short and Ramaglia at third are newcomers of prominence. Both these boys are heavy hitters, and they drove out some nice ones during the game. Robbins, Spitz, and Marrow covered all territory in the field with great ability. Robbins was credited with the longest hit of the day, a double to deep left field.

For the victors, Jacobson's fielding and stick-work, Moran's twirling, and Gold's performance at third featured.

The score:

Battin.	R.	H.	E.	South Side.	R.	H.	E.
Sau'r'br'n, ss	1	2	0	McNickle, 2b	0	1	0
Whelan, 2b	2	1	0	Meyer, c	0	0	0
Jacobson, lf	2	1	0	Spitz, cf	0	0	0
Becoretti, 1b	1	3	0	Low'stein, ss	0	0	0
Shrams'y, cf	1	0	0	Robbins, lf	0	1	0
Harrison, c	0	0	0	Marrow, rf	0	0	0
Gold, 3b	1	0	0	Herbstman, 1b	0	0	0
Dickey, rf	0	1	0	Ramaglia, 3b	0	0	0
Moran, p	1	0	0	Harrison, p	0	0	0
Totals	9	8	0	Totals	0	2	0

Score by innings:

South Side	0	0	0	0	0	0			0—0
Battin	2	0	1	0	0	6			—9

Summit, 8; South Side, 5

On April 17, the South Side nine engaged in a friendly tilt on the diamond with the Summit High baseballers, and came out on the loose end of an 8-5 score. The team did some fine fielding, and Milton "Hook" Krasner did some brilliant twirling, fanning ten men. But as a whole, they were weak in hitting, and they were unable to solve the fast ones of McNamara, the Summit twirler. Our good stick men were Herbstman, who poled out two double-sackers, McNichol and Lowenstein.

The game started with Summit scoring a run by a walk, sacrifice and hit. In the second, South Side held her opponents scoreless, Krasner retiring three men in a row; and in our half registered three runs. Lowenstein singled, stole second, and made third when brainy Robbins ran it out on the third strike. Harrison made first on an error in fielding his intended sacrifice, and he scored when Herbstman hit for a two-bagger. Krasner fanned, ending the inning. McNichol came across with a run in the third when Spitz hit a single. The next inning was the fateful one for South Side. During the course of this stanza Summit scored four runs, by reason of three errors, two walks, two hits and a bone-head play. South Side attempted to make up for this in our half when Herbstman hit for a double, Krasner singled and McNichol's double sent in Herbstman. But Krasner was nipped at the rubber, thus ending a promising rally. South Side scored once more in the sixth.

Herbstman, McNichol and Robbins were good in the field. Robbins, in the early part of the game, changed a sure hit into an out by a fine catch. In the sixth he made a bull's eye shot from left field to catcher Goldenberg, cutting off a certain run. Spitz repeated this feat in the same inning. On the whole the performance of our nine in their second game of the season was rather good, and gave promise of better things to come. The line-up and score:

South Side.	R.	H.	E.	Summit	R.	H.	E.
McNichols, 2b	1	3	0	Willever, 2b	1	1	0
Goldenberg, c	0	0	1	Boorujy, c	0	1	0
Spitz, cf	0	1	0	Papio, 3b	2	2	1
Ramaglea, 3b	1	0	0	Pully, ss	1	2	1
Low'stein, ss	1	2	0	Morse, 1b	2	2	0
Robbins, lf	0	1	1	Randall, rf	1	2	0
Harrison, rf	1	1	0	Percelle, lf	1	2	0
Herbstman, 1b	2	2	1	Cow'waite, cf	0	0	0
Krasner, p	0	1	0	McNamara, p	0	0	0
Totals	5	11	3	Totals	8	12	2

Summit	1	0	0	4	0	1	1	0	1—8
South Side	0	2	1	1	0	1	0	0	0—5

A Tale

YANOVSKY, don't you? that GOODMAN from Moskow? Well, one SOMMER DAY he had a bottle of TRAUTWEIN and let me tell you it was the KATZ. He got it from the BERMAN; and FURST of all he took a "GALDOSE" of it, but as no reaction took place he took another "STRETCH" of it. For MERCY'S sake I told him to stop, but he wasn't ABEL to think and SEYMOUR, and so he starts raising CANE with his "NEWMITZ" and as a result he lands in jail, and they locked him up like a CROOK; but he's a FRIEDMAN now. From that DAY on he isn't a WISE guy any more and swore that he was going to save his MOONEY and kiss goodby forever to TRAUTWEIN.

I went to church last Sunday,
With my sweetheart, Nellie Germon;
The hat she wore it was so loud,
I couldn't hear the sermon.

SENIOR

Name	*Alias*	*Ailment*	*Cure*
Becker, M.	"Marty"	Blushing	Powder
Berman, H.	"Stretch"	Shyness	Love affair
Brehme, A.	"Ann"	Ask Dad, he knows	Cf. ailment
Bryce, I.	"Ide"	Feminism	A beaux
Cain, E.	"Eve"	Giggling	Room 56
Celiano, R.	"Celly"	Height	Stilts
Cohen, M.	"Manny"	Noise	Muzzle
Crook, T.	"Thelma"	Story writing	Loss of memory
Day, A.	"Al"	Singing	Cold
Dlouhy, R.	"Rosie"	Stillness	4A Class Meeting
Dovgin, H.	"Duke"	Laziness	2,000 volts
Fishman, L.	"Fishy"	No Noise	Rattle
Flachbarth, L.	"Lou"	What not?	Search us
Fooks, L.	"Lin"	Low voice	Public speaking
Friedman, M.	"Moe"	Attempt to be funny	Some common sense
Furst, I.	"Itz"	Hair comb	A wig
Gersten, E.	"Manny"	Earnestness	Love
Goldberg, C.	"Cholie"	Cutting	10 days
Goldberg, I.	"I"	Sweetness	Manless world
Goodman, H.	"Goody"	Never in school	Getting nabbed
Greenberg, F.	"Flo"	Good nature	A grouch
Greenberg, J.	"Sharpie"	Dancing	Corns and bunions
Hanley, T.	"Terry"	Inactiveness	T. N. T.
Harkavy, A.	"Harky"	His smile	Teacher's wrath
Harkavy, I. B.	"Harky"	Outside activities	No school
Herbstman, J.	"Joe"	Girls	A family
Hirsch, S.	"See"	Swell head	Washing—it'll shrink
Hollander, H.	"Hymie"	Bones	Cod liver oil
Hollander, M.	"Mush"	Arguing	Gang fight
Holzman, H.	"Herm"	His face	Sunburnt
Husserl, P.	"Paul"	Avoirdupois	Reduce
Katz, F.	"Frankie"	Size	Exercise
Katz, R.	"Dolly"	Freckles	Sand blast
Kessler, S.	"Sammy"	Awful appetite	Indigestion
Kiell, F.	"Flo"	No pep	Holiday
Kopesky, J.	"Kappo"	Talking	Authoritative wife
Koris, P.	"Pearly"	Shortness	Yeast
Kurzrock, A.	"Kurz"	Radio	A shock
Lang, A.	"Abe"	Has none	None is needed
Lerner, M.	"Mush"	Brains	Honor roll
Lifschitz, R.	"Lip"	Too much on head	Hair cut
Litwack, G.	"Georgie"	Sleepiness	Ice-cold shower
Lowenstein, M.	"Milt"	Being bright	Loss of memory
Lowenstein, R.	"Feely"	Hair comb	Hair groom
Mandeville, D.	"Dora"	Calamity	The Optimist
Mercy, J.	"Jess"	Voice	Muffler
Melnik, H.	"Henny"	Saxophone	A straight jacket
McDonald, M.	"Margie"	Pessimism	Optimist personals
McIntyre, N.	"Mac"	Quietness	Boiler factory
Miller, E.	"Ed"	Solitude	Companions
Miller, J.	"Joe"	Lack of interest	School spirit

SLAMS

Characteristic Distinguishing	*Doom*	*How They Got Through*
Quick temper	Chauffeur	Skidded
Legs	I. W. W. leader	Blown through by dynamite
Good nature	Divorce	Studied
Her studies	A nurse	A secret
Her walk	Belle	She wouldn't tell us
Freshness	School marm	Somebody's generosity
Wit	Chinese interpreter	Deep mystery
Plumpness	Dairy maid	Charity of Eng. department
Long Hair	Uproar singer	Made them put her through
World wiseness	Model for Sphinx	Real talent
Chem. ability	Bachelor	Sneaked out
"Cute" smile	Bird's seed salesman	The teachers weren't looking
His grin	Gym teacher	Somehow
Mussed hair	Politician	We don't know
Foolishness	Home for overworked	Watchful waiting
His hair	Quack doctor	On his nerve
His goggles	Composer	Midnight oil
Bragging	Married life	Overlooked
Lovable eyes	Music teacher	Vamped the faculty
"Movie" looks	Dog catcher	Study
Dressing	Chorus girl	Rolled her eyes
Poetry	Dancing teacher	Look of wisdom
Silence	Cash girl	We wonder
His jokes	Comedian	Humored the teachers
Hustling	Bill collector	Hustled through
Pleasant manner	Bigamist	Fooled 'em
Slang	Matrimony	Slipped by the faculty
Bluffing	Fat man in circus	He was getting tiresome
Always with girls	Shyster lawyer	"Rep"
Peroxide blond	Arrow collar model	He vamped the teachers
Lisp	Accountant	Watched his chance
His brains	Bootlegger	Ask him
Teeth	Heaven knows	Strange things do happen
Gracefulness	Jailbird	Safety, first
Obligingness	School marm	There's a reason
His green sweater	Circus	Efficiency (?)
Sweet manner	Zeigfeld's Follies	"On the light fantastic"
Loudness	Spaghetti blower	Rushed through
Slowness	Reporter	Naturally
Absentmindedness	Waiter	Hitting the trail
Conceit	Water-boy	So to speak
Dancing	Woolworth's 5c and 10c	Danced
Greek profile	Selling books	Good judgment
The kid himself	Bacteriologist	Latin credits
Her good nature	Housewife	By being good
Mouth	Megaphone orator	Argued
Musical talent	Organ grinder	Assisting the orchestra
The Irish of it	Movie pianist	A secret
His bright look	Warden at Overbrook	Wasn't noticed
Industrious	Cook	Much effort
Willingness	Night watchman	Eventually

THE OPTIMIST

Name	*Alias*	*Ailment*	*Cure*
Moskowitz, C.	"Claire"	Sweetness	Eating lemons
Moskowitz, G.	"Mosky"	Chem. lab	An explosion
Mooney, I.	"Ivy"	Good looks	Pimples
Muller, M.	"Mike"	Grin	Lockjaw
Nemitz, H.	"Galdos"	Bashfulness	Marriage
Nolan, G.	"Gracey"	Quietness	Jazz band
Noyes, L.	"Noisey"	Music	Overbrook
Niebuhr, E.	"El"	Nerve	Detention
Peterson, M.	"Margie"	Seclusiveness	Mixing
Prince, H.	"Princey"	Bull	Five years' hard labor
Rothschild, D.	"Danny"	Athletics	Rheumatism
Russom, E.	"Eve"	Cramming	No books
Saper, J.	"Jenny"	Eyes	Shades
Saunders, N.	"Naom"	Voice	Chorus girl
Schlegel, E.	"Ed"	Dumbness	A "6" on her card
Schlain, T.	"Bobby"	Goo-goo eyes	Blinders
Schwartz, W.	"Will"	Aloofness	Sociability
Sherman, F.	"Freda"	Unsociability	A little pep
Shifman, S.	"Shady"	Boys	Convent
Smith, A.	"Al"	Clothes	H. C. L.
Snell, W.	"Winny"	Studiousness	Vacation
Sommer, F.	"Flo"	"Jess"	"Yes"
Theiberger, E.	"Es"	Red cheeks	No more r——
Thompson, J.	"Johnny"	Fickleness	Constancy
Trautwein, H.	"Helen"	Unlimited choice	A quick decision
Van Moppes, M.	"Mary"	Lip stick	No drug stores
Wasson, H.	"Helen"	Meekness	A beau
Wiener, D.	"Tubby"	Weight	Vegetarian
Wise, E.	"Betty"	Lucille	A quarrel
Wood, W.	"Willy"	Evelyn	Jilted
Yanovsky, L.	"Yannof"	All wrong	Chloroform
Zauber, S.	"Sid"	Fun	Reno
Zellner, R.	"Rose"	Marcel wave	Caught in rain
Zimmerman, M.	"Maxy"	8Dumbness	Some knowledge
Zweckbroner, R.	"Ruthy"	H. L.	A quarrel

Advertisements

The Voice with the Smile Wins — Florence Sommer.

Have You a Little Fairy in Your Home?—Ida Goldberg.

The Campbell Kid—Florence Greenberg.

A Skin You Love to Touch—Helen Trautwein.

Eventually, Why Not Now?—Studying.

Children Cry for It—Latin Pony.

Absorb the Shocks That Tire You Out—Count ten before looking at your report card.

They Satisfy—Clara Moskowitz, Jean Saper, Esther Thieberger.

One Taste Invites Another—Dancing at the Socials.

What's Wrong with This Picture—Evelyn Cain not talking to "AL" Smith.

There's a Reason—Why Tillie Schlain listens to the orchestra, on Fridays.

57 Varieties—In Room 210.

Teeth Like Pearls—Milton Lowenstein.

The Charm of Beautiful Hair—Rosalind Zellner.

We would advise certain seniors to enter Vaseline College. It's very easy to slip thru.

CLARA MOSKOWITZ—DAY BY DAY

Quick, who's got the chemistry?
In my need are you to fail me?
Is it atoms, come ye sages
And does it take three hundred pages?
Waste no time! Unloose your tongue!
Too late! The bell has rung.

Teacher (to M. Friedman): How far have you prepared your day's homework, Friedman?

Moey: From the bottom of the page thirty-one (31) to the top of page thirty-two (32).

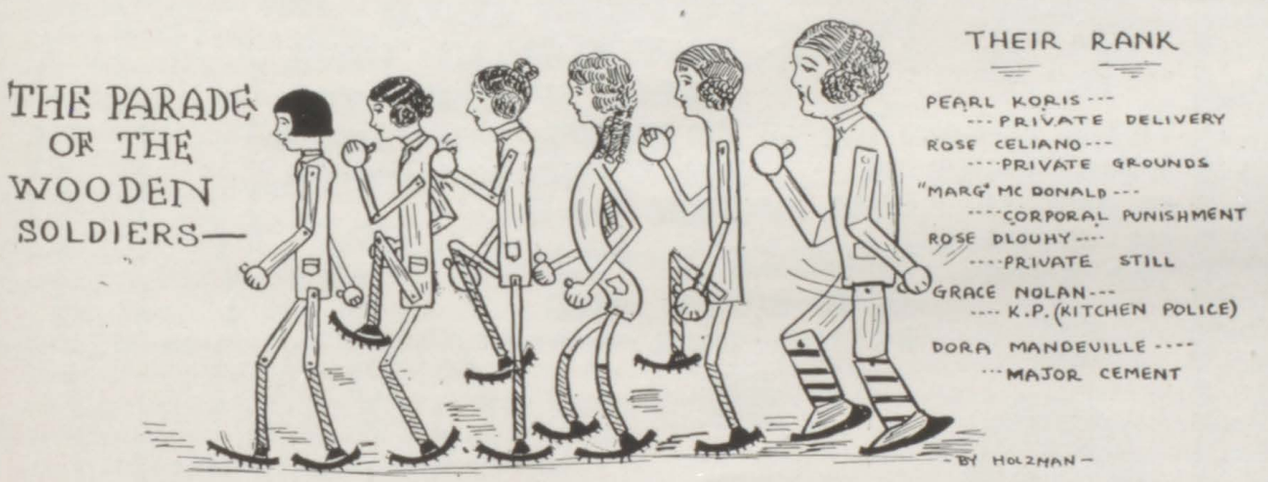
Teacher (overhearing M. Muller's Philosophy): Who is this that multiplieth words without wisdom?

L. Flachbarth: The doctor said that my leg will swell up occasionally for a few months yet.

M. Becker: And then it will stay swollen for good.

L. Flachbarth: Do you think that it is like your head?

Distinguishing Characteristic	*Doom*	*How They Got Through*
Affable manner	Policewoman captain	Good marks
Shortness	Circus	Humor
Looks	Matrimony	Her posters
Always prepared	Cabin boy	Mum's the word
Basketball shots	Awful	Tried
Gentleness	School marm	Real genius
Piano playing	Nurse maid	Worked hard
His complexion	Millionaire	Talked through
Quietness	Music teacher	Good work
Bluffing	Hash slinger	Worried the teachers
Athletic ability	Newsboy	Gym program
Her gentleness	Nurse	Worked hard
Complexion	Chorus girl	Giggled
See ailment	Gym teacher	Too many credits (?)
Sociability	School marm	Real talent
Independence	A cute wifey	You'd be surprised
Her hair	Manicurist	Liked the faculty
Trick glasses	Suffragette	Worked!!
Good nature	President of U. S.	Made enough baskets
His hair	Errand boy	Looks
See ailment	Story writing	Unaccounted for
Feminism	Shot for espionage	Niceness
Tongue	Happy though married	Mum's the word
Faithfulness	Political boss	Nobody heard him
Good looks	Blonde via chem.	Flew through
Complexion	Movie star	Cutting
Stillness	School marm	Looked wise
Light step	Food administrator	A hole in the line
Winning manner	Chorus girl	By doing nothing
His cute nose	Joker	Agreeable
Name	Jazz hound	Strolled through
Passionate ties	Henna advertiser	Love of faculty
Dimples	Dressmaker	Conscientious work
Quietness	M. D. (mule driver)	Tried
Her bandanna	Nurse	Pleasant ways



Florence Sommer: Heavens! My aunt is going to chaperone us tomorrow.

Ida Goldberg: Buy her a pair of O'Sullivan's. They'll save her the ten thousand shocks she's bound to receive.

Spanish Teacher: Gersten, stop your fooling.

Gersten: I wasn't fooling. I was looking at Miss Soloman.

Take Notice

Do you know that there are some seniors who are working their way thru school?

There is one senior who got paid twenty-five cents per dance at one of our socials.

That shows spirit boys, go to it.

Since diet came Flo Sommer's way
We're seeing less of her each day.

SENIORS

AS OTHERS SEE THEM-





HONEST YOUNG JOE HERBSTMAN · IF HE HAD A BEARD YOU WOULD MISTAKE HIM FOR ABRAHAM LINCOLN —



BELOW WE HAVE THE TWO CHEM. SHARKS, KATZ AND KURZROCK PERHAPS THE ALLITERATION HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH THEIR AFFILIATION

HENRY MELNIK MAY SOME DAY, BE AN EXPERT WOOD CHOPPER —



TILLIE SCHLAIN "THE SMALL" MIGHT BE AS FITTING AS CHARLES THE GREAT



JESS MERCY WOULD HAVE TO PLEAD - "HAVE MERCY" IF HE WISHED TO ESCAPE THE WILES OF THE OTHER SEX —



WHO HAPPEN TO BE FLORENCE SOMMERS, JEAN SAPER AND EVELYN CAIN —





IDA GOLDBERG CERTAINLY HAS A NICE PAIR OF "LOVABLE EYES"

SOL COHEN

CLASS PROPHECY

By Tuelene Nesgmar

The day was just the one for a long ride on my bicycle and since I had seven hours ahead of me without anything to do, I started out all alone, taking the usual road, to my favorite pleasure haunt. As I rode I heard the buzzing of an aeroplane motor above me, and since I was quite interested in mechanics, I occasionally glanced upward to watch the plane. In watching the plane I did not notice a deep hole in the road until it was too late, and the first thing that occurred was that I went rolling head over heels and landed at the bottom of the hill. Suddenly I felt a sharp pain between my eyes and everything was dark.

I awoke in what seemed to me a little while later, and gazed about. Everything seemed different. There was a constant buzz in the air caused by aeroplanes flying about. The presence of tall buildings around the place where there once was a hill and farmland, aroused in me a great curiosity, and I walked (attired in ragged clothes) in the direction in which I thought would lead me to Newark.

Upon arriving in the City of Newark I entered the house in which I had lived, but could find no one that I knew. However, I learned from the occupants of the house that they had bought the place from a certain family some twenty years ago, and that the former owners had moved out west. Well, since I had no money, and knew not where to seek my relatives I sought a job, and got one in an aeroplane factory as a tester of planes. A year passed, and I became an expert aviator. This was in the year 1953, and I read in the papers that South Side was to celebrate the fortieth anniversary of its erection.

This made me ambitious, and I determined to set out for the west by way of aeroplane to search for my relatives. The next day, after having received a leave of one week, I set out for Los Angeles, California. I arrived there about nine o'clock the next morning and parked my plane. I strolled about for a while and suddenly this sign struck my eyes.

California Ballroom

Prof. Josef Greenberg, Mgr.

I rushed into the place and saw with much joy my old schoolmate and friend, Joe, teaching a few high school students the latest dance step, "The Side Walk" (invented by himself) After exchanging greetings with him, and having eaten breakfast in a cafeteria situated in the same building, I went out.

I unparked my bus and flew over to Hollywood to see whether any of my relatives or school friends might be lingering in that one-horse town. I met Anna Brehme in one of those music places where they write music by the wholesale to the words written by other persons. Anna was always interested in music.

From there I hopped off to the Hawaiian Isles, and who should I find there among the Society Belles if not Clara Moskowitz and Flo. Sommer. After staying to drink some "Mushoh" the famous Hawaiian drink, they directed me to the little native school house, where I found Flo. Kiell and Althea Day, who were teaching the small native children the ways and means of Latin. (Of course the natives were delighted? ? ?).

Rising again to the lofty places I almost collided with "Shady" Shifman who was racing with Helen Trautwein, each trying to see who could go the slowest.

I reached Nebraska about one o'clock in the afternoon, and running short of gas and oil, I landed on a great wheatfield and walked toward a little farmhouse that I saw in the distance. On approaching the house I saw, much to my surprise, Mrs. Thelma Husserl (neé Crook) milking a cow, while Paul was feeding the chickens. After recovering from my shock and replenishing my supply of gas and oil, I flew away.

Thinking of going back home I flew to the southwest but, on the edge of the Colorado Canyon I noticed some one familiar, and lowering myself to about 100 yards from the ground, I saw Wilhemina Schwartz painting a picture of the canyon on canvas cloth. This aroused my feeling again and I headed straight for Chicago.

I left my plane in one of the hangars, but, having ripped my trousers on getting out of my plane I went into a nearby tailor shop and of all the persons who should I meet there but Is. Feurstein, "Howy" Goodman and Is. Furst who were employed as expert "cutters." After talking to them for a while and after my pants had been mended, they told me to hurry over to see the finish of the Six Day Race, and I arrived just in time to see Earl Stage and Joe Miller come in first in one of the most spectacular grinds of the year. "Bill" Knef and A. Lang were first to come in last. Coming out of Colloseum after the race, I passed a building that looked like a little school house, and after reading the sign I said to myself, "Well!

well! we never had a chance like that." The contents of the sign were:

"Lessons done while you wait. G. Nolan, E. Russom, and E. Schlegel, Specialists in History, Spanish, English."

It was about half-past two now, and so I thought I'd go into a show, which I did. Before the curtain rose I noticed a familiar face on one of the ads on the curtain. Yes, it was Flo. Greenberg and she was posing in the ad for Dovgin's "Baby Food."

Well! there is the curtain going up, and look! there is the famous toe dancer, the first number of the program. Well! In the name of all the hypocrites if it isn't Evelyn Cain. Before I could recover from that shock there was Mme. Pearl Koris singing her part in the next number of the program. Then the curtain went down before the third part was enacted. I saw a face peek out from a side peep-hole. I was at my wit's end because it was "Sid" Zauber, who I later learned was stage manager. I got up from my seat (I was in the fourth row of the orchestra), and shouted with joy, but was calmed when the leader of the orchestra, whom I recognized as Henry Melnik, told me there was no cause for excitement. The third act soon came on, and it was Naomi Saunders, the world famous ventriloquist. After this act the curtain went down for a few minutes, and I became cool for a while. But, when the curtain rose again my spirits rose also, and something inside of me bumped heavily against my ribs, because the fourth and last act was Ida Goldberg, the universally-famous pianist. When I left the theater I had to buy myself a couple of ice cream sodas to cool off my inner regions.

I registered at the "Hotel Nevertreat" for the night, and who should I find to be the manager of the place if not Albert Smith. I asked him where I could get a good "Russian" supper, and he directed me to the hotel's dining room where I ate some flap-jacks made by the very hands of Freda Sherman and "Winny" Snell.

In the morning I flew directly eastward, and landed in Newark, Ohio, just on the outskirts of the large Herbstman Field, named after that great philanthropist. There was a football game going on inside, so I locked my plane and went into the field to see it. I saw Geo. Litwack who was the coach of the winning team. George told me that they were celebrating the opening of the field, and that there was going to be a carnival in town that night. I bade him good-by and left.

I hung around till evening and then went to see the carnival. Walking thru the grounds, I came upon Ralph Lifschitz bringing water for the elephant. I passed along and saw the side shows among which there were Balikjian, the Mystery Man, Geo. Moskowitz as the human skeleton, Dora Mandeville, the fat lady and Frank Katz the fat man. Louis Flachbarth was the chief ticket seller at the main sideshow, where Morris Lerner and Sam Kessler were featured as the only two men with hard wood heads. I always thought Louis was good at getting money from tightwads. Among the crowd I met and spoke to Edna Miller, Hilda Miller, Marguerite Peterson, Lynn Fooks, and Ruth Zweckbronner. One of the most interesting shows was that of the living Tongue Twister who was E. Thieberger herself. She always did talk too fast for us when we were in srhool.

I passed a tent with a sign on the outside on which read:

"Fortunes Told"

I entered it, and met Helen Wasson who was the spiritualist. Niebuhr was the fellow who was waving the big fan. We could expect this because they were always so good and quiet.

Going back to my hotel I passed the store of Kurzrock and Co., Radio Supplies. "Self Service Radio Machines installed while you wait" was on the sign outside. I entered and found Abe, also Litwin and Kopesky working away at their new invention, which is supposed to comb hair, cut meat, skin potatoes and do other odd jobs by radio. Well, anyway, I wished them luck and said good-by.

In the morning, I left for Pennsylvania, but was detained in the air and given a sound lecture by the two coperettes Rose Dlouhy and Teresa Hanley. They said I was going too fast. In Scranton I met I. B. Harkavy; he was editor of the "Scranton Daily Scratch" and he took me over to his brother's office. Abe Harkavy was an accountant. I always thought he was good as figures, and it's no wonder; he had as stenographers Tillie Schlain, "Betty" Wise, and Annella Hastings. Anna Abrams and Martha Zoller had their office next to Abe's; they were bankerettes. Passing thru the streets later I saw a billboard with the advertisement:

Use the Sparkless Spark Plug
JOHN THOMPSON & CO.
Sole Distributors

From Pennsylvania I flew over to New York and passing over Sing Sing I saw D. Rothschild, H. Prince, S. Hirsch and Chas. Goldberg pacing the walls as guards. You recall

that Danny always was a good guard. I flew low, and hallooed to them and in the walled field I saw "Galdos" Nemitz and "Stretch" Berman making little ones out of big ones. I wondered at that because I always knew those two boys to be honest fellows.

I next planed over to Washington, D. C., and stopped at the Congressional Hall, and saw Vivian Tompkins and Louis Yanovsky, who were senators. "Shnoos" told me that Moe Friedman was champion poker player of the District of Columbia. I left the renowned place and after walking a few blocks I saw a crowd gathered around an ambulance. I rushed over to that part of the street, and was informed that Louis Katchen of the firm of Holzman, Katchen, Inc., painters and decorators, had fainted from overwork. Just before the ambulance rode away I noticed that the chauffeur of it was Stanley MacIntyre, and the nurse was Caroline Kraemer. Turning away from the crowd I saw Wm. Veiser trying to crank his Ford. "Dave" Weiner and Max Zimmerman, who I later learned were on the office force of the President of the U. S., were in the car. Their job was to empty the waste baskets.

From Washington, I bolted over to Miami, Florida, where I saw Is. Fishman, who was spending the summer there with the "400." He was chauffeur for "Milt" Lowenstein of the law firm of Monroe Hollander & Co.

Since my plane could be converted into an automobile I did so, and, wanting to go to the beach I had to cross a small canal by means of a ferryboat. Four sailors on board the ferry were singing the song "A Capital Ship." I later found out that these sailors were nobody else but Geo. Pfaus, M. Cohen, "Marty" Becker and "Mike" Muller. I noticed Jess Mercy up on the front of the boat, and "Marty" informed me that he was used as the fog horn. I always remembered "Mercy" for his loud laugh. Becker then introduced me to his wife (neé Jean Saper. She was the matron for the passengers.

On the beach the Cinema Motion Picture Co. was filming a picture entitled "She Fell For Him, and He Let Her Lay," by the famous scenario writer Emanuel Gersten. Featuring in this picture was Rose Celiano with little blonde Robbie Lowenstein acting opposite her. Among the bathing beauties were Marguerite MacDonald, Iveagh Mooney, Rosalind Zellner, and Rose Katz. The camera man was "Hymie" Hollander (himself), and the director was Willard Wood.

Well, my time was up, and my search was rewarded, altho I did not find my relatives after searching in so many cities. I converted my machine back into an aeroplane and set out for Newark a little discouraged, for I thought I would never see my relatives again.

I arrived in Newark safely and upon entering my shop-room I found to my surprise, my long lost relatives. After exchanging greetings, they informed me that they had come from the west in search of me, believing that I was still alive. They had searched around Newark, and knowing that I took great interest in mechanics they had sought for me in the aeroplane factories until they had inquired in my factory, and then waited for me to come back from my search for them.

Then the teacher said, "Tuelene, it's about time that you awoke."

Harold Prince: Since Clara has had her hair waved, it looks good enough to eat.

Rose Celiano: Oh, do you like shredded wheat?

At the Prom.

Manuel Cohen: May I have the next dance?

Sadie Shifman: Oh, surely! What's the song they're playing now?

Manuel Cohen: Why — er — "Home Sweet Home."

Sauce for the Gander

Teacher: Late again, Mr. Litwack?

Georgie: You said you didn't like the students in your classes to watch the clock.

Every 4A: I've come to thank you for all I know.

Every Teacher: Don't mention it; it's only a trifle.

Muller: Where did you get that black eye?

Friedman: I was looking thru a knot hole in a fence and it got sun burnt.

Clara Moskowitz: What a haughty thing that old porcupine is.

Friedman: Yes, he's awfully stuck up, yet he has a lot of fine points.

Yanovsky (in chemistry): Yes, I know the answer. Kindly repeat the question.

THE OPTIMIST

THE WOMAN

Best News Spreader in Town

VOL. XIII, No. 131313 PRICE $ .13

Cupid Scores Another Victory As Prosecutor's Daughter Elopes

Dan Cupid, that irrepressible sprite, scored another knock-out last night when Miss Anataisse Flachbarth, oldest daughter of Prosecutor Louis Flachbarth of Shampoo, N. J., eloped with Mr. Ebenezer Litwack, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Litwack of this city. Mr. Litwack, Sr., is president of the Stringem Frankfurter Co. It is suspicioned that the young couple had been planning their elopement for quite a few months since the prosecutor, Mr. Flachbarth, has been a political enemy of the elder Mr. Litwack for the past thirty-five years and thus did not favor the match.

Throngs of Opera Patrons Disappointed

More than 13,000 people, who were among the audience of the Muses Opera House, went home sadly disappointed when the manager, Mr. Sid Zauber, announced that owing to the failure of getting her finger nails manicured on time Mlle. Ida Goldberg, the pianist and favorite of the opera's patrons, could not perform. Mlle. Goldberg was to have played the thirteenth movement from Señor Josef Greenberg's thirteenth sympathy.

Noted Lexicographer Awarded Prize

Mr. I. Bernard Harkavy, the world known lexicographer, has been presented with the Colgate Octagon Medal for having been able to discover more variations of the spelling of words than any other American. It has been said that Mr. Harkavy received valuable aid in his high school days, since he had to read the manuscript handed in for THE OPTIMIST, the school paper of which he was Editor-in-Chief.

Pork Packing Co. Wins Suit

The Gersten Pork Packing Co., Inc., of Eskimopie, Louisiana, through the able and untiring efforts of their corporation lawyer, Mr. Seymour J. Hirsh, after years of continuous suit against the Friedman Pickeling Works, Inc., for alleged patent infringment, has been awarded thirteen dollars ($13) damages. The latter firm was represented by Mr. Milton Lowenstein of the M. Hollander & Co. law offices.

Paul Husserl Appointed to City Job

At the meeting of the City Commission this afternoon it was announced that Mr. Paul Husserl, an oldtimer in Newark politics, has accepted the position of sewer cleaning inspector. Mr. Husserl has been a resident of Newark since his birth and the citizens will surely welcome his appointment with delight.

Besides this appointment, each commissioner gave the monthly report of his or her department. Director of Public Improvements Miss Clara Moskowitz said that her department was getting better and better day by day due to good leadership. Some new additions in the form of the appointment of Harold Berman and Mike Muller as custodian of the lawn in front of the City Stables have been made during the past month.

Watchman Receives Reward

The Shoeleather Hide Co. of Frelinghuysen Avenue rewarded its watchman, Louis Yanovsky, with a crocheted gun case for his bravery in chasing a gang of street urchins from the steps leading to the company's offices. During the skirmish Yanovsky received a dislocated toe nail but despite this serious injury he was at his post promptly the next morning.

Famous Dancers Win Long Distance Dancing Title

Miss Rose Celiano and Mr. Howard Goodman won the Long Distance Dancing Championship of the world last week. They danced from Hollybery, Cal., to Moonshine, Ky., in thirteen days. Food was supplied them through a special feeding device invented by Abraham Kurzrock, the world known inventor. In order that friction would be reduced their path was soaked with oil.

Society Notes

Robert Lowenstein, the Mosquito Netting King, of Hamsandwich, North Dakota, is visiting Mr. Harold A. Prince, the electric magnate, at his summer home in Harrison-on-the-Passaic, N. J.

Mr. Abraham I. Harkavy, the famous comedian who was known by the vaudevillian fans as "Smiling Abe Harkey," has announced his retirement from the stage. Mr. Harkavy is at the present time owner of the "Spotlights of 1950," the latest Broadway hit, featuring Rose Celiano, the popular dancing idol of Mulberry street.

Miss Tillie Schlain, queen of American models, departed yesterday on a vacation tour through the South Seas. Miss Schlain has spent a strenuous season posing for two beautiful statues for Miss

Sadie Shifman, the famous sculptress, and therefore will spend a few months yachting in order to recuperate.

Sports

"Home Run" Nemitz at last succeeded in breaking the home runs in one-game record set by Joe Herbstman in 1944. The new record set is thirteen home runs in one game, one more than Herbstman's record.

John Kopesky, the human fish, yesterday accomplished the greatest feat since prohibition was passed by swimming across the Morris Canal without using his left big toe. His time was thirteen hours and thirteen minutes.

Advertisements

THE KATZ KENNELS, INC.

Dogs of all nationalities for sale at any time. No credit. "In God We Trust."

MELNIK'S SOUP-EATERS

Music of all sorts for all purposes.

You may need music eventually, so—why not now?

Funerals our specialty.

THE FLAT TIRE CO.

We sell tires in all shapes and forms. Our special spring models have just made their appearance.

C. Goldberg—Proprietor

THE ARTYFISHAL BEAUTY SHOP.

Successors to

Wiener & Lifschitz, Inc.

Our complexions carry our money-back guarantee to wear like iron. Sand-blasting cheerfully and well done by sandblasters who know how to sand blast. We refer you to Mr. Howard Goodman, the famous dancer, who says: "After being treated by the Artyfishal Beauty Shop I must renounce all that I have said about other beauty shops for now I see that there is always one worst."

LIN FOOK'S SPORT SHOPPE, INC.

We wish to announce that after years of analyzing, our chemists have at last discovered a pair of pants fit to wear in crap shooting, America's foremost indoor sport. These pants have special reenforced knees of a material called "Ripwell," that we guarantee for five games not exceeding seven hours and eleven minutes each.

Louise Noyes: We orchestra members are certainly loyal to South Side. At the convention we had a big "S" on Mr. Gordon's soap box.

Rose Celiano: Yes, "S" for soap.

Teacher: What is gas?

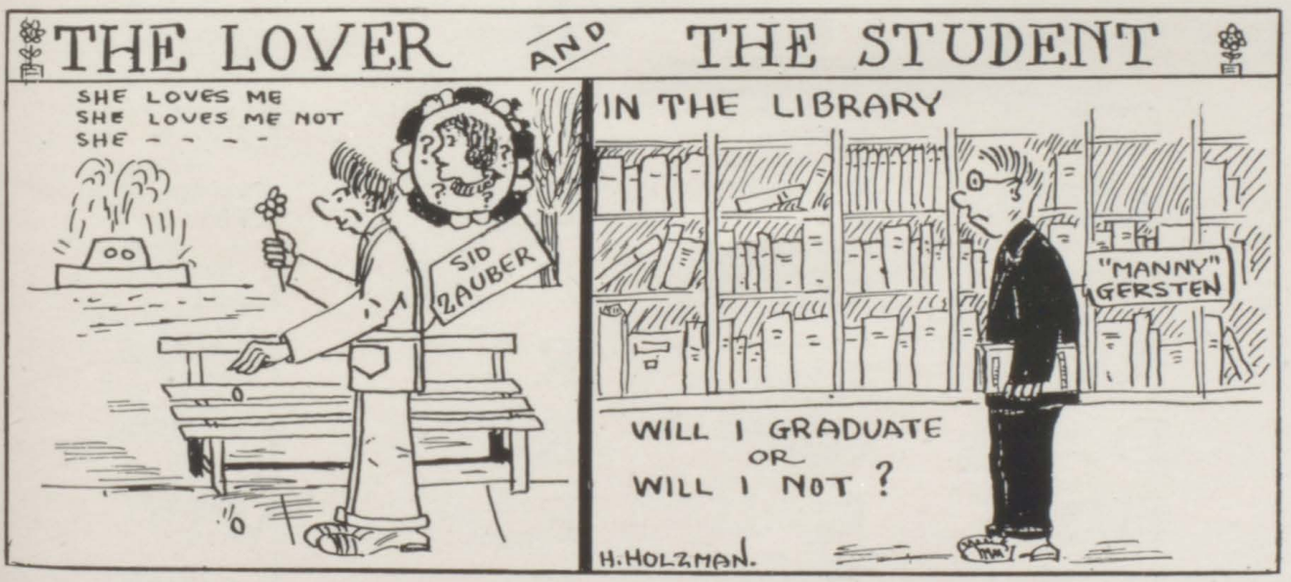
John Kopesky: It's what you take after an exam.

Those Girls

Adelaide Shaw: Rose, hurry. Joe is waiting to speak to you over the wire.

Rose Katz: I'll be down soon, just four more chapters.

Tillie Schlain (to Ida Goldberg): Talking about books, have you ever red Flannel?



KNOCKS AND BOOSTS

Martin Mostly

Becker Blushing

Anna Always

Brehme Benevolent

Harold Husky

Berman Boy

Irene Industrious

Bryce Belle

Evelyn Ever

Cain Charming

Rose Rosy

Celiano Cheeks

Manuel Mama's

Cohen Child

Thelma Too

Crook Chubby

Althea Another

Day Damsel

Rose Ready

Dlouhy Doer

Harry Honey

Dovgin Dove

Louis Late

Fishman Forever

Louis Loves

Flachbarth Flattery

Lynn Likes to

Fooks Fool

Moe Maiden

Friedman Flatterer

Isadore Issy

Furst Fast?

Emanuel Ever

Gersten Going

Ida Idol of

Goldberg Gold

Charles Cutting

Goldberg Genius

Howard He's

Goodman Good

Florence Flashy

Greenberg Girl

Joseph Jolly

Greenberg Guy

Theresa There's

Hanley Hope

Abraham I. Always

Harkavy Happy

Bernard Industrious but

Harkavy Happy

Joseph Jolly

Herbstman Hombre

Seymour Seldom

Hirsch Here

Hyman His

Hollander Highness

Monroe Mighty

Hollander High

Herman Happy

Holzman Hooligan

Paul Plenty of

Husserl Hokum

Rose Right

Katz Kind

Frank Fragile

Katz Knave

Florence Fains

Kiell Knowledge

Samuel Some

Kessler Knight

Pearl Prize

Koris Kid

John Joy

Kopesky Killer

Abraham Always

Kurzrock Kicking

Abel Always

Lang Laughing

Ralph Ready

Lifschitz Laborer

Morris Mighty

Lerner Lazy

George Girl's

Litwack Lord

Robert Ritz

Lowenstein Leader

Milton Most

Lowenstein Lucky

THE OPTIMIST

Dora Dear

Mandeville Me

Jess Just

Mercy Merry

Margaret Music

McDonald Maker

Norman Noiseless

McIntyre Meek Individual

Joseph Jolly

Miller Miller

Edna Ever

Miller Modest

Henry His

Melnik Majesty

Iveagh I'll

Mooney Marry

Clara Clear

Moskowitz Minded

George Great

Moskowitz Man

Michael Mischief

Muller Maker

Harry How

Nemitz Nervous

Grace Good

Nolan Natured

Elmer Ever

Nieber Nimble

Louise Lotta

Noyes Noise

Marguerite Much

Peterson Punch

Harold Human

Prince Phonograph

Daniel Daring

Rothschild Ruffian

Evelyn Ever

Russom Ready

Jean Just

Saper So

Naomi Never

Saunders Sad

Edna Ernest

Schlegel Student

Wilhemina Winning

Schwartz Smile

Sadie Some

Shifman Shot

Tillie Talkative

Schlain Senior

Freda Foolish

Sherman Senior

Winifred What

Snell Solemnity

Albert Always

Smith Studying (?)

Florence Fussing

Sommer Sallie

Esther Ever

Theiberger Talking

John Just

Thompson Trouble

Helen Humorous

Trautwein Talker

Marion My

VanMoppes Vagabond Maid

Helen Honest

Wasson Woman

David Dainty

Wiener Walk

Elizabeth Evades

Wise Work

Willard Willing

Wood Worker

Louis Lazy

Yanovsky Youth

Sidney Shining

Zauber Zenith

Rosalind Really

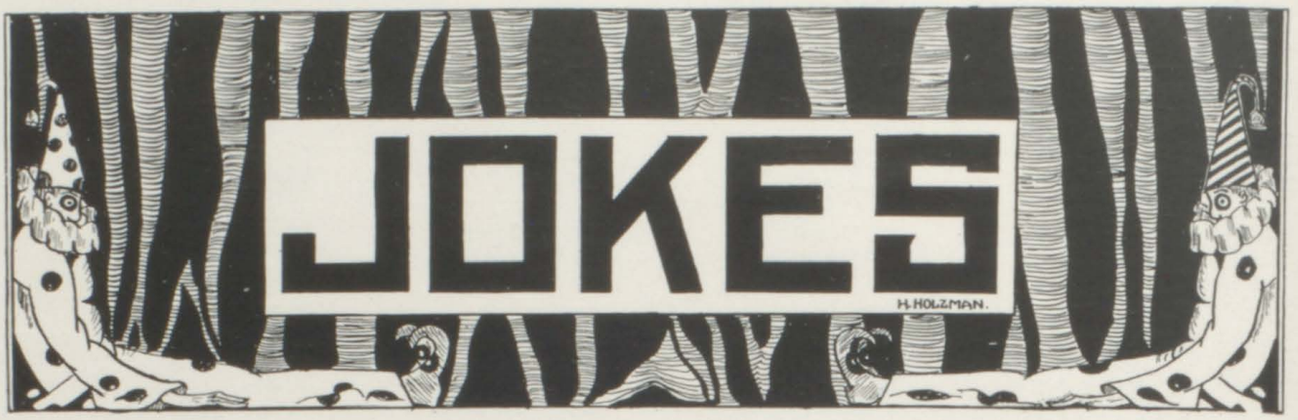
Zellner Zealous

Max Mighty

Zimmerman Zeus

Ruth Righteous

Zweckbronner Zephyr



Senior Chairman—ABRAHAM I. HARKAVY

REBECCA ABEL
MELVIN E. BACH
CARL D. BERKOW
NAOMI WALDO
LEO KORN
JEANETTE MENK
SAMUEL WOLF
JEANNE PRESSLER
SAUL WEINERT

A Toast

May this Senior Optimist
Be the best one yet,
And when it is ended,
Leave no one in regret.

"Senior Optimist" Board Meeting

Editor Harkavy takes the chair,
And opens the meeting with much care:
"This thing has to be a success,
Our SENIOR OPTIMIST must be the best;
We picked out students of every sort,
Now each board please will make its report."

Literary Board

Snell—My story deals with a man Knef by name.
Dlouhy—And mine's about Mercy, of beauty and fame.
Nolan—Here's a tale of high school romance—
Wiener—Yes, two robbers held up Herbstman's pants.
(All together)—Therefore we want more control,
We'll make this OPTIMIST a thing of the soul.

School News Board

Hirsch—Don't raise a kick now, fellows, the Seniors are only going to have a dance.

Personal Board

Harkavy—Our material was handed in to-day,
Prince—And we've got loads of stuff to give away,
Cohen—Nemitz eating soup, sounds like a horse's neigh.
Gersten—Wood's lunch is pie or chocolate eclair.
Goldberg—And Thompson displays the same bill-of-fare.
MacDonald—Now get this one, it's sure not wrong—
Lowenstein—Hollander's beard is three inches long.
Schlain—We may be last, but we've got more space,
Friedman—Pearl Koris beat Rothschild in a tongue-twisting race.
(All together)—Now just glance back, and you can see
Why we've a right to be as wise as we may be.

Athletic Board

Shifman—Those boards are all right, only they need some pep,
Litwack—They give fellows like Goldberg too much of a rep.
Lifschitz—How's this—little Katz throwing erasers thru the door,
Harkavy—Time up now, give the Alumni the floor.

Alumni Board

Moskowitz—There's not much to us, but we can make some noise.
Kiell—Why, the class of '16 just sent us some good toys.
(Interim while the Arts Board, Holzman, Russum and Schwartz present pictures of the Directory Board, Zauber, Herbstman, Zellner and Brehme.)

Miscellaneous Board

Kurzrock—The following names are surely enough,
Celiano—But we'll give you a taste of the good old stuff—

Greenberg—Furst is an artist in the game of bluff,
Flachbarth—And Evelyn Cain is a pony-rider rough.
Becker—We don't like to satirize any Senior A,
Lowenstein—But Helen Trautwein looks as if she were born yesterday.
Melnik—A joke's a joke for a' that,
Katz—So don't mind, Dora, if we call you fat.
Noyes—Our board is the biggest, and we're worth quite a lot,
Nemitz—So don't you short-space us, or you will get shot.
(All together)—The OPTIMIST must be ours, here we establish our right,
If anyone opposes, we've got eight to fight.
Literary Board—Down with those fellows, where do they think they're at?
Athletic Board—Come on, everybody, let's squash them flat!
Personal Board—Over here! Personals, let's give our great cheer,
Alumni Board—Oh! will you? Say—looks who's here!
(Enter Senior Class with shouting and yelling.)
Senior Class—We'll fire you all, if you act like this,
What *we* want is a good SENIOR OPTIMIST!

(The OPTIMIST Board promises a good OPTIMIST; everybody cheers and leaves the room with rejoicing.)

Teacher (to boisterous girls): Order! Girls, order!

Brilliant Stude: A frank and a plate of cream, please.

A Senior at That

Teacher: On June 8, we'll have a book report.

Dovkin: June 8, of what month?

Oh, Is She Dumb

Thelma Crook: What's wrong with this sentence?

Edna Shlegel: I don't know. I'm not taking English this term.

Rose Celiano: What feet do you use when you sing?

Rosalind Zellner: I don't use my feet; I use my diaphragm.

Clara Moskowitz: Yea, he knows her past, she told him everything.

Joe Herbstman: What courage!

Clara Moskowitz: What memory!

Rosalind Zellner: What in the world did you fall against to get such a briuse, Sadie?

Sadie Shipman: Against my will.

A Tame One

Lou Katchen: How was the circus?

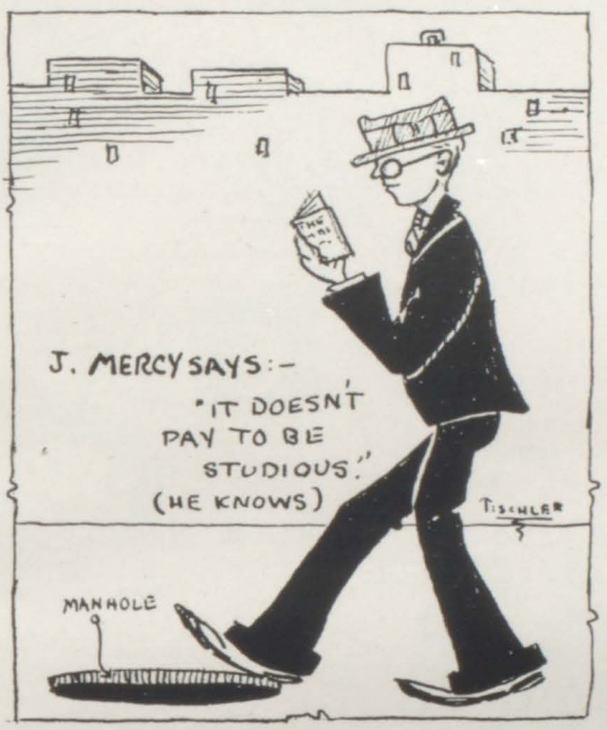
Ralph Lifschitz: Beastly, beastly.

Melnik: Give me your half of the lemonade, will you?

Friedman: I can't—my half is the lower half.

Gersten: My father is an Elk.

Herbstman: I always had a faint suspicion that you weren't human.



Chemistry Teacher: The human body contains some sulphur.

Helen Trautwein: Sulphur? I never knew that. How much is there in a person?

Teacher: The amount varies.

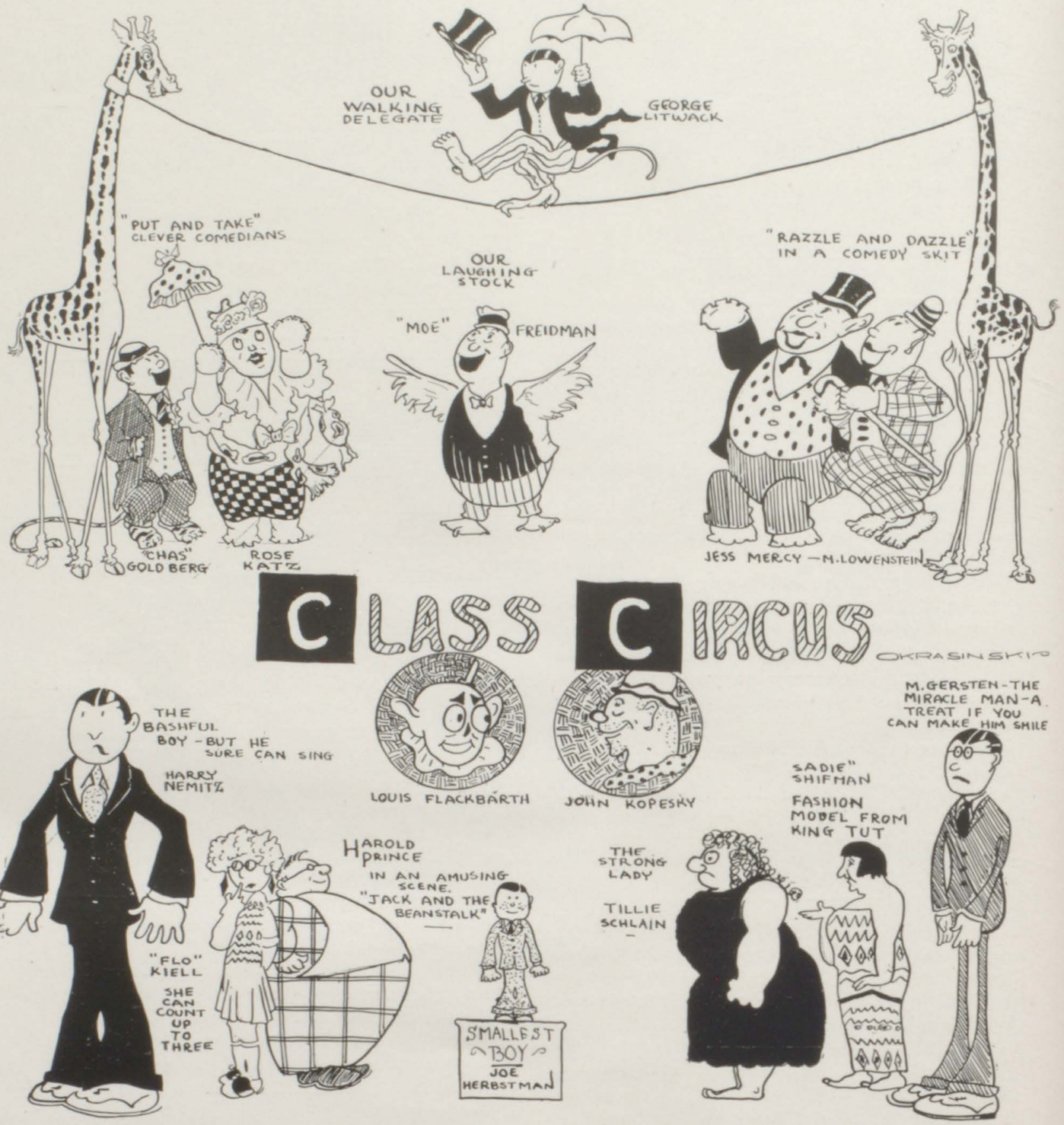
Helen Trautwein: Gee, I wonder if there is enough surplur in me to make a good match?

Music Teacher: Why did you tie that note?

Pearl Koris: I tied it to hold it.

R. Dlouhy: Lowenstein comes in and Spitz every morning.

D. Mandeville: And I thought he was so refined.


OUR WALKING DELEGATE
GEORGE LITWACK
"PUT AND TAKE" CLEVER COMEDIANS
"CHAS" GOLD BERG
ROSE KATZ
OUR LAUGHING STOCK
"MOE" FREIDMAN
"RAZZLE AND DAZZLE" IN A COMEDY SKIT
JESS MERCY — M. LOWENSTEIN
CLASS CIRCUS
OKRASINSKI
LOUIS FLACKBARTH
JOHN KOPESKY
THE BASHFUL BOY - BUT HE SURE CAN SING
HARRY NEMITZ
M. GERSTEN - THE MIRACLE MAN - A TREAT IF YOU CAN MAKE HIM SMILE
"SADIE" SHIFMAN
FASHION MODEL FROM KING TUT
HAROLD PRINCE
IN AN AMUSING SCENE. "JACK AND THE BEANSTALK"
THE STRONG LADY
TILLIE SCHLAIN
"FLO" KIELL
SHE CAN COUNT UP TO THREE
SMALLEST BOY
JOE HERBSTMAN

Senior Zoo

"In the first cage to the right, ladies and gentlemen, your eyes will light upon Harry Dovgin, the laughing Hyena, who eats old shoe leather and silver buckled dancing slippers. In the next cage of immense size you gaze upon George Moskowitz, the giraffe, who can't get a roof built over his cage on account of his longitude, and the elasticity of his neck. Adjacent to him is the cage of the buffalo. In it you see Daniel Rothschild, the only red headed buffalo in captivity. It cost several lives and a great deal of money to capture him (emphasis on the money).

"Over there in that great fish tank is Abel Lang the shark. You know all sharks have their mouths under their noses and Lang is no exception.

"Don't go away ladies and gentlemen, without seeing Manuel Cohen, the Royal Bengal Cigar — I mean tiger. He is the gentlest creature in the world, but do not arouse his fury as he will go into a rage and may strangle himself with his fangs by mistake.

In the cage on the end, do you see that peculiar animal regarding himself so proudly in the mirror? Well, that's Hyman Hollander, the ape, I guess Darwin was right.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, let us pass on to the wired cage overe there where the birds are kept, and I will point them out to you. First of all there's that pretty little canary, Florence Sommer, trying to sing the latest jazz hit. See that bird strutting about majestically with that long fan-shaped tail? That's Evelyn Cain the peacock; a pretty bird but so proud that half the time she forgets to take her tail with her. That beautiful, graceful, little, dark colored bird in the left hand corner is Rose Celiano, the red winged blackbird. Listen to that bird talk will you? That's Anna Abrams the parrot. Sometimes we wonder whether Noah Webster got his flow of words from her, or whether Anna swallowed the dictionary. That tall, lanky, stern looking bird with the long legs and long neck is Harold Berman the stork, the only living stork that stands on three feet,—of earth.

"In the glass cage filled with pretty curiosities is the pride of the zoo, Jean Saper, the butterfly. How exquisite, how chaste, how debonair, I can't think of any more words to describe her but if I were Robert Burns I would attempt to do so.

"That's all for today, ladies and gentlemen, call again next month as we are expecting to obtain some new curiosities like John Thompson the jumping kangaroo, Dora Mandeville the dancing elephant and Abe Kurzrock the blonde haired lion with the curly hair comb."

Teacher: There is a great difference between a wet dock and a dry dock. Who knows what it is?

Charles Goldberg: One fills prescriptions and the other does not.

Abraham Harkavy: Herbstman seems to be in extraordinary high spirits for the last few weeks.

I. Bernard Harkavy: I would be too. Somebody copped all his textbooks.

Flo. Kiell: Do you like corn on the ear?

Clara Moskowitz: I don't know. I never had one there.

Ida Goldberg: Do you believe that labor itself is a pleasure?

Jos. Greenberg: Why, yes.

Ida Goldberg: I don't, but won't you do this map for me?

Jess Mercy: You say you are artistically inclined?

Jos. Greenberg: Yes, that's what I said.

Jess: I don't see any artistic traits about you.

Joseph: Well, it takes art to conceal art.

Did You Know That—

Ike Furst was always last?
Jess Mercy had none?
Monroe Hollander wasn't one?
Willard Wood wouldn't?
Evelyn Cain wasn't able?
Seymour Hirsch was the chocolate in Hershey?
Harold Prince wasn't royal?
Manuel Cohen wasn't full of ice cream?
Florence Sommer was cold?
Elizabeth Wise wasn't?
Iveagh Mooney wasn't fond of the sun?
Thelma Crook wasn't one?
A. Kurzrock wasn't a new form of stone?
Frank Katz liked mice?
Jean Saper never partakes in duels?
Althea Day liked the night?

J. Herbstman: How did it happen that you were found in such a compromising position, Sadie?

S. Shifman: Well, he just wanted to see what color my eyes are; but he's so darn nearsighted.

The Latest

Thompson stops breathing all night to save his tonsils.

I. B. Harkavy takes off his glasses at night to save them from wearing out.

A. Brehme (at football game): Just look at them all in the mud! How will they ever get clean?

M. McDonald: Well, what do you suppose our scrub team's for?

Flachbarth: What's the matter? Can't you skate?

Hollander (trying for first time): I don't know yet, I can't stand up long enough to find out.

Teacher: Kurzrock, give me a sentence containing the word "anthracite."

Kurzrock: I had a party last night and you should have heard my aunt recite.

Krosky: Yes, the doctor's saved my life but it cost me over a thousand dollars.

C. Kraemer: Oh, Ben, what extravagance.

Yes, that socialized recitation idea is a great one! If you want to see it worked to perfection, peek in room 204, any day, fifth period.

Here's an example:

M. Hollander, trying to make a brilliant recitation, ends his translation with "She withdrew, having spoken such words with her mouth."

Dr. Austin: That'll do.

M. Hollander sits down with a look of triumph in his eye.

D. Rothschild: I didn't hear that last part. Do it over.

E. Cain: Wouldn't it be better to say "By means of her mouth she withdrew, having spoken such words."?

E. Thieberger: How do you get that way? Hollander's right.

W. Milone: Do the sentence before that, will you? I didn't get your translation.

M. Hollander obliges.

R. Zellner: What did you say for "poenam" line 407?

M. Hollander: What line? I didn't get you.

R. Zellner: I said line 407, "poenam." It means "chastisement."

M. Hollander: Oh, line 407. I said "chastisement."

R. Zellner: You did not! You said something else!

M. Hollander: I did not! What did I say, then?

R. Zellner: I don't remember now. It wasn't "chastisement," anyway.

J. Thompson: You said something about "punishment."

M. Hollander: "Well, "punishment" means the same as "chastisement," doesn't it? What's the difference?

R. Zellner: Lots! When you—

P. Husserl: Can't you give a guy a chance? In line 415 why did—

M. Hollander: Doesn't it mean the same if you punish a person or if you chastise him?

R. Lowenstein: You're wrong! It says something in the notes that—

W. Wood: Yeh, I remember reading about—

F. Sommer: Here it is! (Reads) "Poenam" "chastisement."

R. Zellner: There! I always—

M. Hollander: Well, anyway, if you want to you can—

Dr. Austin: Cone on, what other mistakes? And the same stuff starts over again.

I tried to get on the Personal board,
  I thought it would be best;
But joke-getting, I always abhorred,
  And the editor is a pest.
I handed in some thousand words,
  It was not much original;
"It couldn't have been by far much worse,
  Please copy it over all in all."
Your manuscript, it is not right,
  Use only one side of the sheet;
Use a pen with which you can write,
  So that it will look just prim and neat.
Your jokes are so old, as I am told,
  That they cannot be used "in toto";
We would like some verse, of heroes bold,
  To be read with a loud "Oh-ho-ho."
So do me a boon, and take it back,
  And return it to me again;
And put it in that great big sack,
  That is placed for it in Room two-ten."
Thusly spoke the editor-in-chief,
  When he had read my wonderful stuff;
And now, I pray you, give me leave,
  "That's what I get for trying to bluff."

Cohen: What's the difference between ammonia and pneumonia?

Friedman: One comes in bottles, the other in chests.

THE OPTIMIST

Things You Can't Imagine

Helen Wasson not serious.

Rose Celiano without Margaret McDonald.

Pearl Koris and Henry Melnik without their brief cases.

Jean Saper not making eyes at a boy.

Evelyn Russom all mussed up.

Elizabeth Wise without Lucille Ozias.

Seniors happy on test days.

Louis Fishman on time.

Willard Wood not asking for dues.

Clara Moskowitz away from the boys.

Abraham Kurzrock not talking wireless.

Anna Brehme not taking the roll.

George Moskowitz not arguing.

Sadie Shifman without a wise crack.

Evelyn Cain not giggling.

Robert Lowenstein not writing verse.

Milton Lowenstein without a smile.

Pupils walking to the lunch room.

Monroe Hollander not teasing some one.

Dora Mandeville cutting.

Rose Dlouhy without homework.

Winifred Snell starting a commotion.

Paul Husserl not saying "I'll brain you."

Daniel Rothschild not saying "I heard a new station last night."

Joseph Herbstman without girls.

Emanuel Gersten very talkative.

Esther Thieberger with her natural face.

Helen Trautwein saying "Got a quarter?"

I. Bernard Harkavy not talking "Our Optimist."

Florence Kiell with straight hair.

Tubby Weiner and Ralph Lifschitz not talking athletics.

Florence Sommer without Clarence Talisman.

Martin Becker serious.

Harold Prince with hair combed.

Thelma Crook thin.

R. Zellner minus dimples.

Seymour Hirsch serious.

Naomi Saunders short and fat.

Joe Greenberg dancing collegiate.

Tillie Schlain being quiet.

Grace Nolan without her lessons.

Howard Goodman doing his home work.

Ida Goldberg very optimistic.

Abraham Harkavy without that smile.

George Litwack coming in early.

Jess Mercy not disagreeing with anybody.

Florence Kiell (going to visit a friend): I guess I'll buy some tokens.

A Girl (from out of town): Gee! do you have to bring your lunch along with you when you visit someone?

T. Schlain: Do you know the company by which the picture Lorna Doone was produced?

I. Goldberg: No, what?

T. Schain: The National Biscuit Co.

S. S. H. S. Garage

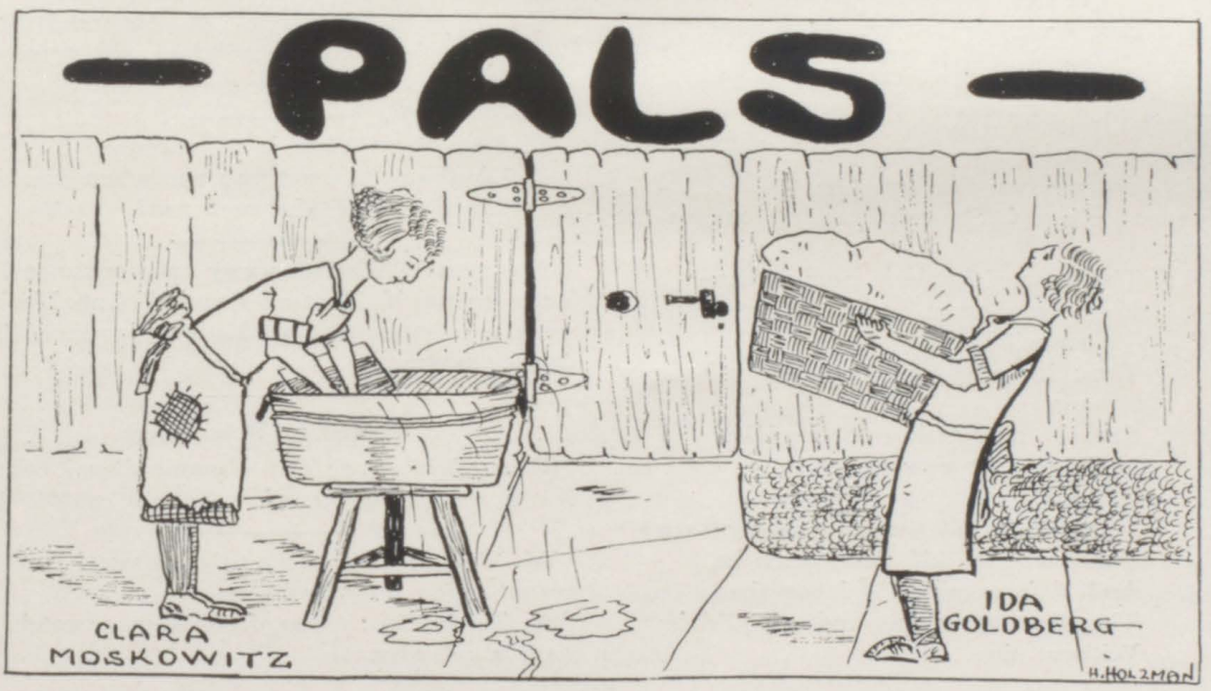
Peerless—Us Seniors.

Overland—Giddap, green-back pony.

Dodge—Indoor Sports in 210.

Pierce(d) by an Arrow—Under exam.

Flivvers—Flunkers.



The Tournament

INTRODUCTION

In the land where men are men,
There must be men like "Two-gun Ben,"
The heroes of the modern day
Preserving knighthood from decay.
But it's also quite a common sight
To see two strapping women fight;
And more than one has died, hung,
For conq'ring a man with her tongue.

ACT I

Time: February 1, 1923. Place: South Side High School. Characters: He and She.

Scene: He and She are standing at the entrance to the school.

He: The world indeed is a small place,
For here we are met face to face;
I love a little jollity,
But why do you make sport of me?

She: Ha! thou devil, thou seemst a kindly fellow,
With ready wit, and voice so mellow;
Thou art supposedly a knight—
I'll prove thee by the battle's light.

He: I'll conquer knight and lord and king,
If you to me three words will sing.

She: Enough! Just conquer me in equal strife,
And I'll consent to be thy wife.

He: What! my noble lady, what!

She: Those are my terms, accept or not.

(Exit She)

He: Indeed it is an easy task,
The easiest for which one may ask—
But how can I conquer her in battle's strife,
And have her left me, as a wife?

(Exit He)

ACT II

Time: June 20, 1923.

Place: Outside the room where fates are decided. Characters: He and She.

Scene: He and She are standing outside the room.

He: The hour of battle is near at hand,
Have you your weapons, are you all mann'd?
Thou knoweth the outcome will favor me,
So why needst thou so cruel be?
If I shouldst conquer thee, as indeed I can,
(For when did woman conquer man)
There will no wife left to me be.
And if from pity I'll favor thee,
Thou'll conquer me, and still I'd be
Without thee.

She: Thou selfish coward! I am prepared,
Be careful lest thou be ensnared,
This contest will decide for thee,
The right of woman's supremacy.

He: My noble lady, you wrong me much,
To speak to me in tones of such—

She: Enough! the trumpet now is blowing,
Is this the hall where we were going?

(Exit He and She)

ACT III

Time: June 20, 1923. Place: Inside the room where fates are decided. Characters: He and She. Scene: He and She prepare their weapons for the fray.

He: Well, my lady, art thou reeady?

She: Coward! calm thyself, thy hands's unsteady,
I will first attack thee so.
Ha! thou didst not know
That I could—what think ye now?
Tired? A breathing spell I'll you allow.

He: Proceed, lady, proceed to battle,
Within my mind, I'll conquer thee,
E'en tho I'll the loser be.
Ah! now who wins? You must admit
That I can fight a little bit.

She: But this battle has now lasted hours three,
And thou hast not conquered me;
Thy time is come,
Well, now, admit that I have won.

He: A little while let me now rest
While the judges decide which is best.

(The judges enter and one speaks. Then they leave.)

She: Ah! now indeed I'll joyful be,
For in true strife I've conquered thee;
In the exchange of slaps and slams—
I beat you in the term exams!

A. Brehme: What is a synonym?

R. Dlouhy: A word you use when you don't know how to spell the real one!

Holzman: "The new way to pronounce King Tut's name is Toot-au-Kumin," but Harkavy went one better and said it's pronounced Too-darn-common.

Heard in Democracy

Chas. Goldberg: The Panama Canal connects North and South Americas.

M. Muller: I'm going to get a watch and time myself doing these problems.

G. Moskowitz: You don't want a watch, you want a calendar.

Speaking of Ideas—Wouldn't She Be Ideal If She Had

Wilhemina Schwartz's hair?
Jean Saper's eyes?
Evelyn Cain's nose?
Rosalind Zellner's smile?
Florence Sommer's teeth?
Helen Trautwein's complexion?
Grace Nolan's height?
Winifred Snell's literary ability?
Esther Thieberger's fluency in French?
Clara Moskowitz's personality?
Rose Dlouhy's good "ole" common sense?
Rose Celiano's dancing ability?
Ida Goldberg's talent at the piano?
Sadie Shifman's speed in basketball?

And Wouldn't He Be Ideal If He Had

Harry Nemitz's hair comb?
Jess Mercy's eyes?
Paul Husserl's nose?
Sid Zauber's smile?
Willard Wood's teeth?
Joe Herbstman's height?
George Moskowitz's brains in geometry?
Abraham Kurzrock's cleverness in chem.?
Nathan Rubin's oratical power?
Howard Goodman's skill in dancing?
Henry Melnik's musical talent?
Daniel Rothschild's football prowess?

Democracy Teacher (speaking to Al. Smith): This law was passed in 1871. You remember that, don't you?

Mother: Go to the store and get me some candles and soap.

A Senior: That means a light supper tomorrow.

H. Lange (speaking of Mrs. Wordsworth): She was an ordinary housewife.

English Teacher: After a while you'll have her a Dutch Cleanser.

Tillie Schlain: What's that black ring around your neck, Lou?

Lou Katchen: I am in mourning for my brother-in-law.

Tillie Schlain: What caused his death?

Lou Katchen: Belonging to the union.

Tillie Schlain: How could belonging to the union cause his death?

Lou Katchen: While crossing at Broad Street, he mistook an auto horn for the noon whistle.

Teacher: Go about this sight translation as if you were home.

Kessler: I can't, I haven't all my tools.

Flo Greenberg: I want to see some mirrors.

Clerk: Hand mirrors?

Flo: No, some that you can see your face in.

Puzzles

How's Cohen like a Manuel? (not a donkey mule.)

If Goldberg, Cal., is a mining town, what's Mandeville?

Since when is Herman Holzman?

If one ton weighs 2,000 Lbs., how much does a Milton weigh?

If McIntyre is a Norman, is Hyman a Hollander?

If Jess has Mercy, has Nolan Grace?

Did you ever notice when Sidney's Zauber?

Imagine Thelm a Crook!

What day of the year does Althea Day fall on?

If Rose is the Katz meow, is Pearl the Koris?

If Iveagh's Mo(o)ney, is Helen Trautwein?

If Hirsch would Seymour, would David Wi(e)n'er?

If Edna is a Miller is Albert a blackSmith?

If Marguerite is Peterson, how come she's a female?

Say George, how is it Clara has your wits?

Since when is that baby Mrs. Rothschild?

If I were to call "Hark Cavy!" would he turn around?

Could a Her(b)stman be one who drove a hearse?

If Kappo acted pesky, would Flo Ki(e)ll 'im?

If Eagle Rock is 1,000 feet high, how high is Kurzrock?

If the woodcutter would cut wood, Wood Willard?

Diary of——

Feb. 1st—I'm going to study this year.

March 1st—I *must* begin studying this year.

April 1st—I must begin to study soon.

May 1st—If I don't start to study, I'll get behind.

June 1st—I should have started studying sooner.

July 1st—I wish I had studied.

Ralph Lifschitz: How can you liquify a solid?

"Tubby" Wiener: Take an egg, and break the shell.


PERHAPSBURG
A FEW YEARS HENCE
ISABELLA HASTINGS
JUST RECEIVED! SHIPMENT FRESH PEROXIDE
COLD CREAM FOR HOT CLOTHES
BLACK FACE POWDER 4 COMEDIANS INDIANS -ETC.
BEAUTY EXPERT
LOUIS FLACHBART
LAZIEST MAN IN THE WORLD
"ADONIS" LITWACK POSES FOR ANIMAL CRACKERS WITH "BLONDIE" HOLZMAN ETCHING THE CANVAS.
NOW THAT WE HAVE RIGHTS, WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO WITH 'EM?
LEGISLATORS! PASS THE MOSKOWITZ BILL SO WOMEN CAN HAVE EARS — EXPOSED
CLARA MOSKOWITZ YELLS FOR MORE RIGHTS!
"ROSE CELIANO AND MARGIE" MAC DONALD DO A SONG AND DANCE - WITH "FLO" GREENBERG DOING THE GALLI-CURCI
THE JUSTLY FAMOUS LAW FIRM OF I. B. HARKAVY & A. I. HARKAVY HAVE THEIR COUNTENANCES REGISTERED FOR THE HALL OF FAME
MORRIS HELPRIN
"SID" ZAUBER TELLS AND SELLS THE WORLD ON "HOW TO RAISE A PROSPEROUS CROP OF "AUBURN" HAIR"
CELEBRATION NUMBER

Famous Interviews with Famous Men (No. 7)

Yes, I'm a great man and I'll admit it. Its nothing to be ashamed of. I hate a shy man because shyness was my greatest hindrance to success. Nevertheless, my great will-power—but here! I'll tell you the whole story.

I was born of poor but honest parents and—O well! you know the poor but gallant hero stuff. Even tho I worked on an old farm in a little village, I had many chances of displaying my strong will-power and—but there I go again! You know how hard it is for a fellow to quit smoking. Well, at the age of sixteen, I prepared to go out into the world to seek fame and fortune. I had been told by the old hick artist, Herman Holzman, that I strongly resembled a gas-pipe (he ought to thank me for getting his name in the papers), and I thought that here was my chance, the my-face-is-my-fortune idea.

I arrived at South Side High City with exactly $14.08 (not forgetting a Canadian dime given to me by Mme. Crook, the great woman gambler, who had stopped at my home town one day for a glass of water.

I applied for a position at almost every place, but was refused. (Even my diploma from the Bunk Correspondence School failed to help me).

Finally I got a job in the sardine-packing firm of Knet & Husserl, two husky packers. They knew the business from the ground up (not far). They used Berman and Katz as the standard sizes (large and small). But they were put out of business by Mike Muller, who used better shoe-polish.

I have just received a letter yesterday stating that M. Gersten bought the factory, and is now the sole agent for the Moskowitz "Stringless String-bean."

Well, back to me. I was living in hard luck and my will-power—of course good clothes make the man! After a few weeks of practical starvation (at which I was now an artist), I received a position in the Cupid Agencies of Mesdames Trautwein and Thieberger. (They don't give the men a chance). I tried to make love to both at the same time, but was arrested for getting to work two minutes before eight o'clock. I was freed only by the greatest efforts of lawyers Lerner and Lang, backed by Alderman Wood.

I was destitute now, but (as the ten-cent novel runs) my strong will-power came to my rescue. I reviewed my successes and failures of two years of city life and decided that the acrobatic-stunt business was better than the reducing-while-you-wait business.

One night, after I had determined to do or die, Providence guided me to a beautiful gas pipe (here my success started) lying in front of the Never-Open Restaurant, owned by Martin Becker and Jean Saper. I entered the house and succeeded in making my way with a half of a loaf of bread (my close resemblance to the gas pipe helped me to get out unnoticed).

After a few months of constant practice I had become quite proficient in the use of pipe. My fame spread and I opened a factory. I got in touch with the famous "Reds," Zauber and Yanovsky, and, after much advertising (with Nemitz as sample) I supplied Russia with 10,000,000,000,000 rubles worth of gas-pipe (about 3⅛ pipes).

To-day the gas pipe industry is the greatest in the world. More are being used than can be made. They have become a greater necessity than even toothpicks. They are used in every household of the world(wouldn't I make a good geography teacher?), and affect the prosperity of mankind. If you've got a gas pipe you're sure of overcoming all rivals.

But regardless of me, my will-power, my fame and fortune, remember this!

A gas pipe is very helpful, but—don't use it on anybody! Good day!

(This interview with Robert Lowenstein, the gas pipe king, was secured for the Optimist by A. I. Harkavy (Q. E. D., F. O. B.), his secretary.

Flo. Kiell: Give me some rouge, will you?

Flo. Greenberg: Why, I thought you said you were not going to use it any more!

Flo. Kiell: Well, I have reached the first stage. I've quit buying.

Who said "Sid" Zauber's hair was like Lester Stern's? "Red" Stern's crop is exactly ⅛ of a shade lighter than "Sid's." So there!

Heard in Chemistry

Teacher: Radium dropt from $120,000 a gram to $90,000.

Harold Lasser: Boy! that's cheap.

Teacher: The force of the explosion blew the man thru the side of the building—a brick wall.

Jean Saper: Was he hurt?

Heard in History

S. Hirsch: Since Washington did not have anything more to do, he went to Mt. Vernon and died.

OUR ANIMAL ALPHABET

A stands for Abrams, way down in Havana,
They've heard of the wonderful work done by Anna.

B stands for Brehme, Berman and Bryce,
Harold says Anna and Irene are nice.

C stands for Celiano and also for Crook,
Rose and Thelma know their work like a book.
C stands also for Cohen and Cain,
Manuel told Evelyn to keep out of the rain.

D stands for Dovgin, Dloughy and Day,
Harry, Rose and Althea, all of 4A.

E stands for Extra, you'll pardon me please,
This line is put here 'cause we have no E's.

F stands for Fooks and Flachbarth, too;
Lynn and Lewis would make a good crew.
F is for Fishman, but Lou, with eyes moist,
Said friend Isadore should have been Furst.
F is for Friedman, he's a lad we all know;
He's a friend to all; everybody likes Moe.

G stands for Greenberg, we here have a pair,
But Florence is sweet and Joseph don't care.
G is for Goldberg and here we have two,
Ida's all right; say, Charles, so are you.
G is for Gersten, said Goodman for fun,
Let Emanuel see; Howard is done.

H stands for Hollander, the boys with the dough,
Hyman has plenty, and so has Monroe.
Herbstman and Harkavy have not come to grief,
For Joseph is President, Bernard's Editor-in-Chief.
Here comes Harkavy; how come another;
Why Abraham is Bernard's twin brother.
Holzman and Husserl, now this is no stall,
Herman's an artist, but say, what is Paul?
H is for Hanley and Hirsch, if you please,
Theresa thinks Seymour sure is the cheese.

I stands for ice, which makes me chilly,
I know darn well this stuff is silly.

J stands for June, it will soon be here,
We'll say good-by to South Side, so dear.

K stands for Kurzrock and also for Koris,
Abe and Pearl would do fine in the chorus.
K for Kopesky and also for Kiell,
If John is sick, how should Florence feel?
Next comes Kessler, now please don't jam;
Gangway please, here comes Sam.
He's coming with a couple of Katz,
To Rose and Frank take off your hats.

L stands for Lerner and Litwack you know,
Morris is wise and so is Geo.
Lowenstein boys, who let them in?
Milton and Robert full of vigor and vim.

M stands for McDonald and Mandeville,
When Margaret sings Dora gets a chill.
For M we have Moskowitz, dear Clara, you know
Is class secretary; is she good? Just ask Geo.
M for McIntyre; say, Norman, confess—
Why did you ask merely from your friend Jess;
Miller and Miller, they sure are a scream,
Joseph and Edna would make a swell team.
M stands for Muller and Mooney, we'll say
If Michael's one forty, what will Iveagh?
Melnik comes next, so neat and so prim,
Henry sure knows how to play violin.

Neibuhr and Nemitz for Nolan had a race,
Guess Elmer and Harry would like to steal Grace.

O stands for OPTIMIST, brimming over with news,
Read it, my friends, it's good for the blues.

P stands for Peterson and for Prince so neat,
Marguerite asked Harold if his name was a street.

Q stands for question, we'd all like to know—
Do we have to stick round or can we go?

R stands for Russom and for Rothschild too,
Evelyn and Daniel, they sure are true blue.

S stands for Schlegel and Saper so keen,
Edna is bright and so is Jean.
S for Schwartz and also for Snell,
Wilhemina's a doll, Winifred a belle.
For S we have Schlain; well, Sommer is here,
Tillie likes winter, not Florence—how queer!
For S we have Shifman of basketball fame,
Sadie's an athlete, you should see her train;
Now wait a minute, there—don't have a fit—
Ladies and gentlemen, our friend "Albert Smith."

T stands for Thieberger and Thompson's not stranded,
Esther and John are sure up to the standard
T for Trautwein, well at any old time
Helen can eat trout and then drink some wine.

U stands for Us who like work and play,
Seniors, Seniors, all of four A.

V for Vacation; gee, won't that be fine;
Here's hoping we all have a wonderful time.

W for Wood, he's our treasurer you know,
Willard knows how to handle the dough.
Wiener and Wasson, to fame they will rise,
David and Helen, like Elizabeth, are Wise.

X for X-Ray, you should have one here,
So all this nonsense to you would be clear.

Y stands for Yanovsky, a good old scout,
Louis sure knows what he's talking about.

Z is for Zellner and Zweckbronner so cute,
Rosalind's a peach and so is Ruth.
Z for Zauber, he surely takes chances,
For Sidney's the boy who arranges the dances.
Z for Zimmerman, he's right on our tracks;
Last, but not least, comes our good friend Max.



FAMOUS RELICS OF FAMOUS SENIORS

FLORENCE SOMMER—Inside facts of the reducing game.

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Dignified Entrance of the Honorable Members of R. 57

8:00—John Kopesky opens the door for the most honorable members of R. 57.

8:05—"Oh, gee! I was sick yesterday, and couldn't do my home-work, hang it..—This must naturally come from Harold Prince.

8:08—Tillie Schlain enters with a worried look on her face, and exclaims, "Darn it I forgot what I studied, and now I must do it all over again. I shouldn't have gone out last night." Harold to Tillie: "Who was the fool last night?"

Autographs

Autographs

8:10—Lou Katchen enters very cheery and ambitiously (? ? ?) "Good morning, glory," (laughs, thinks it a joke), "feels as tho it's gonna snow. Who did the Spanish?" (Sits down with Kopesky and both become deeply absorbed in a pony).

8:12—Ough, the members of the Senior Optimist Board get cold feet, chills and what not when who do they see enter but I. B. Harkavy with an optimistic grin spread all over his face. Says he, gently, "None off the board yet, but don't forget to keep on working." (The board is somewhat relieved, for another day at least.)

8:15—Ralph Lifschitz and "Tubby" Wiener run in excitedly, Ralph waving a paper in the air and yells, "Oh, boy, you oughta see the fight last night. Gee! it was a knockout." (Ask Ralph what seat he had if you want to create an embarassing situation).

8:16—Our future "Mischa Elman," none other than Henry Melnik, enters with A. Harkavy, talking to the latter about the musicale he had seen and the English home work at the same time. (Now use your imagination).

8:18—Our very dignified senior, Howard Goodman, comes and informs the class that he has done his English "all by his lonesome." (It is at this moment when the class must use their shock absorbers).

8:20—"Dues, please!" (Isn't Seymour kind? Everyone rushes to pay the treasurer of the R. 57 mint, Mr. Hirsch, what they owe him.)

8:22—The very quiet members of the class enter such as Ruth Zweckbronner, Helen Wasson, Helen Miller and Marguerite Peterson, accompanied by a great deal of emotion.

8:25—Ah, ha! "Shady" Shifman, the woman defender, enters saying "We, girls, will show the boys that we can do just as much, or even more than they can do."

8:27—Who's making all that noise! Oh, only Vivian Tompkins. Boy, she can talk you deaf, dumb, and blind, and not think she said a word. (Abnormal being, eh?)

8:29½—Thump! Screeching! Slam! Bang! And who enters calmly! None others than Florence Kiell and George Litwack. George is the little boy with that "school-girl" complexion.

8:30—Last of all and most honored, ahem! our most beloved teacher, Mr. Steward. (An early bird, eh?)

QUESTION BOX

DEAR ED.:

I cannot decide what my vocation should be. Please advise me as to what I am fitted for?

ANNA ABRAMS.

DEAR ANNA:

Surely in "Clarence" you did your part well as a maid. Try it. ED.

DEAR ED:

How can I get tall?

PEARL KORIS.

DEAR PEARL:

Use stilts, eat baking powder, and above all study the great poets so that you may rise above the plane of ordinary life. ED.

DEAR ED:

How can I become lighter in complexion?

ROSE CELIANO.

DEAR ROSE:

Don't eat too many olives, take milk baths and use more soap and water. ED.

DEAR ED:

How can I get rid of the great amount of color in my cheeks? ROSE DLOUHY.

DEAR ROSE:

Don't apply so much. ED.

DEAR ED:

How can I learn how to dance?

FRANK KATZ.

DEAR FRANK:

Go to Rose Celiano; she will teach you.

ED.

DEAR ED:

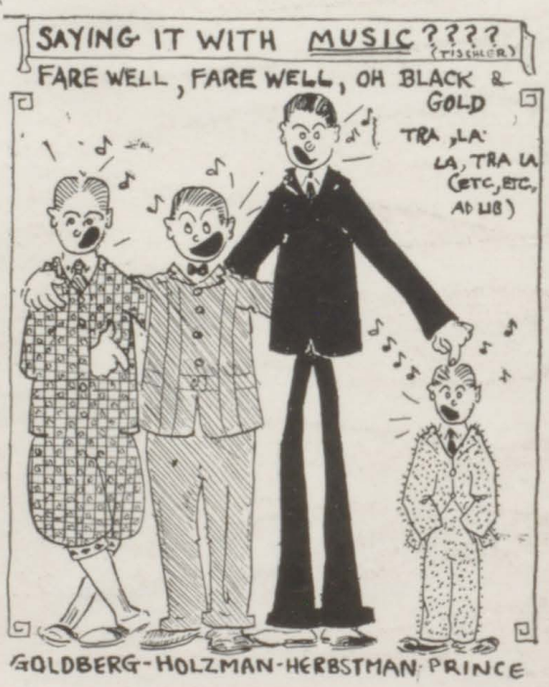
How can I get a seven or eight in English?

SENIOR.

DEAR SENIOR:
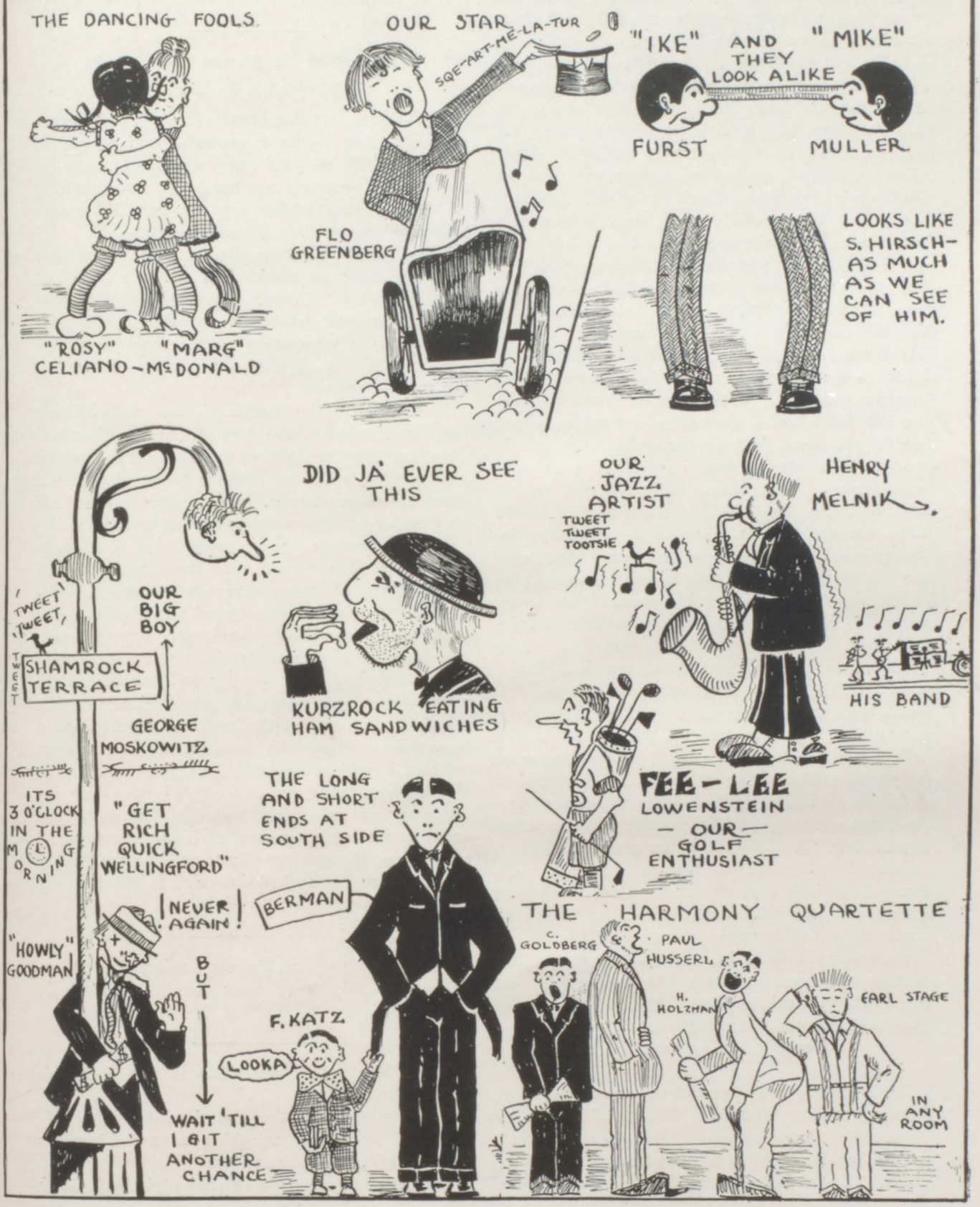
I would suggest swallowing the English books.

ED.



-COMPLIMENTS-

BY H. HOLZMAN



Mine beloved friend Poicy,

I can not express to you how much displeasure I haf in riting to you an anser. Now, poicy dere, I am going to find an argument mit you. You tink dat just becuz you vork hart in a factery und I bluz haf to go to der skool, I haf a cinch. Well if you tink dot vay, you beder tink again becuz you are intirely opposite from der real ting. Why der vork vich I do outside from der skool is more den your vork the hole day in dat hot dog factery. After school direkly I go to der baseballers practise ver I vork very hart. I am der ofichial bat boy, vater boy, ball chaser, bench varmer, and rubber down. At der end of the season, I gets all der busted bats und balls. Good pay no yes Poicy? Den after a little vork in practising how to chase der balls vot goes der fence over und how to carry a pail of vater mitout spilling any from der H2O (dat's vater in chembistery) I take a sprinkle bath of luk varm kerosene to toughfen der skin. At dot time der clock is reading fife bells und I go home. I next read der sporty till some fillings for mine stomack is reddy. Den after filling mine selif I sit und read again. After about mine mudder coaces me for about two hours I start to trie to do mine homvork. Der economicals I nefer do. Der engleish I tak a chance mit ven der poetries are too long and den I trie to vork some geometrical problems. If it takes more from seven minuts I copy Solomon Rafferty Zebrowsky's problems. If der Spinish has got some new vords to look up I don't do it but if I tink I now dem all I trie to translate it. So poicy I vunce you should see vot a number of vorks I got to do. Den sometimes I trie to rite somes articul for der Optimister vich is der magazine us pupils publish vunc a munet. I am von of der jokes, I means jokers. Listen to dis example from vot us guys tries to rite to make oder pepuls lef: Q. Vhy is a automerbile like a misquito? A. Becuz der is a "b" in both. Some joke huh Poicy? I can almost see you leffing ven you read dot joke. I am leffing so much mine mudder tinks I'm got historicals.

Now poicy I vill take leaf from you und not vishing you any bad luck but hoping dot der gas begins to leak tonight in your bedroom vile you are sleeping, I am signing off

Your ill vishing friend

H. A.

A. O. (added on) Lest nite ve vent to see Natzi Mower in some kind of a "Bologni;" I tink it's "Salome." Some picture! You shouldn't forget to see it if you got der price.

A. A. O. (also added on) Here's another joke vot I'm tinking from now.

Q.: Vhy is a can of tomatoes like a hipropotamus.

A.: Becuz neider von can make spagetti.

Dissertation On An Ice Cream Soda

(Apologies to Lamb)

The dream of the cream freezer had materialized. The finished product, the congealed cream of the earthly cow, was made into an ambrosial sweetness for humans. After aching to fill an unaccountable void for ages, ice cream had been invented to do so.

I was walking along Broad Street one day and happened to think of a drink I had had that afternoon. Carbonated water, all a bubble and effervescent with some of the superb jelly that only grandmothers know how to make. The result? A drink of heavenly nature fit for the immortals.

It has been the boon of man to combine varying elements and produce a result more advantageous or better suited to the palate. Many have been the inventions for the latter, some by mere chance, by the mere turning of an idea or by the racking of the brain.

Noticing an ice cream parlor sign, I thought of that luscious nectar, that hazy, pink colored combination of man's arts; the bubbling, boiling, ever moving liquid, colored like the first tints of dawn, surrounding that frozen, serene heart, the creation of human artificers; the ice cream soda. But it means nothing to the uninitiated, nothing to those who have not suckled at that filmy conduit, the straw, nothing to those who have not relished the product of the freezer.

Then I said to myself, "Why not indulge in the highest treat of this earth; why not indulge in an ice-cream soda?" Elevating my hand to that dark cavern of hidden treasure, I groped for the pass to the temple of that godly drink. But I searched in vain, I had left my money at home.

Mary (to Percy): No, we don't live in Roseville. We live down near the lake. Drop in some time.

What kind of a vegetable is a policeman's beat?

Can you dig with the ace of spades?

Would you paint a rabbit on a bald man's head to give him a little hare?

Would you put anything into a pitcher's box?

Melnik
Hi**R**sch

Wa**S**son
Feurs**T**ein
K**E**ssler
Lit**W**ack
I. B. H**A**rkavy
Mille**R**
Frie**D**man
Kope**S**ky

Flackbarth
Schla **I** n
Schi**F**man
Ka**T**chen
Yanovsky
Peter**S**on
W**E**iner
Vieser
Ki**E**ll
Pri**N**ce

A. I. Harka**V**y
Goodm**A**n
Zimme**R**man
Dovg **I** n
Noy**E**s
Tompkins
L **I** fschitz
Zw**E**ckbronner
Fook**S**



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Grace **N**olan
Earl S**T**age
Daniel Roth**S**child

Florence S**O**mmer
Isadore **F**ishman

Albert S**M**ith
Rose Cel**I**ano
Clara Mo**S**kowitz
Paul Hu**S**serl

George Mo**S**kowitz
Willard **W**ood
Frieda Sh**E**rman
Frank Ka**T**z
Wilhelmina Schwar**T**z
Evelyn Ru**S**som

Margaret M**C**Donald
Dora Mand**E**ville
Monroe Hol**L**ander
Teresa Hanl**E**y
Martin **B**ecker
Abraham Ku**R**zrock
Joseph M**I**ller
Casimiro Scoppe**T**tone
Evelyn Ca**I**n
Hyman Holland**E**r
Winifred **S**nell

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Bottom — "Marty", "Lou", Koppo", "Shnoss", "Cruller"

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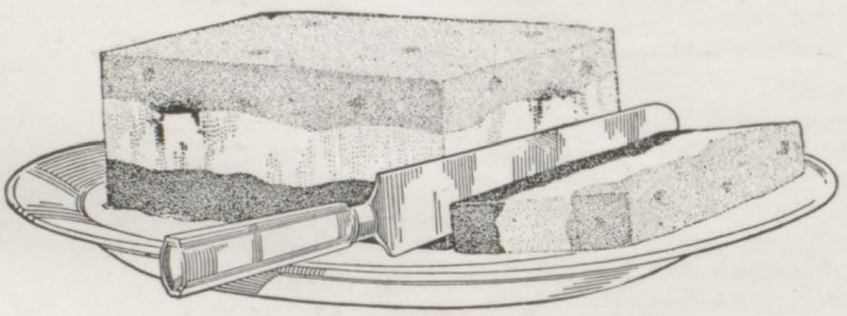
See Sadie Shifman, Room 57

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To anyone who has time to waste:—

Isn't human nature, as well as its instincts, strange? Why is it that we naturally follow a crowd?—ah yes! human nature is a funny thing.

Being only human myself, I crossed Broad Street last Thursday evening upon seeing a crowd gathered about something then, to me, invisible. To my disappointment it turned out to be only a high, brightly decorated sign on which there was some writing; and the crowd being rather solidly packed together (like unto sardines, if you know what I mean), I turned away. Now, here again my human nature (I've very often heard it termed "curiosity" and wrongly, too; for I wasn't curious, I just wanted to know) interfered and I returned. Being one of South Side's most expert tacklers (the "corridor-between-class" kind), I very easily made my way to the front. What I beheld filled me, and I'm sure it will you, with astonishment; for the sign announced that the very first concert of the South Side Alumni Orchestra was to be given on the following Saturday night at South Side High School. As I say, it filled me with astonishment, for I had had no idea that there was such a thing. Nevertheless, it was sure to be good, so I resolved there and then to go.

Saturday night was clear and starry (there

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Mr. Strong's Room

3 A's

of Room 50

There are, I might say en passant, few "lady" was also more or less moonshine about) and as I walked up to our dearly beloved (please understand this is not sarcasm) school, I wondered how it was I'd never seen or heard of the orchestra before. I came to the conclusion that Mr. Gordon had decided to keep everything quiet until the first concert was ready.

I shall not go into detail concerning the program, except to say it was a very lively one and the orchestra, led (I was much surprised) by Winifred Snell, appeared extremely animated. It was very well conducted. The orchestra, itself, consisted of ten first—

DaVid Wiener
Seymour HIrsch
FlOrence Sommer
HaroLd Prince
MIlton Lowenstein
Margaret MacDoNald
SIdney Zauber
RoSalind Zelner
Emanuel GersTen
JoSeph Herbstman

and seven—

Rose Celiano
Anna BrEhme
Emanuel Cohen
JOseph Greenberg
Robert LoweNstein
Rose Dlouhy
Wilhemina Schwartz

The—

Louis FlaChbarth
Florence KiEll
Ida GoLdberg
George Litwack
Grace NOlan
Clara MoSkowitz

played well, while on the left side near the rear, the double-bass was held up and sawed over by Tillie Schlain. There were three cornetists:

(*Continued on Page* 159)

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4B CLASS

(*Continued from Page* 157)

Frank Katz, Willard Wood and Sadie Shifman, cornetists, but this one was well able to blow and the others found it rather hard to keep up with her. Abraham Kurzrock had a wonderful time (apparently) sitting all by himself banging on the drums. He was not in time all the way thru the concert, but that made little dierence to him. One could easily see he likes action. The saxophones—oh, the saxophones! The audience went wild (very wild) over them; and all unaware, Henry Melnik and Jess Mercy blew every bit of energy they had right into the instruments.

This was last Saturday night, and now, as I write and think of that most enjoyable (you'll have to take my word for it) evening I'm most extremely glad that I have my share of human instinct.

Moral: There are good and bad instincts. Follow the good ones and everything will turn out tres cupersthetic.

---

1. Sadie poisoned her grandmother's tea
   Grandmama died in agonee
   Sadie's papa was greatly vexed,
   Said he to Sadie, "Dear, what next?"
2. Little Tillie, in the best of sashes,
   Fell in the fire and was burned to ashes.
   By and by the room grew chilly,
   But no one liked to poke up Tillie.
3. There is a young lady named Jean
   The boys all agree she's a queen
   For her "smart" is no name,
   And she's bound to win fame
   You'll find all her friends have forseen.
4. Willard stopped a trolley car
   By standing on the track,
   Which gave his system quite a jar—
   His sister now wears black.
5. Ralph L. found some dynamite
   And placed it in the range;
   His mother gazed o'er the kitchen site
   And thought Ralph's absence strange.

The Fight of Time

6. "Tempus fugit" said the Romans;
   Yes, alas, 'tis fleeting on;
   Ever coming,
   Ever going,
   Life is short, and soon 'tis gone.
   But as I think of next vacation,
   Poring o'er these lessons huge,
   Ever harder,
   Ever longer,
   All I say is "Let 'er fuge!"

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BIRTHDAY GREETINGS

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ROOM 215

Senior Farewell

By David P. Wiener

When the time comes for departing
From the halls of dear South Side,
Comes a thrill that brings a throbbing,
In our hearts, of love and pride
We cannot forget the moments
That we spent in joyous play,
Nor the hours that kept us busy
Solving problems of the day.

II.

What the mystic clover of our
Alma Mater can unfold
In its sentimental story
Of the colors black and gold—
Is the subect of our deep thoughts,
Thoughts of victories, triumphs, cheers;
We recall the sad scenes also—
Scenes of sorrow, grief, and tears.

III.

But we all should now be happy,
For when we leave dear South Side
We shall face the world that's greeting
Us, as if she would confide
That the time has come for doing
Things that make our lives worth more;
Goodby South Side, we are leaving
For a bigger, better shore.

Big Fight in Chemical Village

Sodium Hydroxid pounced on Aluminum Chlorid and knocked him for a white precipitate.Among the spectators who became excited was Sand, who mixed with Potassium Carbonate, and during the heated argument Glass was blown through the window. Carborundum came in, rubbed up against Phosphorus and then the fun began. The Borax Bead gave Cobalt Nitrate a blue eye, and Sodium showed everybody that the Bunsen Flame was yellow. The Mordant pasted the Chromium in the nose, and almost pushed the Carbonate into the Lake. The Silk Fabric almost dyed. Every element of the town was in an uproar. Gas was in a Pintsch with Acetylene, and both exploded after the Molecule Twins were cracked on the bean.

The Halogen Family entered the fray and Antimony in his haste slipped and fell on Glycerin. Flourin, the most active of the family, attacked Wax but was shaken off when a reaction occurred. Chlorin then attacked, but, when he mixed with "Hypo" his anger was extinguished. Gold and Platinum next attacked "Aqua Regia" and in the scrap. Chlorin was set free. Bromin, also one of the family, was hurt and knocked out, but some Sulphuric Acid was sprinkled on him to revive his spirits. Iodin

(*Continued on Page* 162)

MABEL BROWNELL
PLAYERS

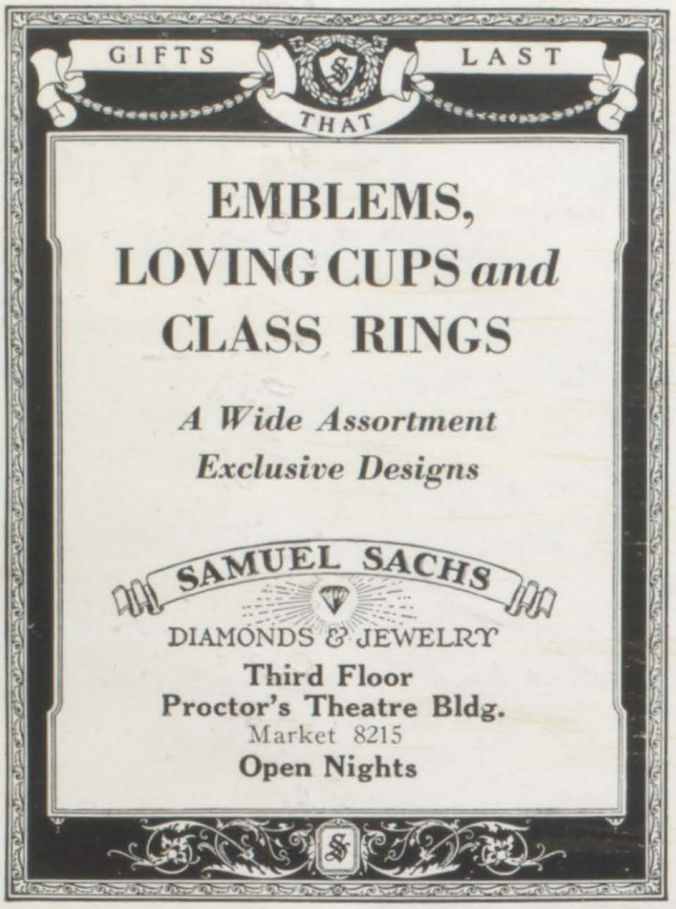


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(*Continued from Page* 160)

in his sublime way, entreated the quarrelers to stop the struggle, but to no avail; because just as soon as he had finished his speech Sodium hit Phosphorous in his Allotropic Form, thereby breaking the Periodic Law. Then Silicon sat on Glue and had to remain in the Village Town Hall. Carbon got fresh with Aluminum, but was caught in the trap of the Blast Furnace. Iron was tired in its fight with Mercury, but was replaced by Magnesium. Iron recovered, and after getting some air he attacked Zinc, but was Galvanized in the attempt. The excitement was getting greater each minute until Hydrogen Sulfid, the officer of the law, came and made everybody disappear.

Benny's Notes

(With apologies to Lee Pape)

Wether: Spring feeverish, the sky is very hy today; the big bunches of wite cotton iz vizibul and the color of the sky iz like mom's rikitts' bloo. Probably rane or snow next winter.

Sissiety Nuts: Caroline Kraemer haz made her debyoot at the annual boiler maker's yooyun of South Side Hy Skool. She iz very much pleezed and thinx of stickin' to sissiety if they will hav her. Tillie Schlain haz left sissiety for the time beeing in order to hav her pitchers put in all the biggest noospapers of the countree, like the Optimist. Rose Katz haz decided to enter a konvent beecauz of a luv kwarrel; you no, wear they hold konvenshus and pray all day. Her fella told her that wen they got marreed she wud hav to support him too and so she gave him up by entring a konvent. Sadie Shifman the eer ring kween has also kwit sissiety to wurk in her factree for wun year to make herself a pear of left-handed err rings. Jean Saper iz takin' automobeel driving lessons from a well nown automobeeler who haz sold her an 1898 Spinach-American Six for five hundred thouzand roobles. After she haz lurned to drive, she haz deesided to make a trip to Yourope wear all the peeple is fighting like a bunch of wilde muskeetoes trying to bite the same persin in the same place. Sidney Zauber the manyoofactchoorer, of invizibul jazbolz, iz now making a toor of all his jazboe factrees witch are skattered all over the countree, more or less. Martin Becker, George Pfaus, Manuel Cohen, Joe Herbstman and Mike Muller have gawn to Afreeca to hunt big games. In there last hunting trip, they cawt a wilde

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skwirrel and a terificul feroshus flying fish which they thing wuz a shark cum up for air. On there prezent trip they hav thee expectayshun of kapchooring a cross-eyed rattul snake and a bull-legged oyster. Abe Kurzrock and family are wintring at the summer rezort Rex Beech in Calyfornya. Hope yoar having a nice time Mr. Kurzrock and famly az I am goin' their mieself.

Lost and found but never reeturned: Lost, a noyzless, tinless, wurthless Ford with fore gude weels that turn around, and a horn that duzn't bloe. If finder reeturnz sed flivver to owner, he will get shot.

Lost, a can of flammabul stove polish, if finder reeturnz it, he will reeseeve it as a reeward for hiz onisty.

Found, a perse kontaining three millyon, five hundred thurty nine thouzand and ate hundrid and won marks; I think I will reeturn this perse to owner if he calls for it, if not I can sell theese marks and get a reward anyway.

Editoreeyal:—Now that Spring iz hear in the beeyootiful months of April, May and Joon, Summer will soon cum if the kallander duz not rejister backwurds.

C. Goldberg: Are you fond of outdoor sports?

I. Mooney: Yes, if they own cars.

Five Minutes in South Side's Lunch Room

The old familiar war cries, Get in line there! Don't push! No use rushing! The line won't get any shorter! There goes the "Radio Trio," Moskowitz, Kurzrock, Litwin. Listen to those sounds, E. Z., X. Y. Z., M. T. Oh! leave 'em alone, they were just like us before the radio "bug" hit 'em. Frank Katz, some chem. shark, that boy. Hilda Miller, Carolyn Kraemer and Sadie Shifman, the best girl athletes in the school, and behind them as is inevitably the case, George Pfaus, Mannie Cohen and Marty Becker, the photographers. Look at Joe Herbstman getting a double dip. Joe is president of our class and is a regular guy, especially when the girls are around. Who's that gink hobbling along over there? Yes, it's L. Flachbarth with his two protectors, I. B. Harkavy and J. Kopesky. Harry Nemitz, the basketball player with "Stretch" Berman, a likely pair of zoologists. A steady stream of the "rabble" (of course by that all grades up to the seniors are meant) go past. The champion walker of the school in the person of Evelyn Cain. She sure does have some mileage. Well, bless me, there goes handsome Moe Friedman and his side kick, Yanovsky. Moe certainly has the girls down to a "T." And

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speaking of Moe, what senior does not know Friedman's motto, which is "Noo adaiga, etc." As I swing my gaze around the room I meet the babyish eyes of Jean Saper, at present chum to Clara Moskowitz, class secretary extraordinary. As I look I see the ancient and time honored practice of "swapping" checks in the lunch room being practised by Dan Rothschild and P. Husserl, both football players. And as I rest my eyes again on the ice cream counter there comes to me the thought that our seniors of the Class of June '23 are the—my goodness gracious! there goes the five minute bell and I not even near finished. Oh, well, s'tough luck, so long.

Every Day Occurrences in Room 210

Sid Zauber coming in late or at the last second.

Ida Goldberg getting her homework before the five minute bell.

Manuel Cohen picking "love quarrels" with the boys around him.

Rose Katz worrying about Botany, Physics, Zoology and other such animals.

Charles Goldberg raving about his good looks and the girls he "picked up" last night.

Joe Herbstman making his five second speeches, which remind the class of Senior Optimist ads, graduation and exams. (Delightful, Joe.).

Helen Trautwein trying to persuade the class that it would be a good idea if all dues were paid.

Jess Mercy trying to put over some of his uncrackable jokes.

Joe Greenberg giving lectures on latest "sharpie" steps.

Favorite Sayings

Ralph Lifschitz: "Who's got the Chem. home work?"

Ida Goldberg: "Gee, I got so much to do."

G. Moskowitz: "Day by day, I'm getting smaller and smaller."

R. Lowenstein: "No kiddin', Princie."

Emanuel Cohn: "Ya want a wallop in the jaw?"

G. Litwack: "Y got a car ticket?"

I. B. Harkavy: "Hand in your Optimist stuff."

S. Hirsch: "Come on pay your dues, will you?"

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H. Prince: "Gee, I went to bed 1:00 this morning."
Clara Moskowitz: "Come on let's study."
J. Saper: "Yes, I'm on the honor roll."
Rose Celiano: "Let's Ritz."
Lou Flachbarth: "Aw I'll sock ya one!"
Joe Herbstman: "Awgwan."
Anna Abrams: "Stop it, will you?"
Tillie Schlain: "I'm here."
Sadie Shifman: "Merci beaucoup."

A Typical Senior's Dream Around Exam. Time

When I go to bed at night
After my studies are o'er,
I fear, I'll dream once more aright
Of terrible ghosts which haunt my door.
First there comes a fearful sight;
A beast of size and power and might;
A fish, a cow, a bird in one,
Enough to make me start to run.
This unearthly, ghastly thing
Is "Zo" who of my fate does sing.
Next there comes a tall, dark man,
Of jet black whiskers, pale of face,
Who warbles and gestures à la main,
Assez to hit him with a mace.
This exciting, lively wonder
Is no other than French, Oh thunder!

Senior Ship

The seniors just bought a sailing yacht a few days ago, and, considering it was bought at Greenfield's Auction House, Market Street; it is made up of the finest material. First of all Joe Herbstman is captain, Abe Kurzrock is first mate, while Clara Moskowitz is second mate. Willard Wood is deck scrubber and chief bottlewasher, Louis Flachbarth is the whole crew, and Helen Trautwein is the cook and laundry washer (I pity the person whom she will cook for). George Moskowitz is the mast, but we think we'll have to cut off the wooden top of the mast, because we can't get under the Brooklyn Bridge. Mike Muller and Harry Nemitz are the sails because their always full of wind. Robert Lowenstein is the rudder since he's always in the rear. "Marty" Becker is the ship's carpenter, because he knows how to sew a button on his vest.

The yacht is full of grace and beauty, no wonder, Rose Celiano is the grace and beauty of it. The anchor is small but heavy and holds to anything it can grasp; that's Frank Katz's job. Joe Greenberg is the deck because he doesn't mind being used as a door mat. Esther Thieberger is the flag of the ship, since she is always arrayed in loud colors, either natural

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or otherwise. So you see we have an exceptionally fine yacht, but after graduation when we will feel like going on a cruise the ship will, inevitably, fall apart as is the case after graduation.

Senior Side Show

Only 25 cents boys and girls, to see the wonderful Senior Side Show. See Paul Husserl, the wonderful sword swallower, who swallows a sword at every meal. See George Pfaus, the fire eater, who chews fire as if he were chewing hot potatoes, and who is the fiancé of Hilda Miller the snake charmer; she charms anybody who doesn't mind being snake charmed. Some coupe those two will make. See Seymour Hirsch, cigarette fiend, who smokes everybody's cigarettes but his own. See the lion tamer, Moey Friedman, who teaches ferocious sea lions to dance the "Ritz" by his smile. See the marvelous fat lady, Edna Schlegel, who lost only ⅛ of a pound by practising Camp's daily exercise for six months. The greatest thing of them all, however, is John Kopesky who can ask more foolish questions in one second than any girl and that's some honor.

Vacation is coming pretty soon but perhaps not for some of the Senior A's. The way matters are, some of the Seniors are tempted by summer school.

How many noticed that Joe Greenberg has a variety of styles of hair combs or how many times a period Sid Zauber pats his hair?

Abe Harkavy: I still have a headache.
Ida Goldberg: Let me feel your pulse.
Abe Harkavy: I haven't any, the doctor took it yesterday.

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Spring Is Here

Now birdies who the winter long
Stayed in the South, that clime of song
Where all the year the grass is green
And old pop winter is ne'er seen,
Come out and sing what joy is there
That the cold has flown and Spring is here.
The trees are coloring with buds so green,
And birds with notes as shrill and keen
As the Scotchman's bag-pipe whose music's so fine
The lilac bush and the creeping vine
And Robin Red breast together appear
Who seem to say that Spring is here.

YING SHAN

(*Continued from Page 36*)

It was as though he knew the dog had saved his life, Dick's life at the expense of his own; for Ying Shan was dead, his spirit had crossed the Great Divide and gone back to the hand of the Maker. These words, I think, are a fitting epitaph for this aristocratic prince of dogs:

"Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friend."

She: I suppose you had a pleasant sea voyage.

He: Oh yes, everything came out nicely.

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Class Giant—George Moskowitz.

Class Babies—Tillie Schlain, Abraham Harkavy.

Noisiest—Abraham Harkavy.

Quietest—Winifred Snell, Willard Wood.

Prettiest Girl—Helen Trautwein.

Class Vamp—Dora Mandeville.

Biggest Fusser—Elizabeth Wise.

Fastest Talkers—Jean Saper, Esther Thieberger.

Most Bashful—Norman McIntyre and Willard Wood.

Best Bluffer—Seymour Hirsch.

Busiest Men—Jess Mercy and I. Bernard Harkavy.

Most Polite—Milton Lowenstein.

Most Serious Girl—Helen Wasson.

Most Athletic Boy—George Litwack.

Most Athletic Girl—Sadie Shifman.

Handsomest Man—Ask the girls.

Best Student—Grace Nolan.

Best Poet—Robert Lowenstein.

Class Chemists—Frank Katz, Manuel Cohen and Abraham Kurzrock.

Darkest Complexioned—Rose Celiano and Florence Kiell.

Best Actress—Anna Abrams.

Latin Shark—Rosalind Zellner.

Class Cutter—Charles Goldberg.

Faculty Drag—Rose Dlouhy.

Best Jazz Players—Margaret McDonald and Henry Melnik.

Henry Melnik: I'm going to Philadelphia tomorrow with my brother to see his Alma Mater.

Florence Kiell: I don't see how you can stand those opera singers.

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Harken Ye Seniors

It is worth while to live!
Be of good cheer;
Love casts out fear—
Rise up—achieve!

—A. S. M.

When the chairman of the Personal Board called for material for the SENIOR OPTIMIST he discovered that the persons he picked for the board were not such good jokes after all. The funniest thing about them is to see them try to write jokes.

Emanuel Gersten: Whom are you taking to the prom?

Milton Lowenstein: Her name is Miss Dempsey.

Gersten: Oh, I see— a regular knockout.

Ambigious—

Leonard Rebach: I asked her if I might see her home.

C. Goldberg: And?

L. Rebach: She said that she would be glad to send me a picture of it.

Sadie Shifman: I can remember when people thought the telephone was something impossible.

Rosalind Zellner: Well, ours is.

F. Scheck: When I'm excited, my mind's a blank.

F. Sommer: You always are excited.

M. McDonald: You should always look on the bright side of things.

R. Celiano: But I have an aching corn. Please tell me which is the bright side of that.

Splitting it 50-50 With Robert Burns

Of all the rooms there are in school,
I dearly love Miss Swett's.
For there the pretty flapper sits,
The flapper I love best.
There, pupils sit and teacher looks
And many a desk between;
But all day long my lovesick mind,
Is every wi' my Jean.—By M. B.

R. Celiano: I always know I'm late when I see a certain man who lives at the bottom of our street.

G. Nolan: Gee, that's a funny place to live.

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Conflict: Eraser fights in Room 100.

Les Miserables: Seniors before exams.

Certain People of Importance: Clara Moskowitz, Abraham Kurzrock, I. Bernard Harkavy, Sadie Shifman, Joe Herbstman.

This Freedom: After graduation.

The Younger Set: Helen Trautwein, Ida Goldberg, Florence Sommer, Evelyn Cain.

Brass: Our graduation pins.

Little Women: Tillie Schlain, Pearl Koris.

Fair Harbor: Graduation.

Daddy Long Legs: George Moskowitz.

The Music Master: Henry Melnik.

The Breaking Point: "Red" Smith getting Evelyn Cain a soda.

Just David: David Wiener.

Little Men: Frank Katz, Harold Prince, Robert Lowenstein.

How Could You, Jean?: Martin Becker.

The Road to Understanding: Alpine Street.

Thelma: Thelma Crook.

The Flirt: Monroe Hollander.

Seventeen: Jess Mercy.

Captain of the Crew: Joe Herbstman.

Little Lord Fauntleroy: Willard Wood.

Journey's End: Graduation.

Anne of Green Gables: Anna Brehme.

Year of Delight: Our Senior Year.

Wrong Twin: Abraham Harkavy.

Everlasting Whisper: In study hall.

Willing Horse: Oh, ye, of 204.

Sweet Stranger: Freda Sherman.

Three Loving Ladies: Clara Moskowitz, Ida Goldberg, Florence Kiell.

From Jest to Earnest: Class meetings.

Crucial Instances: Looking at your picture for the OPTIMIST.

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"Yannof" (pointing to Moe Friedman): Here is an example of that theory.

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CLASS OF JUNE, '23

Louis Flachbarth's grin.
Evelyn Cain's giggles.
Ida Goldberg's sweet nature.
Abe Harkavy's activeness.
"Bobbie" Schlain's brilliant inspirations.
Sid Zauber's auburn hair.
Jean Saper's compliments.
Milton Lowenstein himself.
Martin Becker's smile.
I. B. Harkavy's chess cups.
Harold Prince's collegiate ties.
C. Goldberg's cutting.
R. Celiano's dancing.
G. Nolan's knowledge.
P. Koris' singing and affectation.
A. Abrams' acting.
S. Hirsch's bluffing.
S. Shifman's basketball playing.
H. Goodman's wise remarks.
H. Holzman's cartoons.
M. McDonald's playing in gym.
H. Wasson's seriousness.
H. Trautein's lisping.
D. Mandeville's "for instance."
R. Dlouhy's "do you realize?"

Famous Expressions

"You're the hemstitched cardboard."
"That's the door knob's jaw bone."
"That's the Neversharp's point."
"That's the seltzer bottle's corkscrew."
"That's the pancake's grease spot."

Clara Moskowitz went to Dad and asked him for
A brand new sealskin coat;
Said Father: "Seal won't do at all,"
And then he got her goat.

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Generous reward for return—dead or alive.

Reward will be doubled if proven that said Board violently and with great suffering died.

Heard in Democracy

Tillie Schlain: They elect departments for all heads.

Jean Saper: What did you say?
Rose Celiano: Nothing.
Jean Saper: Say it over again.

Cohen: Gee! I'm happy.
"Red" Zauber: Well, ignorance is bliss.
Then "Red" wondered whether a volcano had erupted.

Anyone wishing to see a human monkey should come around to Room 214, the Senior A Chemistry Class, second period, and see Harold Lasser climbing over all the seats and his classmates.

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The sun shines bright o'er South Side High,
'Tis summer; we seniors are gay;
The green grass grows and the roses are in bloom,
While the birds make music all the day;
The senior A says to the sophomore,
All merry, all happy and bright;
By'n by graduation comes a-knocking at the door,
Then our dear South Side High, good night!

Chorus:

Weep no more, O senior, please dry your tears to-day!
We will bid farewell to our dear old sunny school,
As we part for goals and tread paths far away.

Why They Come to School

Jess Mercy—Oh, just 'cause.
Jean Saper—To take a scholarship.
Harkavy Bros.—We'll give you three guesses.
Ida Goldberg—Ask the boys.
Tillie Schlain—Goodness knows.

Greenberg (explaining a line in one of the poems): "The sheep marched over the sea."

A music teacher was telling his class of a teacher who talks to his class by signals.

R. Celiano: He must think the kids are all dummies.

Question: Who is Barnes?

E. Russom: President of Barnard College.

M. McDonald: Do you know that your hair reminds me of an old song?

R. Celiano: How's that?

M. McDonald: Because it is "All Over Nothing At All."

Aim at the top, you may hit the middle.

Heard in Room 100

"Aren't you got no paper?"

"I ain't said I ain't."

"I ain't ast you is you ain't, I ast you ain't you is; is you?"

To Whom It May Concern

Tiny little sixes,
Every month below:
Good-by graduation—
What a tale of woe.

COMPLIMENTS

of

BOB RICHEIMER

C. Goldberg: Try one of these cigars. They're the best things out.

H. Holzman: How are they when they are lighted?

W. Knef: Did you ever feel that the world was up against you?

P. Husserl: Sure! I felt it this morning when I slipped on the sidewalk.

Sid Zauber: I took four years of Latin but I never got further than the first year.

(Good work, Sid.)

Tillie Schlain: This friend of yours certainly is a live wire.

Ida Goldberg: Yes, I noticed his slang was shocking.

From the Heights

Height of Wisdom—Rose Dlouhy and Jean Saper.

Height of Noise—Rose Celiano.

Height of Good Looks—H. Trautwein.

Height of Four Feet—Pearl Koris.

Height of Silence—Ruth Zweckbronner.

Emergency Faculty

Professor of Studeology----------Jean Saper.
" " Whistleology---Ralph M. Lifschitz
" " Sleepology--------Joe Herbstman
" " Guessology------George Litwack
" " Smileology------Helen Trautwein
" " Slangology---------Abe Harkavy
" " Bluffology---------Harold Prince
" " Fussology----------Tillie Schlain
" " Busiology----------I. B. Harkavy
" " Butology---------Charlie Goldberg
" " Cramology------Rosalind Zellner
" " Vampology---------Ida Goldberg
" " Alibiology---------Moe Friedman

R. Lowenstein: My father reached the age of 105. Isn't that wonderful

E. Cohen: That's nothing. Look at the length of time it took him to do it.

Berman: I'm telling you, that that is right.

Nemitz: G'wan, it is not.

Berman: Didn't I go there, stupid?

Nemitz: Yes and you came back stupid.

'Twas a mean judge who said to S. J. H.: "I sentence you to five (5) years within the walls of S. S. H. (Some sentence, eh! See?)

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M. FRIEND

FATE

(*Continued from Page* 94)

Here's the way I figure it out. This boy McCracken was scared clean thru just before he was hit by that auto; thought he was a goner, thought he was saying hello to death,—but when he woke up, still alive, he lost all the fear he ever had; savvy?"

If Manager Duffy had heard that dyed-in the wool fan he would have added—"In other words, that blue limousine knocked his head in shape."

What about the fates, you ask The fates sent the blue limousine in Reggy's way. Now he's a baseball star.

"Kappo" studied chemistry,
He studied long and late,
"Kappo" inhaled chlorin gas,
He'll not graduate.

I Bernard Harkavy: Did you see the pictures "Sid" has of his "best" girls?

Emanuel Gersten: Yes, a regular rouge gallery.

Vivian Tompkins (to Betty Huntington): Could your picture be put in a watch?

H. Wasson: There goes the bell.

R. Zweckbronner: Where did it go?

Since Abe Harkavy knows so much about Overbrook, we would like to know how many years he spent there.

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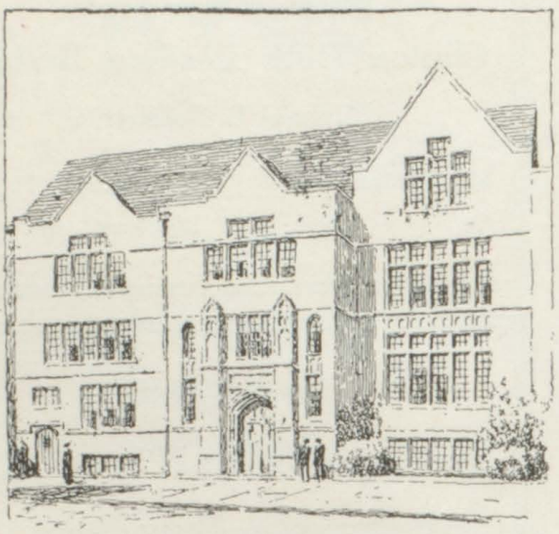
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